Digitized by the Internet Archive
in 2026

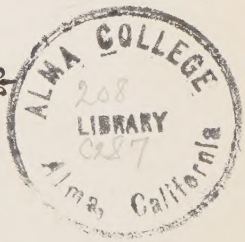
https://archive.org/details/publications-catholic-truth-society_1904_23

Publications

of the

Catholic Truth Society

VOL. XXIII.



LONDON
CATHOLIC TRUTH SOCIETY
69 SOUTHWARK BRIDGE ROAD, S.E.

1904

31984

CONTENTS.

A Siberian Priest. By Lady Herbert.
Mixed Marriages. By Archbishop Ullathorne.
Continuity Reconsidered. By J. Hobson Matthews.
Coals of Fire. By L. E. Dobrée.
How I came Home. By Lady Herbert.
The Church and the Printing Press. By the Rev. Dr. Casartelli.
St. Edmund of Canterbury. By the Rev W. Le Grave.
Calumnies against Convents. By the Rev. Sydney F. Smith, S.J.

A Siberian Priest.

By Lady Herbert.

PREFACE.

The moderate tone in which the following history of Father Gromadski is written, and the apparent freedom of action which that good priest enjoys, must by no means be taken as a proof of any friendly policy on the part of the Russian Government towards the Catholic Church. If he be allowed to minister to the wants of the poor Poles in Siberia, almost all of whom are sufferers for conscience sake, it is not through Governmental protection, but through the kind-hearted permission of certain Governors who had been also, for conscience sake, sent out of Poland to be "employés" in the far East. The outrage done to the Catholic Church in the Seminary of Keiler, not far from the Austrian frontier and the horrible brutality perpetrated at Kroze in Lithuania, at the end of November, 1893, are only fresh proofs that Russia is by no means as "pacific" as Mr. Brand in his article in the *Contemporary Review* imagines, but that she is steadily aggressive in her policy, the main feature of which is the entire suppression of Catholicism in Poland. The pressing needs of Father Gromadski have been advocated both in the Polish and the French Press; and some one in France, reading the article, sent him a thousand francs (£40) for his orphanage. I can only hope that a similar effect may be produced in England. Already one military

man has sent me £10; I will most gladly receive and forward anything that may be sent to me for this purpose.

MARY ELIZABETH HERBERT.

Herbert House, Belgrave Square, London.

So much has been written about Siberia of late years, and so many English travellers have visited that country, that it would seem almost superfluous to dwell upon the geographical features of that vast portion of the Russian Empire. But one thing has not been realized by English people, and that is, its enormous size. Its provinces are each larger than the largest kingdom in Europe. The governmental province of Jackuck is fifteen times bigger than the whole of Great Britain. The province of Tobolsk is twice as large as France; that of Tomsk twice as large as the whole of Germany; and so on. Scattered throughout these huge provinces are between thirty and forty thousand Catholics, almost all Poles; but there are only eleven priests to administer to their spiritual wants, under the jurisdiction of the Metropolitan Bishop of Mohylewski, who resides at St. Petersburg, which is between thirteen and fourteen hundred miles off. The parishes are enormous in extent; that of Tomsk, for instance, covers an area of 38,186 square miles; that of Krackno-Jarsk 46,708 square miles, and one can judge by these figures under what difficulties the missionaries labour in Siberia. For a great number of years the Jesuits undertook these missions; but on their dispersion in 1820, the care of of souls was entrusted to other priests, some secular and some regular, whose heroic labours are recorded in the history of what Boghdan Zalewski calls "the Polish Thebaid." If the Poles have been the pioneers of civilization in Siberia, their holy and devoted missionaries have carried the torch of Faith to the very shores of the Pacific Ocean and merited the title of

apostles in that vast continent. Among these zealous labourers in God's vineyard, Father Valerian Gromadski is one of the most admirable, from his courage, zeal, and self-sacrifice; and a short account of his life and adventures will, we think, be of interest to our readers.

He was born in Gitomir, where his mother still lives, and from his earliest years determined to be a priest. Having passed through the necessary training and been ordained, he was appointed curate at Harochow in Wohlynia. There, for some reason or other, he fell under the suspicion of the Russian Government and, in 1861, was sent to Siberia. On his way to his far-off destination, he was allowed to break his journey at Omsk, where he was enthusiastically received by several hundred Catholics, who were too thankful for the opportunity thus given them of approaching the sacraments and hearing Holy Mass, of which they had been so long deprived. One day, however, he received a summons from the Governor of the town, a Frenchman named Duchamel, who told him that he had received orders to send him on to his destination; that if he remained at Omsk he would have nothing to live upon; while in the town to which he had been nominated, he would have a fixed salary. He added, that personally he had no objection to his remaining where he was, if he chose to do so. Father Gromadski replied that he felt sure any one of the four or five hundred Catholics in Omsk would very willingly share his last morsel of bread with him; and that if the Government would allow it, he was ready to remain and work amongst them, not caring for material comforts, which were of no consideration whatever. The Governor, touched at his answer, at once rose and shook hands with him; and has, ever since, proved one of the staunchest supporters of the mission. Father Gromadski stayed on accordingly till 1869, when he was sent by his Bishop to Tomsk, leaving a lasting remembrance in the hearts of poor Catholics of Omsk, and also a small stone church which he had mainly built himself. At Tomsk he found a Polish Catholic Governor, M. Despoth-Knowicz, who was al-

ways ready and willing to help him and his Catholic congregation; and a few years later he was appointed by his metropolitan, Bishop Gintowt, to be parish priest. Though his nomination has never been formally recognized by the Russian authorities, yet his title to and jurisdiction over that immense parish has never been disputed.

Before giving our readers some extracts from his most interesting letters, we will say a few words as to the original foundation of this important mission. When after the imprisonment of Bishop Sotyk and his companions, the unhappy band of Polish exiles so greatly increased in numbers, the Russian Government at last granted the petition of the prisoners and instructed the Governor to allow the Catholics to open a mission and have their own priest. The first was a Jesuit Father, then the Bernardines (Franciscans), were appointed to succeed the Jesuits, and Father Remigius erected the first chapel, dedicated to Our Lady of the Rosary. When, in 1833, the Polish exiles arrived in such large numbers, a church to replace the temporary chapel became an absolute necessity. But how could funds be found? The exiles arrived on foot and in the greatest destitution. Father Remigius was not to be discouraged. He sold the few cattle he then possessed, bought a horse and cart with the proceeds, and then went about the whole country, to every town and every village, knocking at every door, and asking alms in the name of Jesus Christ. He accepted gratefully everything that was offered him, whether it were money, or bread, or meat, or linen, or flour, &c. Everywhere he met with a kind and hospitable reception. When his cart was well filled, he returned to Tomsk, gathered his flock together, and set them to work to build the church. He himself mixed the mortar, made the bricks, slacked the lime, and superintended the whole work. The food he had brought he divided among the workmen, and when his stock was exhausted he set out again to beg. In this way, at last, the church was completed, while its internal adornment was due to the

generous contributions of distant benefactors. Over the high altar hangs a copy of Raphael's "Transfiguration," a subject peculiarly suited to poor exiles, leading them to offer up their sufferings and home sickness to Him Who could transform their sorrows into meritorious acts for His greater glory. Many others pictures were subsequently added, and a stone tower was built, in which hang a good peal of bells. The church itself was built on a mountain commanding a view of the town and the whole country. On one side flows the river Tomsk amidst magnificent scenery, on the other rise immense forests many miles in extent.

This was the state of things when Father Remigius was recalled to his monastery; but Father Gromadski carried on his work in the same manner. A Catholic cemetery was added in which he planted trees and shrubs, and which is so beautifully kept that even strangers stop to admire it. His great anxiety now is to build an orphanage for the poor children whose parents have perished in the prisons, which are hot-beds of typhus fever. Strangely enough, children are less liable to this disease than older people; but the result is that Father Gromadski has an endless number of these poor little ones on his hands. One of his greatest benefactors was the late Comtesse Potocka, whose charity was inexhaustible and who never forgot the poor Siberian exiles. But he is yet very far from having obtained enough money for his purpose. We will now give our readers some extracts from his letters to his mother, which will give the best picture of his labours and trials. In November, 1871, he writes from the banks of the Kama:

"Thank God! I am in good health and able to work in His vineyard for these poor people. Their emotion is so touching and sincere at the sight of a priest and at the thought of being able to go to confession and once more hear Holy Mass, blessings of which they have been deprived for years. How fervently one prays when tears are in the soul, and accompany the Holy Sacrifice instead of organ and song! But sometimes

the people sing and their voices are so touching, so pathetic and heartfelt, and so full of expression that often I cannot help crying. How my heart aches for them! For long years they had not been able to receive the Bread of Angels, or enjoy the smallest spiritual consolation. I baptized a great many children, some four or five years old; and married a number of couples. It is difficult to make you realize what my life is with its constant alternations of joy and sadness."

Again, in 1872, he writes from Tomsk to his mother:

"I have just returned from a long journey and contrived to reach home before the thaw set in, which is very late this year. On the 25th of March there were thirty degrees of frost, and on the 4th of April twenty-five. The snowfall was an unusually heavy one, and the horses were often up to their ears in snow. Gliding through forests and steppes in my little sledge, surrounded on all sides by mountains of snow, I said my prayers and thought of you, while the little bells at the horses' heads formed the only sound. God preserved me and brought me back safely to my home. May He be thanked and praised, *in sæcula sæculorum*. This last journey of mine took six months, and I travelled about nine thousand versts. I baptized about one hundred children, married twenty couples, and heard the confessions of several thousand people, some of whom had not been able to draw near the Sacrament of Penance for years, and died immediately after receiving absolution, as if they had only waited for that grace. Others who had been ill, recovered their health in a marvellous way after having the holy sacraments administered to them. In the beginning I did not feel any physical fatigue; but towards the end I had to make efforts to finish what I had begun, so great was my exhaustion. One day I was on my way to a lonely hamlet in which lived two Catholic families and a few unmarried men. I took the most direct route and came towards nightfall to the village of Wiesola. One of the peasants was going along the road with a waggon of straw. On perceiving such a phenomenon as a sledge

gliding out of the forest, which he had never seen since his exile, he came up to my coachman and asked who I was? He replied, 'A Catholic priest.' Struck dumb with surprise, and still incredulous, he came up to my sledge and greeted me in Samogian with the customary salutation, 'Blessed be Jesus Christ!' I answered him, in the same language, 'For ever and ever.' (You must know that I have been compelled to learn the Samogian dialect, as these good people do not know a word of Polish.) Well, no sooner had he heard my answer than he dropped his cap and gloves, was silent for a moment, and then gave vent to his pent-up feelings. He did not cry, he literally roared like a bull, and I could not restrain my tears. He then unharnessed his horse and galloped back to the village to announce the good news. When I arrived, I saw a little crowd hurrying out to meet me. Mothers held out their babies for me to bless; they smothered my hands with kisses, and some even kissed my coat. These poor people entertained me most hospitably, each offering me whatever he had, and thinking nothing was good enough for me. I was obliged to remain among them for several days, during which time I baptized the children, blessed the cemetery and each of their houses, and performed the funeral service over the remains of a poor fellow who had died a short time ago, and whom they had been compelled to bury without the rites of the Church. After hearing all their confessions, giving them Holy Communion, and consoling them as well as I could, I was compelled to leave them, and the same scene was enacted at my departure as on my arrival."

In spite of the consolation such visits afforded him, we must not imagine that Father Gromadski was free from one of the most terrible trials common to Siberian exiles—that yearning after their own country, their own home, and their own families, that longing for the Fatherland which they never again will be permitted to see. In one of his letters, Father Gromadski owns to his mother how home-sick he had felt, how discouraged and cast down; and that, at such times, nothing seemed

to console him. "I often experience such moments," he writes, "which are indeed heavy trials; but in all may God's holy will be done; His will is the best and surest for us." And again, last winter, he says, "To-day I was cast down and very sad, but looking at the crucifix brought me from Rome, I offered to Jesus Christ my longings for home, and my terrible loneliness. In the evening Mr. H—— gave me your letter which was so full of consolation, and I felt that God had sent both the sorrow and the joy. May His Name be for ever blessed!" The "consolation" which he speaks of was the assurance that in a far-off land people were praying for him and for his poor parish of Tomsk. "Ask for a little prayer for me and for my poor flock," is the burden of every letter. "We need it so much ask the good Carmelites to redouble their zeal in praying for our intentions, their prayers obtain strength for us." Will no one who reads these lines join in such petitions? Writing to one of the benefactresses of the Tomsk Mission who had sent him a violet cope, Father Gromadski adds several little details which throw a vivid light on the cares and trials of a Siberian priest's daily life.

"In a short time I must go to the foot of the Altai Mountains, to carry the consolations of religion to my poor brethren among the hills. The snow is very deep this year, so that at present the road is impracticable, and I must wait till the thaw sets in. This year has been a sad one; the winter has been unusually cold and long. On the second of February, I was called to the sick-bed of a dying man. We drove for hours and hours, and were continually losing our way in the forest. How we arrived at our destination was a miracle; but, thank God, I came in time to administer the Sacraments to the poor fellow. It was a most fearful night, and to show you what was the intensity of the cold, the next morning eighty men and women were found frozen to death. It is even worse in some ways when the thaw sets in. The huts are then under water for a time, and many people are drowned. It is very dangerous to cross the Siberian

rivers when they are swollen. One poor mother, while trying to save her child who had fallen out of the boat in which the family had taken refuge in the flood, let fall the baby she had in her arms, and so lost them both. Another day I saw a horse and rider swept away by the foaming torrent, and it was impossible to render them any assistance. I could tell you a great deal more of our difficulties," he adds, "but the description would be monotonous, for we always have to face the same dangers and feel the same pleasure when we are able to do anything for God's service. But we must never forget that we are unprofitable servants, and try to have a pure intention in all our works, not looking for this world's praise or blame. Only one who thus labours can be counted happy."

We must bear in mind that the Russian Government does not allow anything for the expenses attendant on these distant journeys, unless there should be any Government troops quartered in the mission; but in Father Gromadski's case there were no soldiers to be looked after. The only assistance given by the authorities is a paper, by showing which the missioners are only charged three kopecks a verst for a pair of horses, and a kind of passport which insures their travelling about without interference, and enables them to put up at Government offices, if there be no other shelter, and to have the help of the mayor or magistrate in case of necessity. The expenses of these pastoral visits must, therefore, be met either by the poor people who send for them, or by the priests themselves, and in Father Gromadski's case they almost always came from his own pocket.

The following is a description of a night journey from the town of Kamisk to a distant village: "One day I had a sick-call to an exile of a very urgent nature. As the road was so bad and the distance so great, I took three horses harnessed tandem-fashion. On the first sat a Kalmuk, a second one sat on the box, and squeezed in behind me in the sledge was a small boy whom I had taught to serve Mass. The cold was frightful, the

piercing Siberian wind howled wildly, and a fall of snow covered the steppes as far as the eye could reach. After long battling with the ice-laden wind, and being continually obliged to get out of the sledge to drag it out of the drifts, we came to a dead stop. I asked the coachman, 'Where can we pass the night?' 'I fear we must stop where we are,' was the reply. 'But we shall be frozen to death!' I exclaimed. 'It may be' he answered. 'But perhaps God may permit us to see the dawn.' There was nothing to be done but to wait. Hour after hour passed. I spoke to my men from time to time, but perceived at last that they were frozen, and did not reply. I felt I was more warmly dressed than they were, so I forced them to get into the sledge, and I stood by the horses. After another hour or so I asked them if they were still alive. A faint 'Yes' was the reply, but now I began myself to feel the result of the exposure to such awful cold, and to realize that I could not last long if I remained where I was. I determined to go on foot, saying to the men that 'perhaps God would give me strength to reach some human habitation,' and asked the coachman if he could, to tell me the direction of the village for which we were bound. He did so, but added that it was twenty versts from where we were. I, however, resolved to try. It was the only way of saving us all. But my limbs were numbed, a feeling of exhaustion and drowsiness came over me. I made a vigorous effort to throw it off, but after a few more steps a kind of hallucination came over me. I seemed to see wonderful palaces and lights, and then I fell down in the snow, and completely lost consciousness. When I recovered, I found myself to my great astonishment in a warm bed, surrounded by kind faces whose eyes streamed with tears. Our Lord had had pity on His poor servant. When I was well enough to listen, I was told how I had been saved. At dawn a peasant from the very village to which I was bound was obliged to go some distance on business of his own. All at once he saw something black lying on the snow, and said to himself: 'In the evening when

I come back, I will go and see what it is.' Then an undefined but strong feeling urged him to go and look at once. He went and found that the black mass was a man almost frozen to death. It was not a rare sight in those parts. On kneeling down, he found that there was still a little warmth in the body, and so lifting it up into his cart, he resolved to take it back to the village. On reaching it, he met a man standing at his door, who exclaimed, 'What have you got there?' 'A poor fellow I found on the steppes,' was his reply. The questioner going close to the cart to look at the man, cried out, 'Good God! it is my priest!' He happened to be the very sheep I had come to seek. The poor fellow took me into his hut, and with his wife and children did all in his power to bring me back to life. My first anxious inquiry was for my poor servants with the sledge. The villagers had already sent out men to look for them, and found them motionless and unconscious in the same place where I had left them. One of them was already dead, the other died the next day. The boy who served Mass alone survived, but both his hands had to be amputated, being hopelessly frozen."

This is not the only time that Father Gromadski nearly lost his life as a good shepherd. He was sent for one evening to a dying woman who lived about one hundred and fifty versts from Omsk. The message arrived just as he was about to read the burial service over the remains of one of his flock. His friends implored him to defer his journey until the snow had ceased to drift; but he would not listen to any arguments against what he considered his duty. "A dying person cannot wait, a dead one can," was his only answer; and ordering the coffin to be carried into the church, and postponing the funeral till the next day, he started at once on his perilous journey.

"Every one thought me mad," he writes "but I put myself in God's hands and encouraged by the urgency of the call, in which the salvation of a soul was at stake, I set off on my journey. We had three good horses, but the sledge rocked to and fro like a boat on a rough

sea, and we were continually falling into the snow-drifts, while the wind, blowing up clouds of snow in our faces, nearly blinded us. All at once my coachman turned round and said he had lost his way, and did not know what direction to take, adding in a broken-hearted voice: 'I have a wife and child at home whom I shall never see again.' His despair was infectious and my spirits sank, but feeling it was no use giving way, I asked him 'how long his horses could bear such a strain?' 'They are the best horses in Omsk,' he replied, 'and do not know what fatigue is.' 'Do they know the road?' I continued. 'Of course they do,' was his answer, 'for they were bought at the place to which we are going.' 'Have you ever been this way before?' I then asked. 'Yes, very often, but never in such a snow-drift as this. I would not let a dog go out in such weather,' he murmured. I wrapped up the coachman in my fur coat, and drew over myself a mantle made of wool and horse-hair, saying to him: 'Did you ever lose your way before in the steppes?' 'Never,' he replied. 'It has often happened that when the wind was high, I have laid myself down at the bottom of the sledge and the horses brought me safely home. But to-day the wind is too boisterous. It moans as if it were an evil spirit.' 'You believe in God?' I continued. 'Will you not confide in His providence?' 'Yes' replied the poor fellow. 'Then make a good act of contrition and be heartily sorry for your sins, and repeat after me the prayer I am going to say.' He did so, but then said to me: 'What are we to do? If we remain here, we must die.' 'Drive on,' I replied, 'in God's name, and let us trust in Him.' He whipped up his horses, who started at a quick gallop.

"All at once the sound of a bell met our ears, and I felt sure a village must be near. 'It is a bad omen,' he exclaimed. 'They are ringing for our death. Oh, must I die far away from those I love, with the snow for my winding-sheet and no other funeral service but the wailing, moaning wind?' I could scarcely restrain my tears at his words, and then without any apparent reason

the horses all at once came to a dead stop and stood as if turned to stone. The coachman lashed them, but all in vain: they reared themselves on their hind legs and would not stir. Then he flogged them again, and the poor beasts made an effort to spring forward, but their instinct had told them what we did not know, that we were on the edge of a precipice. The coachman shrieked in an agonizing voice: 'We are lost!' I called on Jesus and Mary, and then felt we were falling from an immense height, when I lost consciousness.

"On recovering I found we were simply surrounded by walls of snow and that, humanly speaking, there was no escape for us. I made an effort to get up from the crevasse of snow in which I was lying and went to my poor man, who was sitting, sobbing. 'It is no use trying to get out of this,' he said. 'We must resign ourselves to die. May God have mercy on us!' Then he made the sign of the Cross and lay down as if he were going to bed. I tried to rouse him, and implored him to help me to extricate the sledge and to harness the horses to the broken shafts. He did as I told him, but every minute got more drowsy. I saw that one part of the precipice was lower than the rest and at last induced the horses to scramble up that side, while a violent gust of wind driving away the snow, made a sort of road for us. But the cold became more and more intense. I tried to warm my coachman with my breath, but his only words were: 'Let me die quietly.'

"At last, I began myself to lose hope and recommended my soul to God. Then the words of the Royal Psalmist came to my mind: *In te, Domine, speravi: non confundar in æternum.* The sound of the bells I had heard before now became distinctly audible. I discovered afterwards that it was the custom in those parts to ring the bells during a snow-drift, in order to direct travellers who had lost their way. The sound gave me courage, the horses also seemed to understand that help was near, and at eleven o'clock at night we arrived at the village. To my intense relief, my coachman was still alive, and with care and attention soon recovered.

**

"But I was not yet at my journey's end. My dying woman was in another small town, full seven hours further on. However, the wind had gone down, the stars came out, and I felt quite able to continue my travels. I changed horses and the road being now clear, we reached our destination by six in the morning. You can fancy what the relief to my mind was, when I came into the poor cottage and saw the little altar already prepared. There was no time to be lost. I began instantly to vest for Mass, being almost overcome by the thoughts which crowded into my mind, but with a feeling of intense joy that I was not too late. The poor dying woman could not restrain her tears when she saw me, after having been deprived of the consolation of hearing Holy Mass for twelve years. She begged her nurse to carry her to the foot of the altar, saying it was there she wished to give up her soul to God. During the Holy Sacrifice she sobbed and prayed out aloud; but her tears were of joy and gratitude more than of sorrow. My own tears fell thick and fast, feeling what a privilege it was to be able to console so effectually this dying soul. She received Holy Communion with the utmost fervour, and her gratitude and joy more than repaid me for the risk and fatigue I had undergone. I found they were miserably poor, and so left with them all the money I had with me, and then safely returned to Omsk."

But snow and cold are not the only dangers to be met with in Siberia. In another letter to his mother we find the following:

"Having been holding a kind of little mission in the town of Kuzmeck, where there are a good many Catholics employed by the merchants there, I went on to the town of Bijsk. My way lay across the Aksuna Mountains. (*Ak* in Tartar means white: *su*, water.) The scenery is beautiful and like the finest parts of Switzerland. The mountains are very high, and there are magnificent forests of cedar and pine-trees at their base. The road itself is like a splendid avenue in a park, being bordered on both sides by noble trees.

The night was clear and fine. We had passed the river Czoryz and entered a dark part of the forest when we came to the post-cart, which had started a little before us and had come to a standstill. 'What has happened?' I asked my coachman. 'Why don't they go on?' 'The bear will not let them,' he replied. 'Please look!' I put out my head from under the hood of the carriage and saw something big lying in the middle of the road, looking like a heap of dark-coloured hay. 'Is that the bear?' I exclaimed. 'It is,' replied the man. 'Then why shouldn't we drive round it?' 'God forbid!' was his answer. 'She would follow us and tear us to pieces.' 'Will she remain there long, do you think?' I asked. 'Perhaps an hour, perhaps more,' was the reply.

"This was a pleasant prospect. The horses snorted and stood as motionless as if they had been turned into stone. There was nothing to do but to wait patiently till the bear deigned to get up. In about half an hour she raised herself on her hind paws, growled so loudly that the horses trembled, and then disappeared in the forest. As soon as we thought she was at a safe distance we hurried away, from time to time looking back fearfully to see if she was not trotting after us. When we came to the next stage the coachman was as pale as a sheet and could scarcely speak. It appeared it was a she-bear with two cubs, and what is called a foster-cub, that is, a young bear of a year old, which follows its mother and helps her to take care of, and defend, the younger ones. On hearing our approach the little cubs, terribly frightened, climbed up the trees. The mother and foster-cub stayed on the road to terrify any one who dared to approach or try to pass. If we had persisted, she would have thrown herself upon us and tried to tear us to pieces. They are such powerful beasts that sometimes corpses are found with the hands completely torn off and this happened only a few days before, so that I no longer wondered at my coachman's fears. In spite of the delay, the sick man I had started to visit

was still living. He received all the last sacraments with the greatest piety and devotion, and soon after his agony began and I did not leave him till he had resigned his soul into the hands of God."

In another letter he writes:

"In May, 1877, I arrived at Bijsk, and there met one of my parishioners, Dr. Michalowski, one of the Government doctors, who told me he was just starting for a journey across the Altai Mountains as far as the confines of the Empire of China. My own way lay in the same direction, as I was going to visit the Catholics who were working in the Government gold-mines at Rudmilk Zyryanowski; so that I was delighted to have so experienced and agreeable a companion. We started accordingly together in a little cart to the village of Ujmorr, which lies at the foot of the mountains; but there we had to dismiss our carriage and make the rest of the journey on horseback. The roads across the mountains are most fatiguing and dangerous, the paths being so narrow and steep, with deep precipices on either side, so that a false step would be fatal. The feeling of duty alone forced me to overcome my nervousness and keep my head clear. The doctor was fortunately a good horseman and had many times made the same expedition. We travelled about one hundred and fifty versts a day, changing horses at every station; and for resting-places we chose the most sheltered spots under a projecting rock or under a cedar-tree.

"All at once the streams swollen by the thawed snow overflowed their banks and stopped our way. We had passed the Biallek Mountain, close to which the River Kotumek flows which joins the River Bija and forms one of the largest of the Siberian rivers. What was to be done? There was nothing for it but to set to work and make a raft; but when it was finished, we found it was not strong enough to bear our united weight. After a consultation, we decided to leave our horses to swim over, which they are accustomed to do, and very soon we saw them, to our great

relief, safely landing on the opposite bank and eating the fresh grass there. But then came the question of how we were to join them? To lighten the weight, we undressed ourselves, made our clothes into an immense bundle wrapped in a waterproof horsecloth, and got on the raft in our shirts, when we began to row with all our mights. The current carried us down the river, and it was only after very hard work that we arrived at the other side, The moment we sprang on dry ground the man who was holding the rope by accident let it go; and the raft, with one of the men named Fedor, and with all our clothes and provisions slipped away and was carried headlong down the stream. Fedor's companions, with their foreheads touching the ground began to pray for his soul, feeling sure he would be drowned and dashed to pieces on the rocks in the middle of the river. The said stream wound like a serpent and from time to time, at each bend, we caught sight of the poor raft, until at last it disappeared altogether. Then we asked one another in perfect despair, what on earth could we do! What should we have to wear, or to eat? There was not a human habitation near. The only thing was to mount our horses in our shirts and try and push on to our destination. The way was long, the cold great, and there seemed every prospect of our being frozen to death. The one ray of hope was that we might meet some Kalmuks in charge of a herd of horses: so we started off at a gallop up the mountains. After a time, however, I became completely numbed with the cold, my feet continually touched the snow, and I felt every moment as if I should fall frozen from my horse.

"All at once I heard a voice calling out, *Deo gratias!* It was our coachman, who had sighted a Kalmuk encampment. We joyfully echoed his *Deo gratias!* and in a few moments found ourselves in the midst of the Kalmuks, who received us most hospitably, gave us something to eat and sent off to the nearest village to get some clothes for us. Our party had an official character, for the doctor, though only in his shirt, had

kept on his cap with his Government badge. He ordered the chief of the band to send a search-party to see if any tidings could be obtained of the unfortunate Fedor and the missing raft. In the course of a few hours, we saw, to our great delight, the men returning and Fedor with them. It appears that Fedor had not lost heart, but had piloted the raft so skilfully that at one of the bends of the river he had been able to push himself ashore and sprang out with our baggage; so that, thanks to God's good providence, we were once more together, and able to dress ourselves in our own clothes. May His holy Name be praised!"

But Father Gromadski does not limit his zeal to providing for the spiritual wants of his scattered flock. He does everything he can to develop the resources of the country by the cultivation of fruit, the breeding of cattle, and the care of bees. The first was attended with immense difficulties, but he records wonderful successes in the end; apples weighing half a pound, excellent melons, and the like. In this department he was assisted by a M. Wasiewicki, who after many failures, was enchanted to be able to produce also some fine cherries. Father Gromadski went to visit a model farm on his return from Bijsk, kept by another Pole, M. Matkiewicz, who had seconded him warmly in his attempts at civilization among the exiles. He writes: "M. Matkiewicz devotes all his leisure hours to the study of agriculture. He is also a bee-keeper on a large scale, and does all he can to encourage his neighbours to follow his example. He has besides a number of Chinese cows, which are very curious beasts, and differ in many ways from ordinary cows. They have no horns, have tails like horses, and long hair which sweeps the ground. They do not low, but grunt like pigs. About the quality of their milk there is a great diversity of opinion. Some say it is thin and watery, others that it has the consistency of cream; but their flesh has certainly a far stronger flavour than ordinary beef. . . . Another important branch of industry is the breeding of a kind of roebuck, the horns of which are in great

demand, and always command a good price. The Chinese extract from them a purple liquid, which is not only useful for dyeing, but also as medicine. The Chinese are ready to give ten roubles (equal to eighteen or nineteen shillings English money) for every pound weight of these horns, and one of the peasants in the village of Ujmorr made annually between four and five hundred roubles in this way. I did all I could to encourage the breeding of these animals, feeling in this, as in all the other attempts we have made, how necessary it is for the moral state of these poor exiles to give them fresh interests, and prevent their sinking into hopeless despondency. . . . . From Ujmorr I went to visit the villages on the Chinese frontier, where many Catholics live. My road wound along the banks of the Koksy River, and is most picturesque, but one must have good nerves to ride along the edge of the frightful precipices and crevasses on either side, some of which are six miles in length, and I confess that I never made this journey without a thrill of fear. The inhabitants of these mountain districts are better off than most of my flock, but one would not guess it from their way of living. However, they were delighted at my unexpected visit, and rejoiced in the opportunity of going to their duties."

But these holy Siberian priests have not only to contend with dangers from cold and hunger, floods and wild beasts. Their greatest risk is run in the hospitals and prisons, where typhus fever is always raging. Tomsk is a centre from which prisoners are sent to all the different parts of Siberia. Whole bands of condemned men and women arrive there, and are then classified and sent to their respective destinations. The central prison of Tomsk, and the hospital adjoining it, have been described by many writers, and even by the Government officials, as "places not fit for dogs." Prisoners arrive and depart at the rate of one hundred and fifty twice a week, so that the average number of criminals annually passing through Tomsk is nearly thirteen thousand. Each one remains in the central

prison from one to four weeks, a place which is so infected with fetid air that it is almost impossible to avoid catching the fever. Father Gromadski has had it four times, so has Dr. Orzeszko, the devoted doctor. There are three different kinds: the yellow typhus, in which the skin of the patient becomes as hard as wood, and is the colour of saffron; the black typhus, in which the body is covered with black patches, which break out into abscesses, so that the whole person is one sore; and the decaying typhus, when the whole body decays and rots; but all these miseries would be bearable if it were not for want of room. The prison is built to accommodate eight hundred persons; very often two thousand are crammed into it. The hospital has beds and linen for from forty to fifty patients, while it often happens there are four hundred and fifty ill; so that four hundred are compelled to lie huddled together on the floor, at each side of the large ward, a passage being left free in the middle. The poor unfortunate men make a bundle of their clothes, to serve as pillows, and cover themselves with their coats: the little linen they have cannot be called white, for it is black from filth, and very often, on the unwashed stains of putred matter are found masses of living worms.

The Government is perfectly aware of this horrible existing state of things, but takes no steps to remedy it, or to supply increased accomodation. Probably the authorities fear that any money given for the purpose would find its way into the pockets of the officials, a thing which often happens in Russia. A sum of thirty kopecks is given daily to each sick person, which is supposed to be sufficient for all his wants. When Dr. Orzeszko visits the hospital he is obliged to go on his knees to examine his patients. After having visited eight or ten, he gets up from his kneeling position to stretch himself, gets deadly pale, and then faints, overpowered by the horrible stench. The attendants carry him away, and sprinkle him with water, till he recovers consciousness. "Where am I?" is his first question. Then he recollects and adds: "Oh, it's the visit!"

Nevertheless this brave and good man nerves himself to go back again to the fetid ward, and soon the same thing happens. He will often faint three or four times in the course of the morning, and in every case, when, after his daily rounds, he ventures home, he is so pale and exhausted, he can scarcely stand. When a dying man wishes to see the priest it is never refused, but when the poor priest comes he is obliged to lie on the floor to hear his penitent's confession, there being only just enough space between the patients for a man to place himself. The man on the other side is often delirious, and spits and vomits over the priest. At such moments it is only the remembrance of our Lord's humility and His great love for man, which enables one to overcome one's natural repugnance. Holy Communion must often be given direct from the pyx hanging round the priest's neck, and only very rarely can a little temporary altar be arranged at the foot of the bed. A great many of the exiles have their wives and children with them, and it often happens that the parents die, leaving three or four little ones behind them of tender age. Father Gromadski writes: "I am sometimes almost in despair when I think of these poor orphans. For twelve long years I have made constant appeals to the faithful in other lands to help me; but my voice is weak and cannot make itself heard in the distance. It is only with the greatest difficulty that I can keep my school going. . . . The maintenance of an orphanage would require a capital of from six to nine thousand roubles, but if I could only get the money to build one, I feel God would help me to maintain it. I tried the plan of boarding out the orphans in families; but it was a failure. The money (to give which I had deprived myself of necessities) was used by the people for their own purposes, and the poor little children were starved. Such an asylum could also be used for the dying. The law orders that when a man is ill, and has no family to look after him, he should be sent to the nearest town and lodged in the hospital. In order to avoid the expense of transporting him, sometimes some hundred

versts distance, the poor sick man is lodged for a day or a night in different peasants' huts; so he is daily carried from hut to hut till he dies, and in winter they are often moved through forty degrees of frost, which kills them. As a rule these single men are all Poles. I was sent for once to one of them who was dying, and found him laid by the door with a piercing cold wind blowing on him. The warmest corner is never given to these poor fellows, and they often have to suffer blows as well as neglect. Happily on this occasion I had a few roubles with me and thus could persuade the peasant to move him to a more comfortable corner of the hut, and to let him die there in peace. . . . The self-sacrifice and untiring labours of Dr. Orzeszko are beyond all praise. There is no place too poor or too dirty for him to visit in the cause of charity. I have seen him crawling on all fours into some of the hovels, and all he earns he gives to the poor and needy, so that his name is known and blessed throughout Siberia."

We will now turn from the sad subject of the prisons to give another touching extract from one of Father Gromadski's letters regarding a young couple whose happiness he was able to secure.

"In 1876-7 there was a great Nihilist rising in Russia. In general the Poles kept aloof from such conspiracies; but sometimes here and there, those that had been educated in Moscovite schools, allowed themselves to be drawn into the Nihilist ranks. Among these was a young lady, who was arrested and thrown into prison. There she made acquaintance with a Jewish gentleman, who was also implicated in the affair, and they fell in love with each other. His religion, however, was an insuperable barrier, till the Jew made up his mind to become a Christian, having been taught the truths of our holy religion by the fair Nihilist. But now a grave difficulty arose. In Russia no convert can be baptised or received into the Church without the express permission of the Minister of the Interior. The Jew wrote asking for the necessary leave,

but received no answer, and in the meantime his sentence arrived which transported him to East Siberia, near Irknek, while his betrothed was to be sent to Kainsk, a place several thousand kilometres nearer the civilized world. The sentence was immediately carried out and the young couple found themselves together on the road leading to their respective places of exile. The convoy halted some days in Moscow, and the Jew took the opportunity to see a Catholic priest and again sent a petition to the Home Minister, but in vain. Heavier and heavier grew their hearts; the most severe punishment awaited them, and their one hope of being allowed to bear it together seemed fading away. If they were once married the wife would be allowed to follow her husband; but how could this be brought about? So they arrived at Tomsk and came to me. I was very much touched at the Jew's earnestness, and at once telegraphed to the Minister, but without success. The story came at last to the ears of the Governor of Tomsk, an unusually kind and humane man, who also telegraphed to St. Petersburg. Meantime the moment came for the poor Jew's departure, and in the greatest despair he parted from his betrothed. But Almighty God is good, and their faith in Him was rewarded. A few days after the Jew's departure from Tomsk the long-desired permission arrived. But now fresh difficulties arose. The young lady was to be sent to Kamisk, and from thence she might forward a petition to the Government to be taken eastward. But even if granted, the expense of her journey, and that of two policemen to accompany her, would have to be borne by herself; while the Jew would equally be obliged to pay for sending for the Catholic priest, and neither of them had any money! The only solution of the difficulty was for the Governor to give me leave to take the poor girl with me and to start as quickly as possible so as to overtake the Jew on the way, receive him into the Church, and marry them at the first halting-place. It was the worst possible season for such a journey: long nights, rain, cold, and almost impassable

roads. But nothing deterred this poor young lady, for whom there was universal sympathy. The Governor was most kind, gave the desired permission, and, to facilitate our journey, ordered one of his own Cossacks to accompany us, whose special duty was to see to the changing of horses and to prevent unnecessary delay; he also furnished the exiled lady with warm rugs and cushions, as well as the necessary provisions.

"We set off accordingly in spite of the dreadful state of the weather. The strong Cossack, inured as he was to the cold, said to me afterwards that if it had not been for the whiskey he drank he could not have endured the fatigue. My courage almost failed me several times, and all the more as my poor little companion fell ill, and lay motionless and almost lifeless at the bottom of the sledge. At the different changes the Cossack was obliged to carry her from one carriage to another. 'Will our young lady die?' he asked me anxiously every time, and I began to be seriously uneasy at her condition. But every time I asked her if she would stop and rest, she only replied in an almost inaudible voice: 'Oh, no; let us go on!' So on we went, and on the fifth day after our departure from Tomsk we overtook the band of prisoners. The officers in charge were struck with astonishment when they found that the Governor had had the courage to entrust a person politically compromised to a Catholic priest instead of the police; but the Governor's letter was plain and explicit, so that they had no right to refuse what he ordered. The result was most satisfactory: the Jew was baptized and received into the Catholic Church, for I found that he had been thoroughly instructed in the faith. His joy and thankfulness were touching to see. The young lady had been to her duties before leaving Tomsk, which was a great relief to me, for the Nihilists in general are ready to deny their faith and renounce their families for the sake of their fatal political opinions. She now went again to confession, and both she and her betrothed came to Holy Communion; after which I married them. The happy couple were

allowed a few days' rest, and were then hurried on to their place of banishment, ready to endure any amount of hardship or suffering now that it could be borne *together*. The former Nihilist is now an honest, good woman, and both have done their best to redeem their past lives. My journey back to Tomsk was uneventful and I joyfully reported the success of my mission to the Governor. This excellent man, seeing the spiritual wants of the Catholics in that limitless part of the world, petitioned the Government to appoint two extra priests in the Tomsk district, who have been sent to Kainsk and Maryjsk."

The allusion in this letter to the lack of priests makes us pause for one moment to consider under what difficulties a missionary labours in Siberia, and how little communication he can hold with his Bishop. We hear of Vicars Apostolic in the far-off East, and Bishops in all parts of Australia. When shall we hear of the Hierarchy being established in the Siberian portion of God's vineyard? or that at least a coadjutor Bishop is appointed to the Metropolitan at St. Petersburgh, whose jurisdiction extends beyond Kamschatka! The link between him and his priests gets loosened; it is quite impossible to obtain dispensations when they are required, so that many Catholics live and die without the sacraments. There is no one to administer the Sacrament of Confirmation, the relations between Bishop and priest becomes more and more strained and difficult—difficult for the faithful, but a hundred times more difficult for the priests, who carry all the burden of responsibility without any advice, help, or support from their chief pastor.

This need was terribly felt by another most holy Siberian priest, Father Szwermicki, who writing on this subject, says: "Siberia is always Siberia, not only from a physical, but also from a moral point of view. A man is exiled there, strong in faith and hope and zealous for God's glory. In spite of himself, by degrees a feeling of coldness creeps into his soul; he begins to feel himself affected by the atmosphere of indifference with

which he is surrounded. He becomes, as it were, petrified; and being shut out from all intercourse with men of his own standing, he becomes more and more reserved. Dreadful as this is for the moral health of an ordinary man, how much worse is it for a missionary priest? He is generally entirely alone; he has no Superior to watch over, console, strengthen, or admonish him. He is answerable to no one for his actions, except to his own conscience. The immense distances and the extreme difficulties of communication in this country put a barrier between him and his Bishop which it is almost impossible for outsiders to realize. Pray much for the labourers in Siberia. What holiness of life is necessary for one whose special mission is to console and strengthen his brethren, when perhaps he is himself so greatly in need of those two things! With what a chaste body and pure soul must he approach the Source of all Purity, to draw the necessary grace to fortify the souls of those wavering in the faith, or wearied by suffering! Do not forget us in your daily prayers, but beg of God to give us true evangelical zeal."

Before concluding this article; we will give one more extract from Father Gromadski's letters, in which he mentions the terrible famine in the winter of 1891. "Business compelled me," he writes, "to go to St. Petersburgh, but I hurried back by Llotoust, Ickaterynburg, and Tiumeni, from which last place I had still fifteen hundred versts to go along a bad sledging road. The sights on the way were most sad, the inhabitants had fled before the famine; in villages where there had been three hundred families, only fifteen or twenty had remained, and hundreds had died. Owing to the scarcity of hay, their horses had been killed for the sake of their skins, so that I had to pay dearly for those I needed for my sledge, and sometimes could not get any fresh ones even for money. Another thing which added to the dreariness of the Tobolsk district was the devastation caused by the locust. They had literally eaten up everything which the sun had not burnt. A ton of hay

which generally cost fifteen to twenty kopecks, was then worth ninety-six roubles. . . . After leaving Ickaterynburgh, I stopped in Talice, where I was hospitably received by M. Paklenski, and in whose house I spent Christmas, much to the joy of the Catholics; as although, from time to time, a priest comes from Permu, no one remembered ever having had the joy of assisting at Holy Mass on Christmas Day. While there, I had an attack of influenza, and was most thankful to have had it in that hospitable house. Had I fallen ill at a poor station I should have died; but surrounded as I was with every care and with nursing, I pulled through.

"The day after New Year's Day I went to Tiemenu, where my arrival was awaited with impatience by the large Catholic population. I was obliged to remain there for more than a week, heard the confessions of more than two hundred persons, baptized many children, and administered the last sacraments to two dying persons. Then I went on to Jarutolow, where I was welcomed and lodged in the house of M. Paklenski's steward, and did the same thing as at Tiemenu. From thence I travelled to Tinkalinsk, where forty or fifty people came to their duties, and many babies were brought to be baptized. Then I went to my old parish of Omsk, where I spent a week, as I had to arrange several matters in connection with the church, and also to revisit my old parishioners, who received me with the greatest kindness. I saw the church which I had built twenty years before, and the trees round it which I had planted with my own hands, and which were now as high as the church. I had also to fulfil the duty of praying for the souls of many of my old flock who had died. From Omsk I returned to Tomsk through Spas and Kanisk, holding services and hearing confessions in every place. The cold was most piercing, and I had to travel day and night through forty degrees of frost. . . . . The pictures of Our Lady of Good Counsel and Our Lady of Perpetual Succour are hung, beautifully framed, on the walls of the Tomsk church. I am going to bless them and hang a small lamp before each, that I

and my people may pray for help and good counsel in all our undertakings and in all the difficulties of our lives. Do you and the good Carmelites help us with your prayers, which we so sorely need. There is so much to be done on all sides, and we lack both spiritual and temporal aid. I receive continually the most urgent calls from every part of this enormous district, and if I could divide myself in pieces I could not attend to them all. The greatest economy is needed to enable us to live, and yet the demands daily increase. . . . . I have begun the Lent services in the church since I came back; we have two sermons daily, one during Mass and the second after Vespers. Lenten hymns are beautifully sung before the Blessed Sacrament, after which we have a procession and Benediction.

"Pray that we may not grow faint and tepid in God's service!"

We have quoted this letter almost in full, forming as it does so eloquent a summary of this good shepherd's labours and duties as a parish priest. These simple heartfelt words need no comment. They speak for themselves, and appeal to the hearts of all Catholics for help in his urgent needs. During his long and weary sojourn in Siberia, Father Gromadski's faith has never grown colder, nor his zeal in the service and love of God and his neighbour, less ardent. The words of the Apostle have indeed been verified in his case: "In journeyings often, in perils of waters, in perils in the wilderness, . . . in labour and painfulness, in hunger and thirst, in cold and nakedness, besides these things which are without, the care of all the churches."*

Who knows what will be the future harvest reaped by him on the Siberian snows: or how many sheaves of those scattered ears of corn have been already gathered by him into God's garner?

* 2 Cor. ix. 26—28.

MIXED MARRIAGES.

By ARCHBISHOP ULLATHORNE.

The number of mixed marriages that are celebrated, notwithstanding the sense of the Church respecting them, and the mischiefs that spring from them, call for the gravest reflection both on the part of the clergy and laity. From the earliest to the latest period of her history, the Church has always reprobated these marriages, and has held them to be unlawful, pernicious, and disgraceful, as well because of the communication in divine things as because of the indifferentism which they imply; because of the peril of the perversion, or at least of the great enfeeblement of faith in the Catholic party to the contract, and of the disastrous influences that commonly fall upon the children born of these marriages. Exceptions there undoubtedly are, where the marriage happily ends in the conversion of the non-Catholic: but, not to say that these are the exceptions, they have the effect of blinding us to the far more common results that flow from mixed marriages.

One main cause of the frequency of these unlawful alliances will be found in the inadequate instruction which the faithful receive on the subject, whether in catechising or from the pulpit. And such deficiency of instruction partly arises from an apprehension of wounding those who have already contracted mixed marriages. No doubt it is a subject that demands the use of prudent, grave, and measured language; yet, where the salvation of souls is at stake, the Church knows neither reticence nor false delicacy. If youth are taught the law in their catechism, they will be prepared to hear it enlarged on from the pulpit. If the prohibition and its causes are made known to them before their passionate fancy gains its development,

they will have the Catholic sense and instinct within them, to guard and withhold them, before they get entangled in engagements. If parents are taught to reflect on the perils that are intrinsic to these marriages, on the practical disadvantages in a religious sense that attend even the best of them, and the strong sense of the Church against them, they will be more careful in keeping their children from the immediate occasion of them, and will be less disposed to encourage them.

Hard and stern as the prohibitory law may seem to the lax or indifferent, or even to better disposed Catholics, who have never really thought the subject through, it is, in fact, both a reasonable, a merciful, and a charitable law. And, like all laws resting on divine and unchangeable foundations, and preventive of great evil to human souls, it has been in force in all ages even from the time when man was ejected from the earthly paradise for the sins of the first married pair.

The sixth chapter of Genesis shows how large a share mixed marriages had in bringing about that universal corruption which led God Himself to say that He "repented that He had made man." For the sons of God, that is to say, the sons of Seth, who represented faith on the earth, married the daughters of men, that is, the descendants of Cain, who carried on the traditions of unbelief. Reckless of spiritual considerations, the sons of faith married the daughters of unbelief from sensual motives, "because they were fair." And the inspired Scripture points to these unions as to the original cause of that universal corruption in remedy of which God sent the purging deluge. When the generations after the deluge had sunk anew into corruption, and idolatry had stifled faith and the true worship of God, God chose the patriarchs to worship Him in faith; and that their faith might be preserved in their descendants, He inspired them to shun the daughters of the unbelieving races around them, and to seek their wives even from a distance, from the more religious race of which they were descended. And when God, through Moses, gave His

divine law to His chosen people, stern and uncompromising was the prohibition against their mingling in marriage with the children of unbelief. Indeed, the whole drift and provision of God's law was directed towards preserving the faithful from alliance with the populations that were devoid of faith, and the whole history of that people from the time of Solomon, and after his sad example, goes to shew that mixed marriages in defiance of God's law, and despite of the warnings of the prophets, were amongst the chief causes of the infidelities, the impieties and sacrileges that forfeited for God's people the protection of God, brought heathen worship into the very palaces of their kings, and to the gates of the Temple, and brought unutterable calamities on the people. It is impossible to read the Old Testament with attention, and not see that the divine prohibition of marriage between believers and unbelievers was a most benign and merciful dispensation, and that the neglect of it was ever accompanied with evils of the gravest description.

If we turn to the Church, and the law of Christ, we shall find St. Paul laying down a rule for married converts from paganism, that clearly shews it was never contemplated that Christians should marry unbelievers. The Apostle tells the Corinthians: "*If any faithful woman hath an unbelieving husband, and he consent to dwell with her, let her not put him away.*" "He is not speaking of those who are not yet married," as St. Chrysostom explains, "but of those who are already married; he does not say, if any one wishes to take an unbeliever, but if any one hath an unbeliever, that is, if any one has received the faith whilst the consort remains in unbelief, if the other party consents to cohabit, let no separation be made." "*But,*" says the Apostle, "*if the unbeliever depart, let him depart; for the brother or sister is not under bondage in such cases, but God hath called us in peace. For how knowest thou, O woman, whether thou shalt save the husband? or how knowest thou, O man, whether thou shalt save the wife?*" The Apostle intimates that if the unbeliever refuses to live

in peace with the believer, or if he wantonly desert her, the marriage bond, which was not inseparable because of the unchristian state of one party, is dissolved in favour of the believer. Hence the ecclesiastical law leaves the Christian free in such a case, to contract a new marriage. But this is limited to the case of an unbeliever without baptism, for the marriage of two baptized persons is valid whatever their state of unbelief. St. Chrysostom says to the Christian party in explanation of St. Paul's words: "If he orders you to sacrifice to his idols, or to join him in impiety in your marriage, or to depart from him, it is better that the marriage be dissolved than that piety should suffer." But the whole of the Apostle's instruction intimates, if it does not express, that a marriage between a Christian who was free, and one that was an unbeliever, was not to be thought of.

In short, the whole policy of the inspired Scriptures is directed to withstand the danger of corruption and perversion of soul to believers from so intimate an union as that of marriage with unbelievers. And with this principle in our view, let us now come to the question of mixed marriages properly so called. So soon as heresies became rife, the Church proclaimed the unlawfulness of contracting marriage with heretics. She held to their validity, but she declared their unlawfulness, and the danger of them, and began her legislation against them. In the year 305, the Council of Eliberis decreed that—"If heretics are unwilling to enter the Church, let not the daughters of Catholics be given to them. It pleases not the Church of God to give them to Jews or to heretics." About 365 the Council of Laodicea decreed—"It behoveth not that members of the Church should join their sons indiscriminately in marriage with heretics:" and in another Canon,—"It behoveth not to contract marriage with heretics, or to give sons or daughters to them; let them only be accepted if they promise to become Christians." Balsamon and Zonaras, in their comments on these Canons, doint out their intimate relations with those two other

Canons of the Church which prohibit the praying with heretics or receiving a blessing from them.* In 506 the Council of Agatho declares that—"It is not befitting for Catholics to join marriage with all sorts of heretics, or to give their sons or daughters to them; only should they accept of them if they will become Christians and Catholics."

Amongst the greater divines let it suffice to quote St. Thomas, who says—"If one of the faithful contract marriage with a baptized heretic, the marriage is real, although he sins in contracting it if he knows her to be a heretic; just as he would sin who should marry one that is excommunicated: yet does not this destroy the marriage."† That is to say, the Catholic sins in contracting such a marriage, unless for grave reasons the Holy See or its delegate dispenses from the prohibitory law.

Let us now turn to the doctrine and disciplinary decisions of the Holy See, which has held one uniform language on this subject. Especially have the Popes been instant against mixed marriages since the rise and spread of Protestantism. And although in his Treatise on Diocesan Synods, the illustrious Benedict XIV. has vindicated the right and authority of the Holy See to grant dispensations for very grave reasons, and to prevent worse evils, yet in his Constitution addressed to the Bishops of Poland, the great Pontiff affirms "the antiquity of that discipline with which the Holy See has ever reprobated the marriage of Catholics with heretics." He quotes a letter of Clement XI., in which, replying to a petition for dispensation for a mixed marriage, the Pope says—"We hold it of greater moment not to overpass the rules of God's Church, of the Apostolic See, of our predecessors, and of the Canons, unless the good of the whole Christian Republic requires it." And another letter of the same Pope, in which he says—"For the Church in truth

* Beveridge, *Pandectæ Canonum.*

† 4. In Sent. d. 39. q. 1. s. 1.

abhors these marriages which exhibit much of deformity in them and but little spirituality."

Benedict XIV. next quotes his own earlier decree referring to Holland and Belgium, which, after the S. Congregation of the Council had discussed the question in his presence, he had pronounced with supreme authority. In that decree he declares "his extreme grief that Catholics can be found who, disgracefully deluded by an unhealthy affection, neither abhor these hateful marriages nor abstain from them, even although the Catholic Church has always condemned and forbidden them." And he "greatly commends those prelates who strive, even with severe penalties, to restrain Catholics from joining themselves in this sacrilegious bond with heretics." He seriously exhorts and gravely warns all bishops, vicars apostolic, parish priests and missioners in Holland and Belgium, "to do their utmost to deter and hinder Catholics from entering into this kind of marriage to the damage of their own souls." And where a mixed marriage has already been contracted, "the Catholic party, whether husband or wife, is to be sedulously brought to repentance for the grievous sin committed, and to ask pardon of God, and to strive to the utmost to bring the party erring from the faith into the bosom of the Church, which will contribute greatly towards obtaining pardon for the sin committed."

The Pontiff adds that it was extremely rare for his predecessors to have dispensed except on the condition of the heresy being renounced, and that only in the case of the marriage of Sovereign Princes, to prevent great evils to the Commonwealth; yet never without the condition of the Catholic being left free in the exercise of the Catholic religion, of the children being educated in Catholic holiness, or without the promise of making every effort to draw the heretical consort into the Church.

In the year 1858 the reigning Pontiff issued an instruction on dispensing in mixed marriages, signed by Cardinal Antonelli, and addressed to all Archbishops and Bishops, in which he exhorts them "to keep the holy

teaching of the Catholic Church respecting these marriages most religiously, and in all its inviolable integrity." With "the ardent zeal of their pastoral office must they turn away the Catholics entrusted to them from these mixed marriages, and exactly teach them the doctrine of the Catholic Church and its laws as affecting these marriages." He is convinced they will "keep for ever before their eyes the Letters and Instructions of his predecessors, and especially of Pius VI.,* of Pius VII.,† of Pius VIII., ‡ and of Gregory XVI., § which they addressed to many Bishops of the Catholic world concerning this most grave and momentous subject." "All know," says the Pontiff, "what the Catholic Church has always felt about these marriages between Catholics and non-Catholics, as she has always reprobated them because of the disgraceful communion in divine things, the peril of perversion impending over the Catholic, and the perverse training of the children." His Holiness insists that "if anything of the severity of the Canons is relaxed in dispensing by authority of the Holy See in mixed marriages, that can only be done for grave reasons and with very great reluctance," and only on express condition of exacting all the prescribed conditions to guard against perversion, and to protect the Catholic education of the offspring. There is to be no mass, no blessing; whatever rite is allowed arises from the necessity of legalizing the marriage and preventing worse evils. And a main reason for thus treating mixed marriages the Holy Father tells us, is, "that Catholics may never forget, nor the Church's law let it out of mind, with what earnest endeavour our

* Pius VI. *Epist. ad Archiep. Mechlinien et Episcopos Belgii*, 1782.

† Pius VII. *Epist. ad Archiep. Moguntinum*, 1803.

‡ Pius VIII. *Epist. ad Archiep. Colonien. et Episcopos Treviren. Monasterien. et Paderborn.*, 1830.

§ Gregory XVI. *Epist. ad Archiep. et Episcop. Bavaræ*, 1832. *Instructio ad eosdem*, 1834. *Epist. ad Archiep. et Episcop. Hungariæ*, 1841. *Instructio* 1841. *Instructio ad Archiep. et Epis. Austriæ in Germania*, 1841.

Holy Mother the Church has never ceased to warn her children, and deter them from contracting these mixed marriages to their own and their children's undoings."

In the year 1868 the Sacred Congregation of Propaganda followed up this Instruction with another, which is printed in this Appendix, every sentence of which calls for the careful study and reflection of the missionary clergy. Amongst other things, it is again urged upon us in this Instruction that the precautionary promises exacted of the contracting parties are by no means a warrant of themselves for obtaining a dispensation. Reasons for the dispensation must be assigned that actually arise out of the individual case, and that are "altogether just and grave." For "the precautionary conditions are exacted by the natural and divine law, and that for avoiding the intrinsic dangers inherent in mixed marriages; but there must be some grave difficulty that cannot otherwise be removed impending on the faithful before they can be allowed to expose their faith and morals to grave risks."

Having considered what the law of the Church is, and has ever been, respecting these alliances, and with what reluctance and regret the Church has relaxed the law, whenever she has done so, for the preventing worse evils, we now come to consider the nature of the evils inherent in these marriages.

The religion of a Catholic is, or ought to be, the dominant element of his or her life. And the house of a Catholic ought to be a Catholic house. There, as well as in the church, that divine gift of Catholic faith and piety ought to show itself in visible expression as well as in active exercise. There should be nothing in that faithful house to check and conceal, but everything to bring out and encourage, the religious sense of its inhabitants. These are the houses which, like the dwellings of God's people in Egypt, are marked by His Angel with the sign of salvation, and are protected with the divine benediction. When a Catholic marries, and establishes a house, life is so intimately shared with another that they become "two in one flesh,"

and the two lives combined in one must exercise a most searching and persistent influence one over the other. If it is the husband's authority, it is the wife's influence that everywhere and at all times pervades. But a mixed marriage begins with a compromise of religion, and goes on to further compromises. "Marriage is a great sacrament," as the Apostle tells us, "in Christ and in the Church." But the Protestant party comes to be married to a Catholic in a Church in which he does not believe, and unites in a solemn rite in whose sacramental virtue he has no faith, and marries one in whose religion he has no interest. In the very moment of their union they stand separated at an unspeakable distance from each other in all that concerns the soul, its faith, hope, and aspirations. And yet, even according to nature's law, as interpreted by the pagan codes, their unity of life ought to rest on unity of mind and heart. Whilst, in a Christian marriage, to use the words of St. Augustine, its prime foundation should be the union of two souls in one mind and one will. When two Catholics marry, "in Christ and in the Church," they not only interchange the goods of the body but the goods of the soul—faith marries faith, and grace is joined to grace. But in a mixed marriage the union stops short of the mutual interchange of the soul's goods. And the Church looks on at the spectacle with pain and sorrow, refusing to bless a union that reaches not to the interchange of her divine gifts.

Entering into their home, the married pair begin another compromise. They cannot pray together. Perhaps the non-Catholic party may not pray at all. The Catholic hesitates about the symbols of religion, and the objects of piety. Perhaps they are forbidden to appear. The Catholic faith is withdrawn from its outward manifestation into the secret soul. Or if, where there is strong faith and pious courage, the outward expression of religion is insisted on, it is not improbably the beginning of quiet opposition, or of trying words, or of open contention. Sunday comes, and they repair to different places of

worship. Perhaps the Protestant returns home with anti-Catholic denunciations sounding in his ears. The going to church so often, and especially to confession, and the earlier going to communion is not understood, perhaps objected to, not merely on its own account, but as interfering with family arrangements. Then the Catholic wife has to contrive and manage these things, and this awakens suspicions and jealousies. In short, the Protestant husband has no true key to his wife's habits of soul, or to her religious movements. We will say nothing of what their different views and feelings may be regarding certain of the evangelical virtues, nor of the troubles that may arise in consequence. Suffice it to say that these two consciences are not formed upon one and the same Catholic teaching, and that the Catholic is a mystery and a puzzle to the Protestant. Rare is it that the Catholic does not suffer considerable deterioration of soul, and that indifference does not steal in and gain power where much management has to be practised, and anti-Catholic influence to be encountered, and that amidst the most intimate and uninterrupted relations of married life.

Let a Catholic wife love her Protestant husband ever so much, she cannot love or reverence the condition of his soul. If she has a real practical faith she must suffer continual anguish for it. If she is less earnest on that score, she is in all the greater danger herself. Can a Catholic husband be less anxious about the soul of a Protestant wife? And is she not more likely to have the greatest influence over the souls of the children? And what if the Catholic dies whilst the children are young? Where, then, is there any security for their Catholic education?

The world-wide experience of the Church has greatly enhanced her dread of these marriages, and that experience is sadly confirmed by what is passing under our own observations. While some such marriages turn out well, and end in union of faith and piety, they are the exceptions. The great majority turn out otherwise, and lead to these three miseries—they lead to the weakening,

or perversion of faith in the Catholic party to the marriage; to the loss of the Catholic faith, or to its being grievously dimmed in the children sprung from the marriage; and to unhappy disagreements and contentions between husband and wife on the score of religion. The husband or wife who is not a Catholic may make every promise before marriage, that the Catholic shall not be hindered in the exercise of his or her religion, and that all the children of both sexes shall be baptized and brought up Catholics. Yet none but those in a position like ours, with opportunities of seeing near and far off what is passing in the missions, can have any conception of the number of cases in which these promises are broken and set aside. The Protestant husband will have the boys baptized and brought up after his own way. The Protestant wife will have the girls follow her way. It is not unusual to find the non-Catholic insisting that no child of his or hers shall even enter a Catholic church, or be taught Catholic prayers. Then there are relations who interfere, or who bring the ministers of their own sect to interfere. And again, there is the fear of offending those who may benefit the child in a temporal point of view. Again, there is the influence of the Protestant father, or the still more searching influence of the Protestant mother upon the child's heart and habits of thought; and if nothing else, yet always is there the absence of Catholic influence on the part of one of the parents. And then arise those terrible trials in the heart of a child who, loving both parents alike, finds them apart, taking opposite ways in all that concerns God, the soul, and the religious guidance of their children. With one dear parent religion is a forbidden topic, whilst both are observed to be silent towards each other in what the child is taught to feel is the chief concern of life. Happy is it for the child when things are not worse, when there is not a positive contention between the parents as to which shall have the souls of the children.

It would be as unjust as ungenerous to deny that

there are examples of Protestants who really respect the faith and religious practices of the Catholic wife or husband, and faithfully keep the promise made as to the Catholic education of the children. But wisdom considers the general rule of what may happen, and is not guided by the few exceptions; and prudence runs no risks in matters of the soul. The families that have fallen off from the Church through mixed marriages may be counted by hundreds. And the number of persons who have a hard conflict for the exercise of their religion is not by any means in less proportion. Then think what it is to have no community of thought or feeling on what should ever be the chief sentiment of life. Think what it is to be never able to act or to speak together, on what concerns God and the Church, and the soul, and the life to come. Think what it is to have no joint counsel, or even a feeling in common, concerning the spiritual walfare of a family. Marriage, in such a case, instead of being that help which God designed it to be, becomes a positive hindrance to salvation.

CATHOLIC TRUTH SOCIETY, 69 Southwark Bridge Road, S.E.
[Price 3/6 per 100.]

Continuity Reconsidered.*

By J. Hobson Matthews,

Hon. Sec. St. Teilo's Catholic Historical Society.

The last fifty years have witnessed discoveries of the highest importance to the country in which we live, but we have to deal to-night with an English invention which, for the splendid audacity of its conception, and its wholesale subversion of previous ideas, eclipses all the other discoveries of this nineteenth century. I allude to what is known as the Continuity Theory, popularly summarised in the now familiar formula : "The Church of England of to-day is one and the same with that which existed before the Reformation."

If anyone had informed our great-great-grand-parents of the impending discovery that the Church of England, the bulwark of pure religion and the terror of Popery, had really been Catholic all the time it was supposed to be Protestant, and that its ministers, instead of being simple preachers of the Word, as they styled themselves, had been all along (without knowing or intending it) massing priests—I say, if our not very remote ancestors had been told this, their incredulity would have altogether merged in their indignant rejection of such an absurd and revolting prophecy.

The Anglican idea, prior to the diffusion of the Continuity Theory, was that Roman Catholicism, or "Popery," lay like a hideous nightmare over the face of our land, until it pleased God to raise up a series of

* A lecture delivered at Cardiff and Brecon in 1894.

deliverers in the persons of King Henry the Eighth, and his children Edward and Elizabeth, who freed England from the long tyranny of the "Roman Antichrist," gave the English Bible to the people, and so conferred upon them the blessings of a pure, scriptural, spiritual religion for the first time in the national history. Thus the 2nd Homily "Against Peril of Idolatry" (one of those thrilling polemical treatises of which modern Anglicans are very much ashamed, but which the thirty-fifth Article guarantees to contain a "godly and wholesome doctrine") comfortably declares "that laity and clergy, learned and unlearned, all ages, sects, and degrees of men, women, and children of whole Christendom—a horrible and dreadful thing to think—have been at once drowned in abominable idolatry; of all other vices most detested of God, and most damnable to man; and that by the space of eight hundred years and more."

Such a terrible national apostacy certainly called for a potent remedy. Eight centuries is a long time; but, better late than never, and at the end of that dismal period, behold true Christianity once more established.

This happy consummation is forcibly if ruggedly pictured by an inscription still to be seen over the entrance to the church of St. Andrew, at Norwich:—

"This church was builded of timber, stone and bricks,
In the year of our Lord fifteen hundred and six,
And lately translated from extreme idolatry,
A thousand, five hundred and seven and forty.
And in the first year of our noble King Edward,
The Gospel in Parliament was mightily set forward.
Thanks be to God. Anno Domini 1547, December.

As the good King Josiah, being tender of age,
Purged the realm of all idolatry,
Even so our noble Queen, and Council sage,
Set up the Gospel, and banished Popery,
At twenty-four years she began her reign,
And about forty-four did it maintain.
Glory be given to God."

I once asked an Anglican Church Defence lecturer a question with reference to the Homily "Against Peril of Idolatry." His answer was characteristic. He said "Who reads the Homilies? I have never seen them in my life." One can easily understand that the Homilies are unpleasant reading to Anglicans of the new school, and it was no doubt quite true that this gentleman had never seen them. But I *have* seen and read them; and the Reformers, who compiled them, read them to their flocks, until the Elizabethan State religion was saturated with the spirit of the Homilies. It is therefore useless for latter-day Anglicans to ignore these formal expositions of doctrine, which have been so authoritatively approved by their Church.

We have lately been favoured with some more of the lectures of the Church Defence Institution. These are all so very much alike, that they can be seen to have been formed on one model. The good point about this is that it enables you conveniently to summarise the arguments of our High Church opponents, and to answer all their lectures at once.

So I propose to take what I call the typical Church Defence lecture, and to criticise it in its principal component parts, shewing you why I cannot agree with it.

The primary object in the typical lecture is, as I said before, to prove that, notwithstanding the Reformation, the body which is now termed the Church of England is one and the same, or in direct "continuity" with the ancient Church of England of pre-Reformation ages.

Being at the very outset confronted with the unquestionable fact that the Reformers altered at least the religious headship of the old Church, by casting off the jurisdiction of the Pope, our typical lecturer explains that the ecclesiastical jurisdiction of the Bishop of Rome in this land was no part of the system of the ancient Church of England, but the result of a gradual encroachment on the part of the Roman Pontiffs, which the Church of this country always steadily resisted and at length happily put an end to. I think this is a fair statement of Anglican belief on this point.

Now, what are the supposed proofs most commonly brought forward by the typical lecturer in support of this theory as to Papal jurisdiction? Well, here I must admit that the various Church Defence authorities do not maintain their customary unanimity. In the year 1885, when the question of Disestablishment was very much to the fore, and when, in consequence, the continuity theory was first thoroughly popularised, I had some controversy in the columns of the *Nottingham Guardian*, and it turned on the question: When was Papalism first imposed upon the English Church? It so happened that four clergymen gave expression to their opinions on this point in the same paper. One reverend gentleman said that undoubtedly the first English Roman Catholics were called into existence in 1850, when our hierarchy was constituted in its present form; another gave it as 1572, when the Pope forbade attendance at the parish churches. (It did not seem to strike this gentleman as odd that people who up to that time had not been Papists should all at once obey a Papal brief.) The third clergyman said there could be no question that the Saxon Church was free and independent, and that it was the Norman Conquest which imposed the Papal yoke upon us. The fourth held it quite undeniable that the ancient British Church was pure and primitive, and that Popery was first introduced by St. Augustine of Canterbury.

Of these three gentlemen, I hold that the last was least wrong. I cannot say he was right, because there is abundant evidence that the Ancient Britons themselves were hopelessly Romanist: and indeed it would have been strange had they not acknowledged the jurisdiction of the Roman Pontiffs, seeing that their country was a part of the Roman Empire for no less than four hundred years, and that they during that period became thoroughly imbued with the Roman civilisation, and everything else that was Roman. That the Britons, as might have been expected, derived their Christianity also from the imperial city, is evident from the mere

fact that their liturgy, their form of worship, was distinctly Roman. Their Mass was said in the Roman, that is to say the Latin, language, and was in fact the very Mass-ritual which was arranged by Pope St. Gelasius.*

It is also worth while to note that those who say the British Church was not Roman Catholic have against them the overwhelming testimony of the national traditions of the Welsh people, as well as their oldest extant records. So decisive is Welsh tradition in asserting the Roman origin of British Christianity, that it even definitely names the Roman missionaries who first brought the Faith to Britain, and of the Pope who sent them.† I know that our Protestant friends do not attach much value to traditions, when these tell in favour of Rome; but there is the solid and significant fact that Welsh antiquity knew no origin of British Christianity save a Roman and Papal origin.

But we are told the Britons refused to submit to "the imperious Italian prelate, Augustine," when he wanted to impose the Papal yoke upon the Britons. What are the facts? St. Augustine desired the Britons to join with him in preaching the Gospel to the heathen English. Now, does anybody seriously suppose that an "imperious Italian prelate," the Pope's special envoy, would wish to engage the missionary services of a set of schismatics, not to say heretics, to help him in converting Pagans? Can we imagine Cardinal Vaughan holding a conference with "Father Ignatius," Dr. Lewis, and Canon Thompson, under an oak at Llanthony, with a view to enlisting them as Catholic missionaries to the Welsh Methodists? The cases would be very similar. Surely, the overtures made by St. Augustine to the British Bishops are an incontrovertible proof that Rome held the British Church

* *The Liturgy and Ritual of the Celtic Church.* By F. E. Warren, Oxford, 1881.

† *The Myvyrian Archaiology of Wales.* 2nd ed. Denbigh, 1870. Triads and Bruts, passim.

to be doctrinally orthodox, and in communion with the Roman See.

Here I am reminded of the fact that many Anglican controversialists frankly admit that the British Church, as well as the Saxon, Norman and later mediæval English Church, was "Catholic and in communion with Rome." But this means Roman Catholic, if words have any meanings at all. What am I, what is our chairman Father Cormack, what are Bishop Hedley and his flock, but "Catholics in communion with Rome?" Those who make this admission seem to me to give away their whole case, so I must pass on to other Anglican arguments.

We hear a great deal about religious differences between the Britons and the followers of St. Augustine; but my experience is that very few people who talk and write about these separate British customs have any lucid idea as to what they really were. It is not asserted that there was any doctrinal difference; in fact, the Protestant Archbishop of Canterbury, in his sermon before the Cardiff Church Congress in 1889, distinctly admitted that there was none. What, then, were the differences of ecclesiastical usage or discipline between the Britons and St. Augustine?

In the first and most important place, the Britons did not celebrate the festival of Easter at the same time as it was kept at Rome. That was admittedly the foremost difference; the only other which St. Augustine deemed important related to the mode of administering Baptism; the rest were peculiar customs of less significance than those which at the present day differentiate the Roman Catholics of this country from the local Church of the diocese of Rome. And as the difference in regard to Baptism consisted merely in the fact that the Britons immersed the neophyte once, while the Romans dipped him thrice,* I think I may confine myself to the question of the British Easter.

St. Augustine required the British Bishops to celebrate Easter on the same day of each year as at Rome. The

* *Lit. and Rit. of Celt. Ch.*

Britons kept the festival according to an erroneous calendar, and they shewed themselves extremely averse to altering their mode of calculating the date of the Easter celebration.

But there is one important fact which the typical Church Defence lecturer does not bring out; and that is, that the erroneous mode of calculating Easter, to which the Britons were so much attached, was itself a Roman mode, though an obsolete one. It was, in fact, the mode which the Britons had learned from Rome long before the time of St. Augustine.* As astronomical knowledge progressed, the learned men of Rome and Alexandria amended the ecclesiastical calendar from time to time. And so long as the Britons and Irish were able to keep up communication with Rome, they kept posted up in these improvements of the almanack, and shifted the dates of their moveable feasts accordingly. Our typical lecturer never tells us, for instance, that in the year 453 the Britons altered their Easter cycle for no other reason than that the Pope so ordained. The *Annales Cambriae*, that earliest and most reliable of Welsh chronicles, under the date 453 tells us that this year "Easter is changed to Sunday with Pope Leo the Bishop of Rome." This was 143 years before St. Augustine set foot in Britain. I think these are facts which Church Defence lecturers ought not to withhold from you, because they have a very important bearing upon the question whether the Britons were Roman Catholics or not. In the Law Courts, if the legal adviser of one of the contending parties withholds from the jury any material fact, he is liable to have some very unpleasant remarks addressed to him by the learned judge.

You will perhaps say that even when St. Augustine acquainted the Britons with the alteration in the date of Easter, they refused to comply with it. It is undoubtedly true that the Britons utterly declined to recognise St. Augustine as their Archbishop, or to have

* *Lit. and Rit. of Celt. Ch.*; Haddan and Stubbs' *Councils*.

any dealing with him. Why? Our Anglican friends insist on cherishing the belief that it was because they rejected the jurisdiction of the Bishops of Rome. But this ingenious theory, which, by the bye, was never heard of before the Reformation, does not agree with the plain facts of history, which show that the Britons had recognised the Pope's jurisdiction long before the coming of St. Augustine, and that they recognised it in the times which followed. You must observe, too, that the Pope had not as yet given St. Augustine jurisdiction over the Bishops of Britain, at the time of his first conference with them.

Before the coming of St. Augustine, the three British Bishops, St. David, St. Teilo and St. Oudoceus, had gone on pilgrimage to Rome—the latter several times.* There is even good reason to believe, from an examination of the old Welsh writings, that St. David and St. Teilo received their episcopal consecration at Rome.†

Now if we turn to the period following after St. Augustine's conference with the Celtic Bishops, we find that, notwithstanding the Britons' prejudice in favour of the older Easter, they again complied with the requirements of Rome in 768.‡

It will be well to inquire what *was* the reason of the British Bishop's refusal to unite with St. Augustine. I reply unhesitatingly and without any fear of being controverted, it was because St. Augustine came before them as the friend and Archbishop of their hated foes, the English, who had driven the poor Britons into the far west of their own country and had harassed them cruelly for generations. The Britons recognized the Bishop of Rome, but they would have nothing to do with an Archbishop of Canterbury; and this attitude of opposition to the English, even in religious matters, the Welsh people maintained for centuries after the time of

* *Liber Landavensis*, Welsh MSS. Society, Oxford, 1893.

† Ib. *Iolo, MSS*, and *Cambro-British Saints*, Welsh MSS. Society.

‡ Haddan and Stubbs.

St. Augustine, all the while being peculiarly devoted to Rome.

There is in existence a certain manuscript which to historical students possesses the great interest of being the most ancient piece of consecutive writing in the Welsh language. It dates from about the year 1150, but is a transcript from an original hundreds of years older. This fragment is specially suited to my purpose, so I will read it to you and will then translate it :—

"Llyma cyfraith a braint Eglwys Teilo o Landâf, a roddes y brenhinoedd hyn a thywysogion Cymru yn dragywyddol i Eglwys Teilo ac i'r esgobion oll wedi ef, ymgadarnedig o awdurdod Pabau Rhufain."

(This is the law and privilege of the Church of Teilo of Llandaf, which these kings and princes of Wales gave in perpetuity to the Church of Teilo and to all the bishops after him, confirmed by the authority of the Popes of Rome.)*

The British Church is the forlorn hope of our typical friend. Show him the essentially Popish character of the mediæval Church of England, and he will say: Yes, but the Saxon Church was independent of Rome. Prove to demonstration that the Saxons were thorough-paced Romanists, and he urges that the British Church, at least, cared nothing for the Pope. However, I leave it to you to say whether or no I have demonstrated the erroneousness of the supposition that the Church of the Britons was less Romanist than the Church of any of the succeeding periods of our history.

This brings me to a point on which I would ask your careful attention. I want you to particularly notice the astonishing lack of consistency and logic which permits Church Defence lecturers to appeal to the British Church in support of their theory of Anglican continuity. In the first instance, to show the Britons' supposed independence of the Pope, they take great pains to impress upon us that the British Church would have nothing to do with St. Augustine of Canterbury, the head of the English Church; and then they claim that the English

* *Liber Landavensis.*

Church is in direct continuity with the British Church! Could worse reasoning be employed in a wrong cause? Surely our friends must stick to one statement or the other. If the British Church refused to have anything to do with the English Church, how can the latter be in continuity with the former? And if the Britons' opposition to St. Augustine, amounted to a rejection of Papal jurisdiction, is not this admitting that St. Augustine, the first Archbishop of Canterbury, the first hierarchical head of the Church of England, was neither more nor less than a Papal emissary? But then, what becomes of the independent national character claimed for the Church of England, if it was so Popish at its very birth? And above all, what becomes of the last new nickname for the English Catholics of to-day, "the Italian Mission?" Surely, unless universally acknowledged statements of history are totally false, the Church in this country, as it must of necessity be in true continuity with the Church of St. Augustine, must therefore also necessarily be in a very real sense an Italian Mission, if it is to be Catholic at all.

It is quite remarkable how our typical lecturer takes up St. Augustine and drops him again, just as suits his purpose at the moment. If he is speaking about Dr. Benson, he describes him as "occupying the chair of St. Augustine," or as "the worthy successor of St. Augustine." But when he is dealing with the differences between St. Augustine and the British Bishops, the great first Archbishop of Canterbury all at once becomes an "imperious Italian"—a phrase employed by Dr. Benson himself at Cardiff—or "the haughty Roman prelate," and so on. To show continuity with the early Saxon Church, St. Augustine is indeed exalted to the skies; but for the purpose of continuity with ancient Britons, he is humbled into the dust.

The first Anglican Reformers were quite above trying to tack on the new Anglicanism to the Benedictine gown of St. Augustine of Canterbury. Thus John Bale, one of their foremost writers, tells us that "Augustine

the Roman was sent by Gregory the First to convert the English Saxons to the Papistical faith," and that "King Ethelbert at length received Popery with all its superstitions."* It never occurred to honest John Bale that the church of which he was so prominent an ornament was in direct continuity with that which he so energetically denounced.

One fact is admitted on all hands, namely that St. Augustine, the Italian missionary monk, was sent to England by the Pope to found and organise the Church of England. You see, the old Church of the Britons, so far as England proper was concerned, had been swept away by Pagans, and a new "Italian mission" had to reconstruct it; just as had to be done by a long subsequent act of "Papal aggression" under very similar circumstances.† But here our typical lecturer finds comfort in the reflection (an erroneous reflection, though) that "the mission of Augustine was a comparative failure." Previously he had derived consolation from the fact that the Britons refused to preach Christianity to the English; and now he says we need not worry about the Romish character of the first Archbishop of Canterbury, as his mission was a comparative failure. It is surprising what dismal circumstances afford satisfaction to our typical friend.

He says St. Augustine's mission was a comparative failure, because its permanent result was chiefly confined to the Kingdom of Kent. But here comes a question. Since it is admitted that St. Augustine converted the people of Kent, are not the Roman Catholics who now live in Kent strictly and exclusively in continuity with their Roman Catholic apostle? And, as a corollary, are not the Anglicans in that county, including Dr. Benson of Canterbury, obvious schismatics? I believe High Churchmen hold that the Roman Catholics are schismatics in those countries of which Anglican bishops were the first to take missionary possession. Apply this argu-

* *Cent.*, vol. 5.

† The restoration of the English hierarchy, in 1850.

ment to Kent, confessedly evangelised by a Roman Catholic missionary bishop, and it seems to me that, in that county at least, the Roman Catholic, and not the Anglican body, are the real old Church.

But is it a fact that little beyond the kingdom of Kent was christianised by Roman missionaries in the Anglo-Saxon period? Bede's *Ecclesiastical History* is the prime authority on the subject, and it tells us that St. Paulinus converted the county of which York was the capital, St. Birinus, the kingdom of Wessex, St. Felix, East Anglia, and St. Wilfrid, Sussex. These apostles were all either Romans or commissioned by the Pope. They all followed Roman usages as closely as they could; and one of them, St. Wilfrid, is well known for his strong opposition to the Celtic customs. Therefore it seems to me that the same causes which, if my argument is sound, make Roman Catholicism the true and original religion of Kent, make it equally the one true Church of the greater part of England.

And to maintain this involves no slight upon the memory and reputation of the holy and zealous Scottish missionaries who converted to the Faith of Christ so extensive a portion of northern England. Our typical lecturer regards the Celtic missions of the North as so many set-offs against the Roman missions of the South of England, as though both were not in complete doctrinal accord and communion. The Celtic ecclesiastical discipline certainly differed in many particulars from that of Rome and the rest of Christendom; but Roman authority, though it strongly discountenanced the obsolete calculation of Easter, never even on that account pronounced the Celtic Church schismatic. Far from that, Rome has always paid high honour to the memory of the British and Irish missionary saints, and accounted them saints of the universal calendar. Our Anglican friends are pleased to exalt such Celtic missionary monks as St. Aidan and St. Colman of Lindisfarn at the expense of men like St. Wilfrid of York—quite oblivious of the fact that in so doing they are belittling the heroes of the Church which they them-

selves claim to belong to. Yet, St. Aidan has his special office in the Benedictine Breviary, along with St. Wilfrid (neither of them figures in the *Book of Common Prayer*) because the Roman Church does not and never has considered the Northern missioners as having been separated from her communion. Indeed, if anyone wishes to cherish the idea that the monks of Iona and Lindisfarn were a kind of early Protestants, or High Church Anglicans of a primitive type, he had better not read such works as St. Adamnan's Life of his abbot St. Columba, which would show him that every doctrine condemned by the Thirty-nine Articles as Romish and corrupt was held by those zealous and saintly Gaelic missionaries of the North, who are paraded by our typical lecturer as rivals to the pretensions of the Roman Church.

As for the question of their views with regard to Roman supremacy, let me once and for all say that I challenge anybody to refer me to an instance of a denial of the Pope's spiritual jurisdiction by the Church in this country, prior to the movement called the Reformation.

The next great point in our typical lecture is the dispute between St. Wilfrid and Archbishop Theodore of Canterbury concerning the deposition of St. Chad. Theodore had deposed St. Chad from the See of York, because it belonged canonically to St. Wilfrid. But, a few years later, Theodore thrust a prelate into Wilfrid's bishopric during the latter's absence, who thereupon appealed to Rome. The Pope restored Wilfrid to his See; but the king imprisoned him on a charge of having bought the Papal decree, and Theodore connived at this injustice. This is a brief outline of the principal facts of the case. But on this slender basis of fact our typical lecturer builds up an imposing edifice of fiction. He tells his audience that "Theodore simply ignored the Pope and his decree," and "resisted absolutely the supremacy of Rome." Please bear those statements in mind while I place a few more facts before you. In the first place when deposing Chad in favour of Wilfrid, Theodore was styled and styled himself

"Envoy of the Apostolic See." That is to say, he exercised the power of deposition on the strength of a Papal commission. So that you see he did not at that time "resist absolutely the supremacy of Rome." Secondly you must know that, when Wilfrid appealed to Rome, so far was Theodore from considering this an unjustifiable proceeding, that he himself, with what speed he might, despatched a messenger to forestall Wilfrid with the Pope. Observe also that nobody alleged the Pope had no authority to decide the matter. What Wilfrid's opponents did, was to accuse him of having obtained the Pope's decree by underhand means. In fact the king offered to release him from prison if he would say the Papal instrument was forged.* It is also important to notice that, years later, when Theodore felt his end approaching, he made what amends he could, and "obeyed the Pontifical decrees," as it is expressed in a contemporary document cited by Haddan and Stubbs.† So that he did not *then* "absolutely resist the supremacy of Rome," nor "ignore the Pope and his decree." This is just an instance of the reckless manner in which our typical friend, like a sort of controversial rocket, throws off his dazzling showers of "continuity" sparks, very pretty to look at, and greatly admired by High Church friends who stand by in the dark, anxious to think the pyrotechnic display all genuine and true: until, for want of the substance of historic truth, down comes the blackened and discredited stick, and all our opponents can do is to light up another and go through the process again.

Up soars the next rocket, with a prodigious hiss and a brilliant blaze of light, displaying the motto: "Magna Charta: The Church of England shall be free!" What do you think of that, you Romans, you Italian Missioners? Observe, not "the Church of Rome," but "the Church of England shall be free, and hold her rights and liberties inviolate."

* Gale, *Rer. Angl. Script.*, tom. iii, cap. 35., p. 70. *Vita S Wilfr.*, Oxon., 1691.

† pp. 171, 262.

I never yet heard of a Continuity lecture where this rocket was not let off amid great applause from the delighted spectators. But really, when you come to think, is it not marvellous that learned clergymen, men of light and leading, can find satisfaction in the childish argument that the Great Charter does not speak of the "Roman Church" in its text, but of the "English Church"—*Ecclesia Anglicana*. Our typical lecturer quite takes it for granted that, because the present established Church is commonly termed, even by Roman Catholics, "the Church of England," that this same Established Church of England is necessarily the one referred to in Magna Charta. But this is a wholesale begging of the question that we ought not to expect from an intelligent man. It ignores the fact that the term "Church of England" is simply one of courtesy, when applied to the State Church by Roman Catholics. We Catholics do not acknowledge that the Anglicans of to-day are the Church of England. We think that they usurp a title to which they have no real right.

What our typical lecturer has to do is to show that the *Anglicana Ecclesia* of the Great Charter is in very deed and in fact one and the same as the religious community which is popularly termed the Church of England at the present day. Supposing some person arose to-morrow to claim the title of Duke of Norfolk. What should we think of his logic or his sense of propriety if he pointed to some ancient deed which contained mention of a Duke of Norfolk and said, "there you are, there is the Duke of Norfolk distinctly named; what further proof do you want that I am his descendant and representative?"

The question is, not whether the pre-Reformation Church in this country was known as the "Church of England," or "English Church," but whether that Church of England was or was not Roman Catholic. Our friends would not say that there was anything more incongruous or essentially absurd in the idea of an English Church that was Roman Catholic, than in the idea of an Italian, a Spanish or an Austrian Church that is Roman Catholic.

In addressing briefs to the Bishops of Spain, the Pope constantly refers to them and their flocks as "*Ecclesia Hispaniola*"*—the Church of Spain—not "the Church of Rome." But is not the Spanish Church Roman Catholic? If so, it doesn't evidently appear why the English Church named in Magna Charta was not Roman Catholic also. And yet our typical lecturer points out in the Great Charter the words "Church of England," and asks triumphantly what more proof is needed that *that* Church of England was independent of the Pope!

But our friend hastens to add, the great Charter declares that "the English Church shall be free." Free, yes. But from what? Free from Papal authority? That is what the typical lecturer likes his audience to suppose; but it is not what Magna Charta says. The Great Charter of our country's liberties lays down that "the Church of England shall be free" from the tyranny and greed of English Sovereigns like King John and Henry the Eighth—free to maintain unimpeded her ancient intercourse with her mother and mistress the Church of the City of Rome. Our typical friend does not tell us that; but it is true. The freedom claimed for the Church of England by Magna Charta was the freedom to elect her Bishops without royal interference, as secured to her by the Pope of Rome. To show you I am stating a simple fact I will read you the translation of the clause in question:—

"The Church of England shall be free and enjoy all her rights in their integrity and her liberties untouched. And that We will so to be observed appears from the fact that We of Our mere and free will, before the outbreak of the dissensions between Us and Our barons, granted, confirmed, and procured to be confirmed by Pope Innocent the Third, the freedom of elections which is considered most important and necessary to the English Church."†

* In the Brief of the Beatification of the English Martyrs the term "Ecclesia Anglicana" was used by Leo XIII.

† Transl. by W. B. Saunders, Assistant-Keeper of H. M. Records.

The Charter, you will observe, is expressed to be granted by the advice, among others, of "Stephen, Archbishop of Canterbury and Cardinal of the Holy Roman Church," and "Pandulph, the Pope's Subdeacon and Familiar." Cardinal Langton and Monsignor Pandolfo—likely men to set the English Church free from Papal jurisdiction!

But is it not true, I may be asked, that a number of Acts of Parliament were passed from time to time, long before the Reformation, to withstand Papal encroachment? Undoubtedly, I answer, many Statutes were passed curtailing certain powers claimed by the Popes in this realm. But my point is, that they were all directed against such of the Pope's claims as were declared in those Acts to be in respect of matters temporal; and that none of them, strain their meaning as you may, purport to oppose his spiritual jurisdiction. And after all, unless these anti-papal Acts of Parliament can be shewn to have disallowed the spiritual jurisdiction of the Bishops of Rome, they cannot support the theories of my friend the typical Anglican lecturer. On the contrary, the more vehemently these Statutes oppose the Pope's claims to authority in temporal or secular concerns, the more conclusively does their silence with regard to his spiritual jurisdiction prove that the latter was deemed unquestionable.

Let me illustrate this. One of the strongest of the anti-papal Statutes of pre-Reformation times is the Statute of Provisors of Benefices, 25th of Edward the Third, 1350. This complains in strong terms of the custom of granting English benefices to aliens and others, "as if he (the Pope) had been patron or advowee of the said benefices, as he was not of right by the Law of England." Well, undoubtedly, the Pope was neither patron nor advowee of those benefices, either by the Law of England or the Canon Law; and it may be that Parliament was not exceeding its legitimate powers by restraining the abuse. But observe, the Act only professes to check the Pope's claim to seignioral rights over the temporalities of English benefices,

and to vindicate the King's right to prevent to livings in his own gift. No doubt this Statute, and others, were meant to stretch at the Royal pleasure; but it is equally true that they do not profess to touch the spiritual jurisdiction of the Roman Bishop over the Church of England.

Only 28 years later, in 1378, Statute 2 of Richard the Second was passed, chapter 6 of which forbade anyone to slander the Pope, (Urban), who, it says, "having been duly chosen Pope, ought to be accepted and obeyed."

Another Act of Parliament of which the typical lecturer and his audiences are passionately fond, is Statute 16 of Richard the Second, Chapter 5, 1392. This I think is quite the strongest of the Statutes of this anti-papal class. It recites that the Pope had laid censures of excommunication on divers English Bishops, for carrying out the Civil Law with regard to English benefices, and had also translated prelates out of the realm, and from one diocese to another, without the King's assent, "and so the Crown of England, which hath been so free at all times, that it hath been in no earthly subjection, but immediately subject to God in all things touching the Regalty of the same Crown, and to none other, should be submitted to the Pope, and the Laws and Statutes of the Realm be by him defeated and avoided at his will;" and it proceeds to enact that no one shall "purchase, in the Court of Rome or elsewhere, by any such translations, processes and sentences of excommunications, bulls, instruments or any other things whatsoever which touch the King."

There can be no doubt that this Statute comes dangerously near to a royal encroachment upon the spiritual power of the Papacy, in saying that the Pope was not to translate Bishops without the King's consent. But my Anglican friends know as well as I do that there is not a Roman Catholic State in Christendom which has not at times endeavoured to encroach upon the Papal prerogatives. This has been done in every country in Europe; the same thing is going on at the

resent day in France, Italy, Austria, Spain and Portugal, to an extent which we cannot find equalled in the Statutes of the pre-Reformation period in England. But will anybody say that, because of this unceasing conflict between Church and State, the Church of Portugal, or of Spain, or Austria, France, or, Italy is not Roman Catholic. Catholics cannot fail to be struck with the extreme care with which even this strong Statute is so worded as not, professedly at least, to interfere with the Popes spiritual supremacy and jurisdiction :—"In all things touching the Regalty of the said Crown," and "in any other things whatsoever which touch the King." These words are surely definite enough to show that this Act, like the others, professes to limit itself strictly to the Popes alleged encroachments on the King's temporal sovereignty and secular rights.

Now I have cited the two most strongly anti-papal Acts of Parliament in the whole Statute Book, previous to the Reformation ; and I hope I have made it clear that even they are very far from supporting Anglican theories. In fact, however perilously Erastian in tone some of the pre-reformation Statutes are, they all certainly fall very far short of anything like a denial of the Pope's spiritual jurisdiction. On the contrary, it is precisely the most aggressive of them which display the most elaborate care in defining, or attempting to define, the boundary between the time-honoured, sacred and unassailable spiritual province of the Papacy, and the temporal jurisdiction of the Sovereign. True, the King was always endeavouring to shift the landmarks on the debateable ground between these two separate regions, and to confine the spiritual province within ever-narrowing limits ; but the principle that the Bishop of Rome ought to have, and had, jurisdiction in this realm in all matters touching the spirituality, was a principle which neither King nor Parliament ever dreamed of calling in question.

When we come to select illustrations of the devotion and loyalty of the ancient Catholic Church of England

to the Holy See, we are embarrassed by the inexhaustible mine of testimony which lies ready to hand.

Robert Grostete, Bishop of Lincoln, resisted the Pope when the latter wished to appoint a nominee whom Grostete could not accept. This was a bold attitude for a Bishop to assume, and it is for this reason that the typical lecturer trots out Grostete as a champion of independent Anglicanism in the 13th century—a kind of early primose of the Protestant Spring. He does not tell us that it was precisely in his resistance to the Papal provision that Robert Grostete protested the deepest submission to Papal authority, when he wrote that "to the Most Apostolic See all power has been entrusted for edification, not destruction, by the Holy of Holies, our Lord Jesus Christ," and again, that "to the Holy Roman Church is due from every son of the Church the most devoted obedience, the most reverential veneration, the most fervent love, the most submissive fear."* With all his boldness, I do not think Robert Grostete would have been equal to signing the Thirty-nine Articles.

I very much wish time permitted me to give you many more such illustrations of the obstinate Popishness of the old Church of England, but it would spin this lecture out to a length beyond that of your admirable patience. I must therefore be content with just one more instance, briefly recounted.

In Wilkins' *Concilia* you will find the test declaration of Archbishop Arundel, approved by Convocation in 1413. Part of it runs as follows:—

"Christ ordained Saint Peter the Apostle to be His Vicar here on earth, whose See is the Church of Rome; ordaining and granting the same power that he gave to Peter should succeed to all Peter's successors, the which we callen now Popes of Rome; by whose power in Churches particular special be ordained prelates, as Archbishops, Bishops, Curates and other degrees, whom all Christian men ought to obey after the laws of the Church of Rome."

* Letter 127, p. 390, Rolls Series.

In the Statutes we had the State legislating in temporal affairs; but in the document I have just quoted, you have the Church dogmatising on spiritual concerns. It is to statements of this latter class that we ought to look for information as to the belief of the ancient Church of England concerning the Pope.

When now we come to the Statutes of the Reformation epoch, we find ourselves confronted by an entirely different state of things. Unlike those of earlier times the schismatical and Protestant Statutes are at no pains at all to discriminate between the Pope's spiritual and the King's temporal jurisdictions, but boldly declare their intention of placing all power, both secular and religious, in the hands of the monarch.

The first of the schismatical statutes is the one passed in the 24th year of Henry VIII., 1533. Chapter 3 provides "for the restraint of appeals" to Rome. It begins with a bold, straightforward series of parliamentary lies, and is the composition of the King himself (worse composition, by the way, it would be impossible to imagine). The Statute is too long for me to quote, and to quote a part would only spoil the effect of the beautiful whole. Suffice it to say that it plunges boldly into schism, with no more apology or preface than a deliberately false summary of the Statutes of earlier times. I say deliberately false, because it was quite within the knowledge of Henry and his advisers, as it is known to all of us, that in ancient times the English Church had not always been, as the Act says, reputed sufficient of itself to determine all questions "in any cause of the Law Divine." Nobody knew better than the framer of the Act, that the Pope had always been considered the supreme authority in questions of doctrine, and that his decision had been the final sentence in questions of ecclesiastical discipline, as well as in causes matrimonial, testamentary, &c. Indeed these fraudulent recitals are contradicted in the operative part of the Act itself, which distinctly admits a "a custom, use, or sufferance" of abiding by the Pope's arbitrament in such cases.

It is the habit of the typical Continuity lecturer to point to the recitals in the Reformation Acts of Parliament, as if the statements made in those recitals were so many proofs of the Anglican theory. The absurdity of this is surely self-evident. King Henry VIII. was hardly likely to label his measures "brand-new," to guarantee them as so many original inventions ; on the contrary, he might naturally have been expected to do just what he did, namely, to endeavour, so far as audacious misstatement could, a false atmosphere of precedent, of antiquity even, around his revolutionary enactments. To bring forward the bare recitals of Statutes, as if they were evidence of the matters alleged by those statutes, is as curious a method of argument as could well be devised, even by such an ingenious thinker as our typical lecturer.

Now that we are arrived at that epoch of wholesale destruction, which the early Protestants styled "the Reformation," it is time to notice another strong point, as he considers it, of our friend. If, he says, our Church of England was established at the Reformation, be good enough to tell me in what year, and by what Act of Parliament it was established. Hereupon, his audience cheers him vociferously. The point looks plausible, at first sight; but, like a good many other plausibilities of Anglicanism, there's not much in it when you come to examine it. It involves the fallacy that nothing is done unless it be done at one given point of time. My friend the Continuityist would think I was very foolish if I said to him: You say that Rome was built; but pray tell me, on what day was it built? Was it Sunday, Monday, Tuesday, or Wednesday? and so on. Of course the fact is, Rome was not built in a day; nor was the Protestant Church of England established by the King's signing one particular Act of Parliament. But a series of Acts of Parliament first abolished the real old Catholic Church of England, so far as its governmental framework was concerned, and then built up, brick by brick, or established, the State religious corporation which at the present day claims to be the Church of England.

If, however, our Anglican friends still press for a precise date for the establishing of the Protestant Church of England, I can satisfy them on no less an authority than that of the erstwhile head of the establishment, "the high and mighty Prince James." At the Hampton Court Conference, held in 1604, at which it was endeavoured to bring about a union between English Prelacy and Scottish Presbyterianism, his sapient Majesty made a valuable pronouncement on the subject, which you will find *verbatim* in Cobbett's "State Trials." Speaking of the apostolic age, the King said: "Great the difference between those times and ours. Then, a Church not fully established; now, ours *long established*. How long will such brethren be weak? [He is referring to the sign of the cross in Baptism, at which the Puritans were scandalised.] Are not *forty-five years* sufficient for them to grow strong in?" His Majesty, you see, in 1604, speaks of his Church as "long established," and then credits it with an antiquity of 45 years. Well, of course that was a respectable age for a reformed communion; and it fixes 1559 as the date of the actual establishment of Anglicanism.

There is another highly popular argument which never fails to parade for duty at typical lectures, nor to elicit hearty applause from the large class of Anglicans who don't take the trouble to think. They are told that the very word "Reformation" is evidence of Continuity. If, says the lecturer, an institution has been reformed—re-formed—that implies that it remains the identical institution it was before. To this argument from the word "reform" I should reply that it depends how you take it. There are reforms which entirely destroy the identity of the thing reformed. For instance, take the case of a Protestant goldsmith in the reign of Edward the Sixth, who melts down a gold chalice, and with the same material makes a butter-dish. He has taken the mass of metal which was a chalice, and has re-formed it; and now it is no longer what it was, but something else. That is the sort of

re-formation that I hold the sixteenth century religious changes to have been. My Protestant hearers think I am wrong, but I merely give this illustration for the purpose of showing that they cannot make much capital out of the significance of the word "Reformation."

We are all familiar with the typical lecturer's other famous illustration of the Continuity Theory. He says: "If that dirty, drunken fellow, Bill Sikes, is taken to a reformatory, has his face washed, sobers down, and becomes a respectable member of society, isn't he still the same Bill Sikes?" This is certainly very complimentary to the ancient Church of our forefathers, with which it is the Anglican's great ambition to prove himself in continuity! But if the Reformation had been a change from Catholicism to Presbyterianism in this country, as in Scotland, or to Calvinism as in Holland, the very same argument might have been used with equal force by Presbyterian or Calvinist. He would say, just as Anglicans say, that *his* Reformation was nothing but a purifying of the national religion from the errors of Popery. You Anglicans would say he was wrong; but I merely want to show that your argument is untenable.

To move on a point, I accept for the moment, for the sake of argument, the Anglican position that the Reformation involved no change of religion. Now I ask: Supposing that in point of fact the Reformers *had* intended to change the national religion from Catholicism to an absolutely non-Catholic religion, what more could they possibly have done than they did?

There can be no disputing the fact that they did change the religion of the country in respect of its *headship*, because Parliament professedly transferred to the Sovereign the supremacy which, rightly or wrongly, had, as a matter of fact, been exercised by the Pope.

Neither will anyone deny that the *government* of the English Church was changed, when Elizabeth imprisoned and expatriated the entire hierarchy, and by her mere authority put new "Parliament Bishops" into the sees.

I do not think, either, that I shall be contradicted when I say that the country's religion was changed as to *doctrine*, since so many vitally important articles of belief which had previously been held and cherished by the Catholics of England, in common with their brethren throughout Christendom, were at the Reformation proclaimed to be soul-destroying errors.

Nor will it, I am sure, be denied that the ancient *discipline* and practices of the national religion were abolished and proscribed, and an entirely new discipline substituted. That is quite too notorious for discussion.

As to the *liturgy* and form of public worship, could any change have been more complete than was effected by the Rerformers? The Roman rites and ceremonies, even the liturgical Roman language, which had prevailed since England was first christianised, were forbidden under the direst penalties, and the service-books were destroyed by the new bishops themselves. The very altar, the centre and focus of the old religion, was ignominiously destroyed by authority; and the celebration of Mass, which from the beginning had been the most solemn act of Christian worship, was made a crime punishable by an atrocious death.

Now I want to know, since the Reformation involved a change of the headship, government, doctrine, discipline and form of worship of the national religion, how can our Continuityist lecturer say that there was no change of the national religion as a whole? If you change first one blade, then another, and finally the handle, of your pocket-knife, how can you say it is still the same dear old English knife? *

I must confess it is flagrantly irregular for a lecturer to question his audience; but a question is often the directest way of conveying an affirmative idea, and there is just one more question that I beg leave to put to my Anglican hearers: You will admit, I suppose, that at

* How indeed? The Anglican steel is indelibly stamped "made in Germany."

the beginning of the sixteenth century the Church of Spain was Roman Catholic. Now, what was there about the Church of Spain which made that Church Roman Catholic, but which was absent in the case of the Church of England?

I think I anticipate your answer. You reply, the Church of England *was* at that time in communion with Rome, and had long tacitly and wrongfully allowed the Pope's usurped jurisdiction over her.

To this I say again, if, as you admit, the Church of England was Catholic and in communion with Rome, she was Roman Catholic, neither more nor less, just like the Church of Spain. And since a Church which is Roman Catholic, and a Church which is not Roman Catholic, are two perfectly distinct and different Churches, it must follow that the Reformation effected a complete alteration, and that the community which is to-day styled "the Church of England," is not identical with the pre-Reformation Church.

Fortunately, there is abundant testimony as to the real character of the Reformation, from the Reformers themselves, who must be allowed to know what their own movements were intended to be, better than typical lecturers of 1894. Bishop Jewel, in a letter to the foreign Puritan, Peter Martyr, written in 1562, assumes that the reformed Church of England was practically Zuinglian, for he says: "As for matters of devotion, we have pared away everything to the very quick, and do not differ from your doctrine by a nail's breadth." This Parliament Bishop, the great apologist of Anglicanism, does not attempt to minimise the effect of the Reformation, for in the same letter he goes on to say: "We have lately published an apology for the change of religion among us, and our departure from the Church of Rome." I am afraid Bishop Jewel wouldn't have done for a Church Defence lecturer. If, indeed, the Church of England is a branch of the Catholic Church, then of necessity, Jewel was a Catholic Bishop, although at the same time a Protestant of the most uncompromising type. How there can be Protestant

Bishops of the Catholic Church, I must leave the typical lecturer to explain next time he visits us.

From the year 1560 right down to about 1760, in the eyes of our fellow-countrymen of the Established Church, a Catholic priest was a creature scarcely human—part malevolent fiend, part grotesque bogey; if a man at all, a man whom it was the duty of Society to shun, and of the State to hunt down, to subject to a mock trial for high treason, then to half hang and cut open alive, and finally to blacken in the eyes of posterity. In the year of grace 1894, ministers of the same Established Church aspire to be considered—of all things in the world—Catholic priests. No doubt this religious right-about-face is an encouraging sign of an incipient return to ancient truths on the part of our Anglican friends; but we Roman Catholics of to-day have a serious objection to make. It is that clergymen of the Church of England did not discover they were massing priests at the time when to be so meant ignominy, torture and death, but only when priest-hunting had passed out of fashion, and priests had been readmitted to the ordinary privileges of civilised society. Just as in those penal days the Established Church endeavoured to rob our forefathers of their holy Faith, so now it is trying to steal our glorious name of Catholic. We have every confidence that this last attempt will be as signally unsuccessful as the first. We do not believe that the time will ever come when a letter addressed "to the Catholic Bishop" of this district will be conveyed by the simple-minded postman to Llandaff instead of to Llanishen. Or, if that happens, it will be because our ancient hierarchy is reinstated in its former dignities.

One more quotation, and I conclude this lecture. It is from the *History of the Church of England*, written by an Anglican Bishop, the late Dr. Short, of St. Asaph. At page 593, he says: "The Church of England first ceased to be a member of the Church of Rome during the reign of Henry VIII., but it could hardly be called Protestant till that of Edward VI. . . . . During the

short reign of Edward VI. it became entirely Protestant, and, in point of doctrine, assumed its present form." There is the deliberate opinion of a learned Anglican Bishop, delivered, it is true, in 1847, before the Continuity Theory had been fairly broached—but perhaps all the more likely to be a calm and unprejudiced view of the facts.

I have got to the end of my lecture at last, and thank you for the patience with which you have listened to what I had to say. You have doubtless observed that I have not attempted to do more than answer the assertions which form the stock-in-trade of every Continuityist lecturer. I have advanced none of the innumerable and overwhelming proofs of the exclusive right of my own Church to the dignity of Continuity with the Church of pre-Reformation days, except the few which come into immediate conflict with the Anglican fallacies. I venture to hope I have at least shewn my High Church hearers that the Theory of Continuity is not so simple and satisfactory as the typical Church Defence lecturer would have them suppose. We have at all events reconsidered Continuity, the rest is left to their further study and reflection. And if only they will really think for themselves, and not accept the Continuity Theory simply because their favourite clergyman believes it to be all right, I have no fear for the result.

Coals of Fire.

Blessed are the merciful, for they shall obtain mercy.

REAL life, so people often say, is stranger than fiction, and when I reflect on many things, it seems to me that it is very wonderful how the guiding hand of Almighty God has led us through, even to where we are now.

I had been left an orphan only a very short time when Fred Pengarthen asked me to be his wife. As I loved him very much indeed, and we had nothing to wait for, we were married after a few weeks of courtship.

Our home was to be at Hugh Town, in St. Mary's, which is one of the Scilly Isles, where I had lived all my life. We had a nice wedding at the little Protestant church early in the morning, for we went for our honeymoon over to Penzance, and the steamer left at half-

past nine. There were a good many people to see us off, and I stood with Fred waving my handkerchief as long as I could see any of them. There was what they call in Scilly a "nasty lop of sea" on that morning, and a great many people were ill, but I was not, as I was accustomed to being on the water. Certainly I had never been on a proper steamer before, only on the steam launch that in summer time goes about among the islands, and not often upon that.

It was spring time, and the steamer was loaded with great boxes and baskets of flowers which were being sent from the flower farms to England. Fred did not say much; he was always rather a silent fellow: but there was a happy light in his dark blue eyes, and his smile was full of contentment. I looked happy too, I am sure of that, and indeed was so from the depths of my heart; I looked forward to our married life with the brightest hope.

I had known Fred Pengarthen all my life. He was about eight years older than I—I was twenty on my wedding day—and a good upright fellow, known in all the islands as incapable of a dishonest or deceitful action. He was a shoemaker in winter, and in summer he took visitors about in the "Janet," his sailing boat. He was an orphan like myself, and had no relations living, so that we seemed in a very special way to belong to each other and to no one else.

Neither Fred nor I had ever been on the mainland, and we watched very anxiously as we made the passage until the line of Cornish coast became distinct. We passed close to the Wolf Lighthouse, and soon came in sight of the magnificent rocks of the Land's End, the little grey village of Mousehole to the left, and then Penzance, between it and the shores of Mount's Bay, from which rises the great pile of St. Michael's Mount. We only stayed a few days in Penzance, and then went back again to St. Mary's; and very glad we were to enter our little house, which was in a narrow sandy alley off the High Street in Hugh Town. It was quite a small cottage, built of grey granite, with a little garden behind it, where in the summer were a great many flowers, with a high hedge of purple veronica. The rooms in our cottage, with its small-paned windows, were very low, there were big beams across the ceilings, and the furniture was not grand, but it was my home and I was happy there. I had plenty to do, and possessed a few books, for I was fond of reading, and had had a good education at the school where I had at one time been a pupil teacher.

As time went on, I loved Fred more and more. He was always good to me, and very kind in his way, though that way was a very quiet and reserved one, which perhaps would not have satisfied many people.

Then the next year another joy came into my

life, and I often said I did not know which was the happier of the two, Fred or I, as we bent together over our little one's cradle. Jim was very like Fred, with just the same dark blue eyes and brown hair, but Fred said his expression was like mine. We had him christened at the church where we went sometimes. Neither Fred nor I held much to church-going, or chapel-going either, for the matter of that. We went to chapel now and then, and they taught differently there from what they did in the church, but Fred liked chapel best, as he said there was less getting up and down. Church, he said, with the kneeling and standing, was more like being in a boat, where you had always to be changing your position. We said the Lord's Prayer morning and evening together, and on Sundays I took out the Bible and read a chapter to Fred, who generally fell asleep; and we tried to do what we knew was right.

When Jim was four years old, I took him one evening for a walk round by the Garrison. Hugh Town, where we lived, is built on an isthmus between the Garrison Hill and the main part of the island. We went up past Tregarthen's Hotel, which is very picturesque, to a road through furze, and I sat down for a while with my knitting while Jim played by my side. The ramparts were before us, and the glory of the sunset was making a path of light over the sea. I watched the light on the

quivering waters as I knitted on, for the beauty of the sea and islands had always a charm for me.

After a while we went round the ramparts, the huge brown rocks beneath us, the island of Samson lying to the right and St. Agnes in front of us. I could see the "Janet" coming along, and Jim was quite excited when I showed it to him. Then we started to go home by the coast. The rabbits were scurrying in and out among the furze, and the stillness of the evening air was broken by the cries of the beautiful white-winged gulls. There were grey and brown rocks touched with green seaweed on the shore, among them being pieces of wood—remains of shipwrecks: and in contrast to the sad thoughts these spars gave me was the sweetness of the evening, the lovely sea, and my Jim, who had his hands full of sea-pinks for me.

"What are those, mother?" asked Jim, pointing to the furze.

"What, Jim?" I asked.

"There—there they go again!" and I noticed some rabbits flashing in and out.

"Rabbits, dear."

Before I could say a word more, Jim had stooped and picked up a stone, which he threw at the next rabbit that he noticed. There were a good many that evening, and it was always pretty to see them.

"What did you do that for, Jim?" I enquired.

Jim smiled and did not answer. He had a roguish expression in his eyes.

"I like to," he said after a while.

"Don't do it, Jim. You should be kind to animals." Then I explained to him that we should not be needlessly cruel to animals, and I think he understood me, for he looked very sorry and said, "Poor bunnies, I will never be unkind to them again."

All my life long I have had a great love of animals—dumb animals, as we so wrongly call them, for they are not dumb. Who that has had a faithful dog as his companion, or watched cats and horses and birds, can call them dumb? They have a language of their own, and when we love and care for them we understand a little of it. I was thinking of these things, and as we walked slowly on, we passed two young ladies, visitors to the islands, who had come over the day before from Penzance. I had been on the pier when the steamer came in, and I had seen them. They were pretty girls, nicely dressed, and yet to me their whole appearance was spoilt by their hats, which had birds in them. One had birds in her hat, and the other a pretty rosette, which had a wing and an egret in it. In these islands you notice so much of bird life that you get to look upon birds as friends, and to me it was very horrible to see these wings and know how they had been procured, and the harmless little lives that had been sacrificed to obtain them. I had read only lately that after

the bird is shot down, the wings are torn off while it is still alive, and the poor creature is left to die by inches of wounds, thirst, and starvation. Of course the plumage is at its best during the nesting season, and it is then that the birds are killed in this merciless way. The "osprey" too is taken from the egrets and smaller kinds of heron, who only have it during the spring and nesting season. The birds are killed off while employed in feeding their young, and the poor little ones are left in their nests to starve.

I lately came across some beautiful words which I can never forget:—"Every act of mercy, even to the humblest and lowliest of God's creatures, is an act that brings us nearer God. He whose soul burns with indignation against the brutal ruffian who misuses the poor, helpless, suffering horse, or dog, or ass, or bird, or worm, shares for the moment that Divine compassionate wrath which burns against the oppressors of the weak and defenceless everywhere."

I had a nice saffron cake ready for Fred's tea, for I knew he would be hungry, and there was a fine dish of shrimps.

"Well, Fred," said I as he entered, giving me the kiss he always gave me on his return, "you have been very long afloat."

"Yes, I thought the gentleman would have had enough seeing Samson and Annet, but we went on afterwards to St. Agnes."

"It was a good thing you started early," I remarked.

"What did the gentleman think of Annet?" I asked, for of all the islands that was my favourite. It is not inhabited excepting by seagulls and puffins (or sea-parrots), with their yellow claws and red beaks, and razor-bills. There is a natural pier of rocks, and sometimes in rough weather you cannot land.

"Oh, he thought a lot of Annet. He was particularly taken with the birds; he had never seen such a sight before."

"And St. Agnes?"

"Oh, he went on to the light-house and I waited for him. He's a kind gentleman," said Fred; "takes such a lot of interest in everything. Hand over that prong, Mary."

I gave him a fork—or "prong," as Scillonians call them. Fred looked even more thoughtful than usual.

"Yes, he's a kind gentleman," he remarked again.

"Did he give you a good deal for the trip?" I enquired. "If he did, you can give me some of it, Fred, for I want to get Jim a new hat for Sunday."

"How would you like to be rich, eh, Mary?" asked Fred, not answering my question. I stared, for I thought Fred must be joking, and he never joked about anything.

"Rich, Fred! why?"

"Well, I ask you, how would you like to be rich—just supposing, like—there's no harm in supposing."

"I have never thought about being rich," I said truthfully. "I have always had enough to eat and drink, and a good roof over my head; I don't want anything."

"No more do I, in a way," said Fred very slowly. "No more do I, only if you can get a little more for what you have, you can do many a thing—or rather you could for Jim when he grows bigger, and we've got to start him in the world."

"What is the use of thinking of it, Fred? Neither you nor I are likely to get more money, and we do very well as we are; what has put such thoughts into your head?"

Fred smiled.

"Come, tell me, Fred. You are never one to be thinking of money and such things."

"Well, wife," said Fred, helping himself to a big piece of the cake, "this gentleman that I have been afloat with to-day told me a lot of things. We had plenty of time to talk as the breeze rose, and we went a brave long way with but little to do to the sails. He tells me that away in London, where he lives, there's many a place where a man can put his money and get a lot of interest for it, ever so much more than in banks."

"Well, but have you any money beyond what's in the savings' bank?" I inquired.

"Yes, I have a little," and then he explained to me that he had some which he had in a box upstairs besides the twenty pounds in the bank—

money he was saving in case of a rainy day. He ought to have put it in the savings' bank, but he said he did not want to have all his eggs in one basket.

Then he explained to me that Mr. Tracy, for that was the gentleman's name, could put his money out to very great interest, and more than double and treble it.

"But what do you know of him?" I asked doubtfully.

Fred smiled.

"I can tell a gentleman when I see one, and he's the right sort. And besides, I'm going to take him out every day while he is here, if the weather holds good."

"How long is he here for?" I asked.

"A fortnight. He says he's been overworked in London, and his head has got very tired; he wants a thorough change and rest, and he likes sailing very much."

"It certainly would be a grand thing for us to be richer," said I, for though I had said that I did not want any more money, curiously enough, now that there seemed some chance of its being within my reach, I felt as if I should like it after all. There were no end of things we could do for Jim, and we might buy a cottage of our own with a larger garden. In the few minutes when Fred was pushing away his plate from him as he had finished, and was lighting his pipe, I seemed to see all kinds of things that I wanted.

"And there's another thing, Mary," said Fred, "I want to do something for Uncle Abraham. He's getting old and past work, and it would be nice if we could settle him somewhere where he could rest."

Uncle Abraham was an old man whom my husband had known all his life, and who had taken Fred to live with him when he was left an orphan, for Fred's parents had died when he was quite a little child. Though no relation whatever, the old sailor had made a kind of son of Fred, so my husband wanted to get him a comfortable home for his old age and provision, now that he could not work. We never thought of asking the old man to live with us, for he lived in Bryher, and disliked the very idea of leaving the island in which he had been brought up: and we knew of a little farm on that island where he would be well taken care of, if we could pay for his maintenance.

"Yes, it would be very nice for him," I said. "But Fred, do you really think that the gentleman can do all this for us?"

"He is going to show me all the papers about it to-morrow," said Fred. "To-morrow we're going a brave long way, all the way to the Bishop's lighthouse."

"I have never been there," I said.

"I haven't been there many times," said Fred, "but you see it is the real end of the land between this and America, and more properly the Land's End than the point called by that name in Cornwall."

Next morning I left Jim with a neighbour and walked to the pier to see Fred off, for I was very curious to see this gentleman of whom I had heard so much.

It was early, and the steamer was not off yet. The hoarse scream of the engine fell on my ears as I turned to the pier and came in sight of it and the "Janet," which was just by the steps.

Mr. Tracy had not come yet, and I waited watching the people hurrying to the steamer. Then she steamed out, and a young man came along in a tweed suit and a single eye-glass in his eye. When he learnt who I was, he was particularly civil to me, and wanted me to go out for the day too, but I could not leave Jim. In a little while they were off, and I watched the "Janet" out of sight before I turned towards home. The children in the street were playing with bare feet and were none the worse, for the roads are soft and sandy; and the town looked very grey and quiet and out of the world. It had never struck me so much before, but now I was thinking that if we got more money we might perhaps see distant lands, and some of the fine places I had read of in books.

That fortnight in June was a very lovely one. The weather was perfect for sailing, and every-day the gentleman and Fred went out to some of the islands, or returned to others which Mr. Tracy wanted to see again. Mr. Tracy said, the

day before he left, that he had enjoyed his visits immensely, and that he should carry away many pleasant memories of the beautiful Scilly Isles.

If he did, he also carried away something more. Fred and I had taken the money out of the savings' bank and added it to the hundred pounds that was kept in an old tea-chest. All this we handed over to Mr. Tracy, who was going to place it in a building company which gave very great interest at present, and would give greater later on. He a was a very pleasant spoken gentleman, and though I can't say I understood much of those matters, all he explained to us was very clear and simple. He had got into the way of coming to us in the evening after dinner at the hotel, and having a pipe and chat with Fred. I used to knit and listen, and I could see Fred was pleased at Mr. Tracy thinking it worth while explaining so much to him about money which must have seemed a very small sum to him, though a very large one to us.

"I will give you a receipt for the money of course," Mr. Tracy had said.

Fred nodded. He knew that was correct, and Mr. Tracy had filled up a paper, acknowledging the receipt of the money.

In a little while we heard that the money was properly invested, and the first dividend would be paid at Christmas. The interest was to be very high, and there was a long list of names

of directors on the prospectus Mr. Tracy sent us.

The summer passed away. There were fewer and fewer lilies left on the flower farms, and the grapes in the green-houses ripened well, for there was a great deal of heat. Then there were fewer and fewer tourists, and the steamers seemed very empty, and autumn came, and then winter. In Scilly it is never very cold. The air is mild in winter, excepting of course when there are storms, and old people live to a very great age in this genial climate.

We went over to see Uncle Abraham sometimes at Bryher; we never told him of our plans for him, for we knew that as long as he could he would work about in the fields, doing any odd jobs that turned up for the people with whom he was.

Fred often talked about Mr. Tracy on winter evenings, when the shutters were closed, and Jim lay asleep in the next room. And we spoke too of what we should do when the money came, more and more every year. Fred agreed with me that some must be put away for a rainy day, for it would be a pity ever to touch the capital that was to bring so much.

We were very happy that winter. Fred had plenty of work, shoemaking and cobbling, and as for me, the day never seemed long enough for all I had to do.

It was just before Christmas, when one day the postman's cart stopped at the entrance to the little street in which was our house. The post is always brought up from the steamer in this way, and it very seldom happened that there was a letter for us, for we had no relations or friends on the mainland.

There was a letter for Fred, who was standing by the fire-side. It was in a handwriting neither of us knew.

"Very likely it's the dividend on our money," said Fred, turning over the letter in his hand.

"It's not Mr. Tracy's hand," I remarked, for I had taken the letter from the postman myself.

Mr. Tracy had written to us several times about the money, and we knew his writing well.

Then Fred opened the letter, read it and fell forward.

"Fred! what is it?" I cried, for he did not speak; and I dragged him to the sofa and laid him down.

I thought he had fainted, and did all I could to restore him, but as his hands grew colder, I ran to the door and called a neighbour to me, and sent her boy for the doctor.

It seemed a very long while before the doctor came, but when he did, one glance sufficed.

I read bad news in his face.

"Doctor, tell me—he is not dead?"

But the doctor bent his head.

There was a great deal of enquiry as to the cause of Fred's death, and it was found that he had had heart disease for some time, as the doctor had suspected.

"But what can have caused his death?" I enquired.

"Any sudden shock would have done it," answered the doctor, and then I thought of the letter.

We found it, and read that the company in which all our little money had been invested had smashed, and we should not get a penny of it.

It was all very very terrible—not so much the loss of the money, for that seemed small in the face of the other great grief, the loss of my husband. It seemed to turn me to stone; I never shed a tear, and I answered all the doctor asked mechanically, and helped to get Fred ready for his last sleep as best I could. A neighbour offered to stay that night with me, but I refused, for I had no fear of being alone with that still form laid on our old sofa.

So I locked the door after Mrs. Thomas, and went to see that Jim was safely asleep, and then I sat down by the side of the sofa, and drew the sheet away from the face that was so precious to me.

As I stayed there, something—some instinct—made me feel as if I ought to kneel down and pray. Perhaps it was the force of habit, for the clock struck the hour when Fred and I had

usually gone to bed, and we had generally said the Lord's Prayer before doing so.

I knelt down and said the prayer so familiar to me all my life, but it did not seem as if my heart went with the words "Thy Will be done," for I felt that it was very hard that my dear husband dearer to me than anyone ever had been, closer to my affections even than my child had been taken from me. In my heart I was hating God for having sent me this great trial, which seemed so unnecessary and so terrible.

My thoughts went back to that fair summer evening when Fred had first told me of Mr. Tracy and the money. What a pity he ever listened to him! And I—I blamed myself then for ever having encouraged Fred in any way to do so. I had hard bitter thoughts of Mr. Tracy, who had been the chief offender in this business, and who had, so the letter told us, swindled many people out of their savings by this horrid company. O how I loathed him, as I thought of what he had done! I knew Fred so well that I was sure it was not only losing the money that had been a shock to him, but the feeling that he had been so mistaken in Mr. Tracy. Fred himself had been so upright and honest in his daily life that he could not have understood anyone doing anything of the kind. It was all very black and terrible, and I felt so alone in my trouble. Every night and morning I had always added Fred's name to my prayers, and asked God to

bless him, and now, as the words came to my mind, I felt how terrible it was that I could never pray for him again. He was gone far away into a land where I could not reach him, and where I could do nothing for him. Nobody who has not lost some one greatly loved can understand what I felt then, or what the shock of anguish was that went through my heart. It made me realize that he was dead, almost more than touching the cold forehead with my lips.

Of course I had Jim, and he was very dear. Some women love their children more than their husbands, but I never could and never did. Fred —my Fred—was the old love of my early days ever since he and I had been children, and he had always brought me a bunch of arum lilies from his own garden at Bryher on my birthday.

Then came the funeral. I followed as he was borne by the hands of his friends to his grave in the little church-yard where the Australian palms rise from the graves, where there are many great aloes with their grey leaves, and beneath the stone walls, and then the shore of old Town Bay with its high cairn of rocks. It was a gloomy day—what they call a "wisht day" in Scilly—as we walked along by the side of the hedge of veronica which borders the path to the cemetery. The mist was very fine, and the rocks and the nearer islands stood out like iron in the greyness. The sky was like lead. I was glad

it was so: I did not want sunshine and a blue sky, such as we have so often in Scilly, to mock me in my sorrow.

The clergyman read the service, and I knelt down by the open grave. I had no flowers to cast in. I did not want them, and I hardly noticed those his friends had sent. All was gloom and misery to me: it was the bitterest, most awful moment of my life when I knelt there, never shedding a tear, but gazing at the plain deal coffin, and knowing that it hid the face of my Fred for ever.

The clergyman spoke to me afterwards of faith and hope, and things which did not touch me at all. I was hard and bitter, and I did not go to church the next day, which was Sunday, though all the people at St. Mary's expected I would, for Fred's sudden death had interested everybody.

"What will you do now?" asked Farmer Penvellick, an old friend of my husband, as he sat with me one day soon after, over the fire.

It was Christmas Day, and the saddest Christmas I had ever known. I was only twenty-five, yet I seemed much older.

"I must earn my living, I suppose," I said. "There's Jim to provide for as well as myself."

"Yes, yes. And you think there's no chance of your seeing any of the money?"

"None," I said sadly, for I had had a great many enquiries made, and it seemed that

there was no likelihood of ever recovering any of it.

"Then you'll not be able to stay on here?" asked Farmer Penvellick.

"I am afraid not—indeed, I know I shall not. This little house is very cheap, but it is dearer than I could afford all by myself. And I am so sorry about Uncle Abraham too."

"Ah," said Farmer Penvellick, for he knew that I referred to Fred's hope of keeping him. "It's a bad business altogether."

"Can you think of anything that I could do?" I enquired, for I knew of nothing myself.

"It was because I had thought of something that I came," said Farmer Penvellick.

"What is it?" I asked.

"Well, there's a little two-roomed cottage on our farm—I call it ours, though we only lease it from the Governor," said Farmer Penvellick. "My mother lives there and is alone, now that Sally's married a month ago and gone to Plymouth. Mother's infirm, and I have had to get in a girl to help her. Now it strikes me that you and Jim could live there, and you could earn your bread and butter at the farm."

"Could I?" I asked.

"Yes, you see I can't have mother there, because we haven't any room for her; the place is chock-full with all the children, and she would be bothered too with them. You could help with the flowers—packing and tying them up all season—and then, when the season's over, we'll

see for something else, and mother can tend Jim while you are at work," said Farmer Penvellick.

"But would what I earned be enough for us both?" I enquired, for though I knew about the flower farms, and had been a few times at Farmer Penvellick's, I had never taken much interest in the actual work connected with them.

"A shilling a day and your food," said Farmer Penvellick; "and the hours are from nine until eight, excepting when we're overpressed, and then—why, if you work extra, you are paid extra."

"I should like it very much," I said.

"Then come and welcome, my lass," said Farmer Penvellick, holding out his hand.

So it was settled.

Farmer Penvellick's farm was a very large one. In the spring it looked most beautiful with the fields of lilies and daffodils, white and golden, the green hedges of euonymus some twelve feet high, the scented lemon-plant as tall as a tree, and the hedges of escallonia and veronica. These tall hedges are grown so as to protect the delicate flowers from the winds, and very beautiful they are. I loved the great field of arum lilies, with the magnificent white blooms rising from their dark green leaves.

"Those arums are doing well this year," said Farmer Penvellick to me one day in early spring.

"Yes, there's a fine show," I answered.

"They're worth sixpence a piece now, but

later on they won't fetch more'n a shilling a dozen. Well, well, it's a fair sight."

"How many flowers do you send off every season?" I asked.

"Well, last year we sent off twelve thousand flowers a day. We're setting out more narcissus bulbs now."

"I like the lilies the best," I said.

"I've paid as much as fifteen shillings for a bulb," said the farmer. "There's a deal in the way of managing them. It isn't all learnt in an hour, my lass; there's experience teaches you better than anything."

On the farm almost every bit of soil was cultivated, and there were very few trees. The outhouses were all built of wreckage, and it was strange to think that the door of the cowshed had been at one time the door of some captain's cabin.

We never see snow in Scilly—hardly ever, that is to say—and the climate is so mild people live to a very great age, that is, if they live beyond the age of thirty, for there are a good many gravestones with records of young people's deaths upon them.

But to return to the farm. As one went about it with its many lovely blossoms and flowering shrubs, its bushes of lavender and avenue of hydrangeas, one came suddenly upon the painted figure-head of a ship. You see these very often in Scilly—sad reminders of the many ships that have sunk off this terrible coast,

with its archipelago of islands, and innumerable rocks.

I used to be busy gathering and packing the flowers in the morning, after tying them in bundles with bass. There were separate rooms for these things, and I soon became a very quick hand at it.

So the spring passed away, and by June the flower season was practically over, and the bindweed grew and clung to the beds where the lovely white flowers had been. I found plenty to do at the farm in one way or another, and every day Jim became more dear to me, though the blank caused by Fred's death never grew less.

In November I had not been very well, so I went over to St. Agnes, which is the most southern of the inhabited islands. Farmer Penvellick's married sister, Sally, came over to see her mother, and I left Jim in her care, for I knew he was safe with her. There was a friend of Fred's living in St. Agnes, not far from the lighthouse, and they thought the change there would do me good. Perhaps the rest did, for I had plenty of time to wander about, and often went on the shore noticing the oblong heaps of stones on the coast, over the graves of those thrown up by the sea. It used to be the law that they were buried where they were found, but now that is altered, and they are taken to the cemeteries or churchyards.

One night I could not sleep, for there was a storm which seemed to increase every minute in fury. I could not stay in bed, and dressed and went downstairs, to find everyone in the house on the alert. There was a ship in distress not far off, and the lifeboats, which are kept at St. Agnes, were soon sent off to make their way through the mountain-like waves which threatened every moment to engulf them.

That night can never be forgotten by me. The very few who were rescued from the ship were landed and taken care of at once. In the early grey of the morning, one man was seen still struggling with the waves, and when they went out for him, it was only just in time, for his strength was giving way. His child, a little boy, had been saved in one of the life-boats. He had trusted himself to the sea, and had been saved, but he was so battered and shaken that there was very little life left.

The doctor had not come yet from St. Mary's, though he had been sent for. They use the lifeboats to fetch him in cases of dangerous illness, as it is considered justifiable to do so "to save life," and I was alone with this poor man, who had just asked for his child, and that was all.

"Where am I?" he asked at length.

"At St. Agnes—one of the Scilly Isles," I explained.

"Scilly Isles—my God!"

The exclamation escaped him, and then I heard him mutter to himself.

"Nemesis! However, it does not matter."

"What does not matter?" I enquired.

He did not answer.

I sat by his bedside, and as I looked at him closely, I recognised him.

It was Mr. Tracy.

Meanwhile he was carefully looking at me and he recognised me.

"You are Fred Pengarthen's wife?"

"I am," I answered, "and you are Mr. Tracy."

"For heaven's sake, don't disclose my name—I shall be run in," said he.

I could not answer.

"I am in your hands—at your mercy!"

"Yes, I know," I answered.

"Can you forgive me—losing that money?" he asked.

"Yes," I answered, "but I cannot forgive you the death of my husband."

"Why—how do you mean?" asked Mr. Tracy.

Then I told him.

He did not answer. I felt all the old hatred and the bitter thoughts rise up in my heart, and even his pitiable position did not seem to touch me.

"I will pay you to hold your tongue," said he. "I am rich now. I have made my fortune in America, and was coming home to England to live on it with a changed name, when this confounded wreck happened. But the money is safe in a belt round my waist."

"I don't want your money," I said, in a cold voice.

As he spoke, he fumbled about with his one free hand, for his left hand was terribly maimed.

"Gone!"

"What is gone?"

"My belt—my money!"

He could not accuse anyone of robbing him, for he had been perfectly conscious when he had been landed, beaten about by the waves as he was.

In a little time the doctor came. He told the sick man that the injuries to his head were very serious, so that if he had anything to say or directions to give, he had better do so at once.

"Does he think I shall be unconscious soon?" asked Mr. Tracy.

"I am afraid so."

"What is to become of Ned?—my little boy, who was born a few hours before his mother died."

"I suppose he will be sent to the workhouse," I said. I had not seen the child yet, but I had been told that he had recognised his father on landing, and that he was being seen after in another room.

The doctor had left us, and there was a long pause.

"You might as well say a prayer for me."

Mr. Tracy's voice was very husky.

I knelt down and said the Lord's Prayer.

"Forgive us our trespasses as we forgive those who have trespassed against us."

I stayed on my knees for a moment.

"I will take your child," I said gently, and I felt that promise showed that I had forgiven him.

He put out his hand, and taking mine in his right hand, he raised it to his lips.

"Coals of fire—there's a verse somewhere about that in the Bible."

I remembered the verse;—

'But if thine enemy be hungered, give him to eat: if he thirst, give him to drink. For, doing this, thou shalt heap coals of fire on his head.'

The child had no relations, in England Mr. Tracy told me, as he was a Canadian.

"Can Ned come?" he asked presently.

"I will see," I answered.

I went into the next room and found that Ned was a child just the same age as my Jim. He had been dressed in some clothes that had been found for him, and had taken some warm food. As I went up to him, I was glad to see him smile, for it was a good sign that we were to be friendly.

"Will you come with me, dear?" I said.

"Where?"

"To your father," I answered.

"Where is father—he is not ill, is he?" asked the child.

"He is very ill," I answered, "and he is going away, a long long way."

"Where to?" asked Ned. But I could not

"I don't want your money," I said, in a cold voice.

As he spoke, he fumbled about with his one free hand, for his left hand was terribly maimed.

"Gone!"

"What is gone?"

"My belt—my money!"

He could not accuse anyone of robbing him, for he had been perfectly conscious when he had been landed, beaten about by the waves as he was.

In a little time the doctor came. He told the sick man that the injuries to his head were very serious, so that if he had anything to say or directions to give, he had better do so at once.

"Does he think I shall be unconscious soon?" asked Mr. Tracy.

"I am afraid so."

"What is to become of Ned?—my little boy, who was born a few hours before his mother died."

"I suppose he will be sent to the workhouse," I said. I had not seen the child yet, but I had been told that he had recognised his father on landing, and that he was being seen after in another room.

The doctor had left us, and there was a long pause.

"You might as well say a prayer for me."

Mr. Tracy's voice was very husky.

I knelt down and said the Lord's Prayer.

"Forgive us our trespasses as we forgive those who have trespassed against us."

I stayed on my knees for a moment.

"I will take your child," I said gently, and I felt that promise showed that I had forgiven him.

He put out his hand, and taking mine in his right hand, he raised it to his lips.

"Coals of fire—there's a verse somewhere about that in the Bible."

I remembered the verse;—

'But if thine enemy be hungered, give him to eat: if he thirst, give him to drink. For, doing this, thou shalt heap coals of fire on his head.'

The child had no relations, in England Mr. Tracy told me, as he was a Canadian.

"Can Ned come?" he asked presently.

"I will see," I answered.

I went into the next room and found that Ned was a child just the same age as my Jim. He had been dressed in some clothes that had been found for him, and had taken some warm food. As I went up to him, I was glad to see him smile, for it was a good sign that we were to be friendly.

"Will you come with me, dear?" I said.

"Where?"

"To your father," I answered.

"Where is father—he is not ill, is he?" asked the child.

"He is very ill," I answered, "and he is going away, a long long way."

"Where to?" asked Ned. But I could not

answer, and I was very sad, for it was all so strange and terrible. Then the child came in, and his father whispered to him to be a good boy. And as Mr. Tracy's eyes grew dim, the last thing he looked upon was Ned nestling against me with an awe-struck look in his little face.

I took the child away after the funeral, and determined that he should be as my own. He was a nice boy, very strong, but with something wrong in his eyes. For a long time I had been puzzled by him, for he used not to see things, and to find reading so difficult.

They were anxious days for me, for I did not know what to do for him, and all the things my friends recommended me were of no use whatever. Otherwise the child gave me no trouble, and he and Jim were very great friends. I often thought of that night and the struggle it had been to forgive Mr. Tracy. No one could tell how hard it had been.

But I am very very glad that I was enabled to show him mercy. It seemed very wonderful indeed that after all he should need it at my hands. But as I said before, real life is stranger than many of the things we read of in books.

Two years later, I found myself in a very humble lodging in Penzance. I had come there because Ned's sight had become very bad, and I was advised to get further advice about it. I found I should have to be there some time for his eyes really to benefit by the treatment, and so

I decided on his account to come to Penzance and try and find work there.

After a while I found a situation as working housekeeper in a house of business where, considering the smallness of the wages offered, I was allowed to have Jim with me and Ned as well.

The people of the house were Catholics, the first I had ever known. The family consisted of a father, mother, two daughters, and a son who served in the shop, with an old aunt, who rarely left her room.

They were simple people, very kind, and very good. As I knew them more and more, I envied them, for they seemed to have something which I did not possess, and though there was little talk of religion, they acted on the principles they professed.

One of the daughters went every day to Mass, and the parents often; and no member of the household ever missed on Sunday, or what they called days of obligation, unless some serious cause prevented them. They were charitable in word and deed, and the poor were never forgotten.

I went with them sometimes to their church, and then I got into the way of asking them to explain things to me.

One Lent there was a mission, and I thought that I might as well go with the Masons, as I heard them talking about it a good deal, and they asked me if I would not accompany them.

So I went one evening, and then I thought I would go again. The oftener I went, the more interested I became, and I took courage to go and speak to the missioner, who was very kind. For I knew now, that I had learnt more of what the True Church is, that I could never rest until I was a Catholic.

I studied my catechism and was instructed, until the time came when I was considered fit to be received. Ned and Jim were received a little while afterwards. That was the beginning of a very different life for me. I was no longer without a guide, and it was so safe to know that that guide was the voice of God speaking to me, through His Church, in a way the most ignorant as well as the most learned can understand. Of course a great deal was very new and strange to me, and it was only gradually that I got accustomed to the services and many of the devotions which Catholics use. But the learning seemed easier than I had imagined it would be, and there was so much to help one. Heaven and the saints and angels do not seem so far away now, for everything in the Church brings the other world and its inhabitants nearer to us. As Almighty God has been so good to me in bringing me in to His Church, I can trust His goodness to give me grace to persevere to the end. That is, if I do my part, for, as some Saint said, He won't save us in spite of ourselves.

All this time Jim and Ned were great friends and went to school regularly. I am very

reserved, but when at length I told the Masons my story, they said they would raise my wages and help me to keep my children—for I adopted Ned as my own—with me. Ned's eyes were much better, and my friends in Scilly wrote and asked when I was coming back there. Though I hope some day to go and see the islands again, I shall never go and live there, for there is no Catholic church in any one of them, though they were of course in olden days all Catholic, and traces of the Old Faith can be seen in Holy Vale, in St. Mary's, and Tresco Abbey and other places

I have been a Catholic now three years, and my life seems and is—for it is a reality—completely changed in all and every way.

The remembrance of the grave near the aloes in St. Mary's cemetery often comes to my mind, and I never forget Fred, but my remembrance of him is so altered. It was indeed a day of days to me when I learnt that I could pray for the dead,—that a poor, working-woman, neither learned nor clever, could by simple acts of charity, alms, mortifications, and prayers do something for Fred still. It seems as if I had him again near me, now I understand that I may really affect his state by what I do or leave undone. And as I think of him, my dear husband, who is so precious to me, I pray also and get Masses said for the many holy souls who have none to pray for them.

Not only in this, but in other respects, all

has changed. The gift of grace is indeed a very great mercy.

"I did not deserve it," I said one day to Mrs. Mason, who had taken a great interest in my conversion.

"It is a gift of God," she answered. "I am so thankful, Mary, that it was given to you."

"Indeed, it seems wonderful that others should be left without it, and that it should have come to me," I said.

Then the old aunt, who was in the room, said gently: "'Blessed are the merciful for they shall obtain mercy.' You forgave your enemy, and heaped coals of fire on his head, and you have your reward."

She is right, for to be a child of the Catholic Church, and to receive with thankfulness all the help that she has to give, is the greatest mercy Almighty God can bestow.

How I Came Home

By LADY HERBERT.

I was brought up in what we should now call the "High and Dry" school of the Established Church of England. It was utterly and entirely distasteful to me. I was eager, energetic, and enthusiastic; and I found myself surrounded by cold and formal services, high pews, long puritanical hymns, and intolerably dry sermons. My Sundays were a perfect terror to me. I was made to learn long portions of the *Christian Year* by heart (some of which, even now, I cannot understand), in addition to the Epistle and Collect for the day: the rest of the time was to be spent in reading sermons, or in church, where kneeling bolt upright always made me faint. I had the greatest difficulty in learning poetry by heart, so that I could never say my lesson, and my evening was consequently generally spent in tears. Even now, I sometimes have the recollection of what I felt on waking in the morning when I remembered it was Sunday.

Then came my Confirmation, for which I can only say that I was simply not prepared at all. A clergyman came and asked me to repeat the Creed, which I did; after which he shook hands with me, and said he was quite sure I had been too well brought up not to be prepared, and gave me my ticket. I went through the service as in a dream. Then came my First Communion, and I was simply horridly frightened. I did not understand what now I see and feel. But I kept on

repeating to myself "*verily and indeed taken;*" and wondering if those words were to be taken in a literal or in a non-natural sense: and, if the latter, why they were left in the Catechism? For two years after that I recollect no change in myself, or in the dreary round of my religious duties.

Then came the "Oxford Movement," as it was called. This was my first view of real religion. I found in the writings of that new school all that my heart and mind had longed for and hungered after for years—I found life, and warmth and practice. But what really attracted me, although I knew it not, was their Catholicity. I devoured every book of the kind that came out. What I could not afford to buy I borrowed. The son of an old friend of mine (afterwards superior of a religious house), was then at Oxford, and he supplied me with all I required—the *Tracts for the Times*, Dr. Newman's and Manning's Sermons, the *Library of the Fathers*, and the many lighter contemporaneous works of Faber and Churton, Froude and Mozley, Sewell and Yonge, Williams and Paget, Gresley and the like. I began really to pray and watch, and fast, and examine myself, and try and deny myself in little things. I longed, as all girls of my temperament do, for the life of a Sister of Charity. About this time, I was immensely startled and pained at my young Oxford friend and companion announcing to me his intention of joining the Church of Rome. "It would be almost a death-blow to his mother," he said, "and *that* was what grieved him most. But he could not help himself—he could not remain where he was." My father was very indignant, and forbad all further intercourse between us. And so we parted, never to meet again till, twenty years later, I saw him in the cloister of his monastery.

Soon after this event we removed from the west of England to a property in the midland counties, which had been left to us by a distant relative. Here I found a scope for my activity in a hitherto neglected village, which formed part of the property, where there was

neither church nor schools. There was the gable-end of an old chapelry, dedicated to St. Edith, with a bell turret, close to the wall of which the rector of the parish church (which was three or four miles off) used to come and recite the Morning Prayers four times a year, so as to be entitled to the tithe. But, except that occasional service in the open air, the poor people had no "Church privileges," as it was called, unless they were young and strong enough to walk to the parish church. I began by opening a school, and by degrees, through painting and selling my sketches, and the kindness of friends, I raised enough money to build on a chancel to that neglected gable-end; and never shall I forget the joy of seeing the first communions and baptisms in that little place —many having come who had neglected the Sacraments for years. In all this work my chief encourager was the Rural Dean—a very excellent Anglican clergyman—who with his wife became my greatest friends. They, too, were drawing nearer and nearer towards Catholic truth, and helped me far more than they were themselves aware of. But my father became alarmed at our intimacy, and especially at my religious views. He said, and said truly, that they were incompatible with Protestantism, and my visits were discouraged, and finally stopped.

It was in the autumn of 1844 that a great friend of mine sent me some letters she had received through a mutual acquaintance, written by Dr. Newman. They were of engrossing interest to all those who, like myself, were dissatisfied with their present position, and hungered after greater certainty and guidance in matters of faith. These letters insisted, however, a great deal on not going by one's own taste and inclination, or by one's own feelings in so grave a matter. One of them has been published in his *Apologia*, and runs as follows:

"This I am sure of, that nothing but a simple, direct call of duty is a warrant for anyone leaving our Church;

and no preference for another Church, no delight in its service, no hope of greater religious advancement in it; no indignation, no disgust at the persons and things among which we find ourselves in the Church of England.

"The simple question is: Can I (it is personal, not whether another, but can *I*) be saved in the English Church? Am *I* in safety were I to die to-night? Is it a mortal sin in *me*, not joining another communion?"

It is impossible for me to say the effect which these letters, and many others of the like kind, had upon us. They were copied and treasured up (in secret, of course,) and pondered and prayed over by hundreds of souls of whom the writer little dreamed, but who were going through minor throes of the same agony of doubt and suspense as himself.

A year later I married, and strangely enough my new home had been St. Edith's old monastery: so that it seemed as if she were to follow and form part of my life. Probably her prayers (in return for the imperfect service I had ignorantly paid her by restoring her ruined shrine) helped me in my coming struggle. Dr. Newman, F. W. Faber, and many others whose names were household words among us, had by that time joined the Church of Rome. I felt that they had carried our principles to their legitimate conclusion. But I was too full of my new-found happiness at that time, and too much engrossed with the intense joys of life, to give much thought to religious questions or duties. However, it soon came back to me that this was an unworthy return to make to the Giver of such untold blessings, and I resumed my inner life and active works of charity as before. Then began my intimacy with one who so greatly influenced my future course.

I had been married about four months when my husband one day brought to introduce to me one whom he called his "oldest school and college friend;" adding: "He is the holiest man I have

ever met." It was quite true. There was a something about Archdeacon Manning which made one ashamed of an unworthy thought or a careless word; and yet he was always loving and tender as a woman. We went abroad the following year, and he accompanied us and spent the winter, partly in Rome and partly in Naples. He and my husband used to take long walks together almost daily, and then he would either dine with us or join us in the evening and continue the conversations which to us all were of such engrossing interest, relating, as they did, to the political and religious state of Rome. At that time I was anxious and disappointed at having no prospect of a child; and some cousins of my husband's who were nuns of the Sacred Heart in a convent in Rome, offered to make a novena for us for that intention, which we gratefully accepted. The Archdeacon suggested that we should go together and pray at the Ara Cœli for the fulfilment of our wish; or rather, he added gently: "That the Will of God may be done in you and by you." He gave me at the same time a little terracotta statuette of the Blessed Virgin, with the hands crossed in submission, and the words: *Ecce ancilla Domini!* underneath; saying: "When you can feel as *she* felt, when you can give up your will and have no wish or will but *His*, then, and not till then, will the blessing you seek be granted to you." Another day, I recollect tormenting myself with the fear that I was not clever or amusing enough to be a fit companion for my husband. His answer I feel should be engraved in every young wife's heart: "Your business is not to make your husband's home *brilliant*, but *blessed*."

Our intimacy went on increasing; he virtually became my confessor; drew up for me a plan of life; gave us both prayers to use; directed our spiritual readings; and helped us in all the little difficulties which a conscientious mind must ever feel even in the happiest path. He got me to make a review of my past life; dividing it into portions of eight years, and marking the faults of each period, so as to give me a better

insight into my own character, and to teach me to detect and struggle against my besetting faults more vigorously. Dr. Newman was at that time at Rome, living very quietly in the Benedictine Monastery of S. Paolo fuore le Mure. My husband had been his old and favourite pupil, and went to see him, taking me with him. I was much struck by that interview, although he did not say much on the questions in dispute.

From that year until 1851 our friendship with the Archdeacon increased in proportion to our more frequent meetings, both at his house and ours. "The child of many prayers" (as he called her) was born, and received (as we had promised) the name of Mary. I was very ill before her birth, and the Archdeacon came to me constantly to strengthen and cheer me in my coming trial. Again, the following year, when a son was given to us, who nearly died a few months after his birth, he was again by our side to share in our anxiety as in our joy. Then came the Gorham decision on the question of baptism; the efforts made by my husband and his friends to counteract its effects; their protest against it, signed by all the best and most influential members of the Church of England; and Bishop Blomfield's bill to confine ecclesiastical questions to ecclesiastical courts, a bill thrown out in the Lords mainly owing to a clever speech of Lord Brougham's, in which he asserted that "so great was the disunion among the right rev. prelates on the Bench that no question brought before them would have the chance of a peaceable solution; and even if it had, that the minority would never obey the majority in such matters."

I have a vivid recollection of a discussion the following day at our house, in which two or three of the speakers openly declared their conviction of the impossibility of remaining in a Church in which even the Sacraments were treated as open questions: that the late assertion of royal supremacy in matters of faith was contrary to the law of our Lord: and that the theory of the Church of England being a branch of the Church Catholic was

entirely set aside by such decisions. Moreover, that in spite of all the special pleadings upon the subject and the words of individual writers, the Catholic Church distinctly repudiated Anglican Orders as invalid, and proved it by insisting on re-ordaining all Anglican ministers, no matter how high their position or how great their ability; an act which in the case of a real ordination would be sacrilegious, and which was never done to converts from the Greek Church. Day after day these subjects were renewed with the earnestness of men who had nothing to gain but everything to lose by a change of creed, and who yet felt that they could not remain where they were. How it all ended is a matter of history. The best of the clergymen, and many of the laymen present on these occasions "went over to Rome," as it was called. Those that hesitated, did so less from conviction than from that wonderful theory, to which so many still cling, of "going over" in a corporate body, *i.e.*, of the whole Church of England shaking off the errors of the Reformation and returning to the One Fold.

As to ourselves and the Archdeacon, he voluntarily broke off all communication with us, writing to us both "that it would not be right for him to continue an intimacy which might be prejudicial to my husband in his present position; that we had been too nearly drawn together to meet as ordinary friends; and that he would never seek either of us unless we first sought him."

We both of us felt the separation most keenly: but to me it was a sort of religious shipwreck. If I had had doubts before as to the validity of Anglican Orders, the fact of the Archdeacon's utter disbelief in them and his refusal, even before he took the final step, to give absolution, would have settled that point with me for ever. And if Anglican Orders were invalid, what were the Sacraments? I tried to console myself by laying great stress on the doctrine of Intention, and by making frequent spiritual communions. I wrote to the Bishop of ———, asking him to take the Archdeacon's place

as my confessor. He refused, alleging the usual Anglican reasons, and throwing me back on myself. I have since been most thankful for this refusal; for nothing can be more dangerous and injudicious than the way in which direction and confession are abused in the Anglican body. Neither are legitimate; neither are recognized by the Bishops or the formularies of the English Church; so that all the evils which the wildest imagination may attribute to the practice in the Church Catholic, are almost inevitable under circumstances where no check whatever is placed on the exercise of authority. I speak from actual knowledge when I say that this authority is exercised on weak and timid women to an extent which would be not only incredible but utterly impossible in the Catholic Church. Each of these clergymen is a pope in his own proper person. His decisions are infallible, and as he recognizes no ecclesiastical superior there is no limit whatever to the exercise of his powers.

But to return to myself. My only resource was to fall back upon my old rule of life, to try as far as possible to be in the mind of the Church if I could not be outwardly of its body; above all, to wait and pray for further light and guidance. My Catholic longings, however, were not satisfied: I could not forget what I had heard. Dr. Newman says truly: "He who has once seen a ghost cannot be as one who has never seen it." Doubts as to the truth of the Church of England had been sown broadcast in my mind; and I could not but feel that the only legitimate and honest conclusion to which the High Church teachings of my life could lead was the one at which the Archdeacon and Dr. Newman had already arrived.

Whenever we went abroad, we used to go to Benediction or early Mass, and I often discussed the whole matter with my husband. He knew perfectly what my feelings were, for I never had a secret from him in my life. He admitted that the Catholic religion was more suited to some temperaments than the Protestant; that one's

religion was, after all, very much what a clever writer has called "a geographical accident;" by which he meant that if we had been born in Russia, like his mother, we should have been brought up in the Greek Church; if in France or Italy, Austria or Spain, in the Catholic, and so on. But he always maintained that as long as the Anglican Church did not force us to believe anything contrary to Catholic truth, we were bound to remain in her communion in spite of her many heretical teachers: that it was, in fact, "good for the present distress;" and that as everything Romanist was looked upon with such distrust and aversion in England, all hope of doing good, or of influencing others and being of use in one's generation, depended on our staying where we were and making the best of it. This was the result of hundreds and hundreds of such conversations. I found it worried him, and I left off talking of it; but my own feelings underwent no change. I had, deep down in my heart, the conviction that had dawned upon me before my marriage and kept growing upon me ever after, that the Church of England was but an offspring of the Reformation and not the Church of Christ; that it was a national establishment, in fact, and nothing else. And if it were indeed a branch of the true Church, where was the harm of going to the parent tree? In the meantime, I read every book that came in my way *against* these convictions—Wordsworth and Burnett, Sewell and Goulburn, Bennett and Burgon, and half-a-dozen others—and laid each down in disgust, because I felt that they made *ex parte* statements, that they quoted isolated passages from the Fathers and left out the context, that they gave you garbled extracts which perverted the original meaning of different passages; in fact, that they were, like lawyers, pleading a bad cause and feeling it to be one all the time. My husband used himself to speak of the "curse of the Reformation," which in so many cases had destroyed where it ought only to have amended; and especially regretted the substitution of the Morning Service with

its wearisome "dearly beloved," Ten Commandments, and reiterated prayers for the Queen and the royal family, for the simple Eucharistic service of the Catholic Church.

But work thickened upon us. The Crimean war came; and for the moment, I laid aside my racking doubts and fears and bent all my energies to trying to help my husband. During the war, I saw my old friend, the late Archdeacon, two or three times. He was then living in "a little chamber in the wall" like the prophet, in ——— Street, of which the sole ornament was a bronze head of Christ which we had given him at Rome. I recollect nervously confining myself to the business on hand; but at the end, I could not resist kneeling to ask for his old blessing. He gave it me without comment, kindly but sadly; and then we did not meet again for months.

I pass over the intervening years of my life till my husband's death. They had been passed in arduous work and in ever-increasing anxiety for the health of one who was dearer to me than life. At last, the blow came; and then it was that I fully realized what it was to be in a Church in which I did not believe, and which did not recognize prayers for the dead. My mother-in-law had once said to me (in speaking of my sister-in-law's death), that it was the only thing she could not bear in the Church of England. And to me, it was simply impossible. I had prayed for him daily for twenty years. How could I leave off now? Besides, if there were only a chance, however remote, however doubtful, that such prayers could benefit him, how could I withhold them? I had a very touching letter from our old friend, speaking of him as I felt and knew he would do. In reply, I asked him where I could find such prayers as I had sought for in vain among Anglican manuals of devotion, begging him likewise to say some Masses for my husband's soul; for he was then a priest. He complied with my wishes in both cases, but never attempted any renewal of intercourse either in person or by continuing the correspondence.

That year of overwhelming misery went by. I spent it in the south of France; seeing no one scarcely but my children and the poor, and holding no conversations on religious subjects. I went once or twice to the Catholic Church of the place where I was living; but I was rather discouraged than otherwise by so doing; for I found it next to impossible to follow the services from the rapidity of the priest's utterance and my own ignorance of Latin. This I resolved to remedy by taking lessons; but I had no one to help or explain to me the ceremonies of the Mass or Benediction, and got hopelessly puzzled at the rapidity with which the former was said. Even at that time, reports were spread in England of my having been received into the Church. I repelled them almost indignantly. I had come to no such decision. Yet, being miserable and dissatisfied with the Anglican establishment, my mind was ever insensibly working onwards in that direction.

The following year, I went to Rome for the winter for the health of two of my children. Dr. Manning was there and preached; but I did not go and hear him or try to see him. In the first place, I did not like to make people talk; and in the next, I was so peculiarly situated with regard to my children, that I felt I could not ask him to my house. I had, therefore, been three months in Rome before we met; and he then spoke of nothing but my sorrow and his great love for my husband, and begged to hear all details of the end. These I gave him; but we did not touch on religious subjects.

In spite of all my caution, however, the reports of my conversion were renewed. I had not only done nothing to give rise to them; but I had carefully abstained from going to services (as I had always done before with my husband) lest people should talk and make mischief. The only thing I used to do was to go and pray and cry at that same little convent in the Lungara, where my cousins had had the novena for the birth of my child. No one was admitted into the "clausura" of this convent but relations of the nuns; but as I was

thus related and the Superior knew and felt for my sorrow, she let me come whenever I pleased. I felt shy and unworthy to join in their services, but I used to steal in from the garden towards dusk and pray before the little light telling of the Presence, and felt inexpressible comfort there. I often wished at this time to have talked to my Anglican chaplain, who was my boy's tutor and lived with us. But his notions about women were peculiar. He had a firm conviction of their being all "inferior beings;" that, as Pope says, "most women have no character at all;" that our business, if we had doubts, was to go about our daily duties and stifle such feelings as a temptation. Now, in some cases, such advice might have been wise and right. No one feels more strongly than I do how absurd it is for a woman, however carefully educated, to discuss theological questions. They can only read books in translations and extracts; and my old work for my husband long ago convinced me of the extreme difficulty of judging any questions fairly by such means. But in my case, I had always lived with and been treated as the equal and companion of clever men; I had not had the education or training of an ordinary woman; and the religious doubts and difficulties which troubled me had been put before me by really able and first-rate minds. So that to tell me, as this good man once did, to stifle without solving them, was a moral impossibility.

Circumstances at this time made me acquainted with a Hungarian lady, a very fervent Catholic, to whom I now became intimately and warmly attached. She took me with her to a retreat she was attending at the Villa Lanti, which was preached by the Père de Damas, of whom I had heard a great deal during the Crimean war. I was struck by the very practical nature of his teaching. There was not a word with which I did not entirely agree. And this was the more important for me at that time, because I was just in that state in which so many people are before they *quite* make up

their minds to submit to the Catholic Church—that is, I was inclined to cavil at everything. People imagine that they must understand everything, and that all their doubts must be cleared up before they take the final step; whereas you must take the plunge in order to see and understand! God in that way rewards our faith and simplicity; and as Dr. Newman well observes: "The Church is like a painted glass window—all darkness and confusion without; all order, beauty and light within."

But to continue. My Hungarian friend introduced me to all that wonderful hidden life of Rome which is utterly unknown to ordinary visitors—I mean the beautiful network of charitable institutions which nowhere exist in such perfection as in the Eternal City, and of which, as an English Protestant, I had hitherto seen nothing. In this way I became acquainted with many eminent and holy souls, both men and women, who did more to remove my prejudices by their daily lives than volumes of controversy would have done. Still, I had difficulties, especially with regard to devotion to our Lady. I remember perfectly well having been given a Catholic manual, and carefully cutting out and pasting down all such portions of it as treated of the Rosary or the Immaculate Conception! On one occasion, at Countess A——'s House, I again met Dr. Manning. But he did not encourage me in any way, and I felt that if I wanted his advice I must seek it directly; he would not be the first to open the subject. At last, wearied with the struggle which had been going on for so many months in my own mind, and intensely anxious for explanations which would clear away my doubts and difficulties, I wrote to him and asked him to see me. Even then he hesitated; and I mention this because it is the fashion for Protestants to affirm that he moved heaven and earth to make converts; whereas, as far as I was concerned, the reverse was the fact. He emphatically left me alone. And although, at my earnest request, he at last consented to give me some instruction on certain

points, and met me at a convent for that purpose once or twice during my stay at Rome; yet, in each and all of these cases, it was I that sought him, not he me! Even later, what I have learned has been principally from books to which he referred me, and which I was to study and work out the conclusions for myself, without his aid. I think he was afraid of his personal influence over me from old associations, and wished me to be thoroughly persuaded in my own mind without any human motive. He did me the greatest possible service, however, at this time, by kneeling by my side at Mass once or twice, and pointing out to me the exact places in the service, which ever after I was enabled to follow with ease and comfort. If Catholics who are helping Anglicans into the Church would only do this more often, one of the greatest stumbling-blocks of Protestants would be removed. I think that Catholics who have been used to the service of the Mass from their infancy, and can never recollect the time when they did not understand it, have no idea of the difficulty it presents to Anglicans as Protestants; they have not a notion of following the intentions of the priest without the words; and I do not think they can arrive at it either, till they have thoroughly mastered the sense of the whole. To do this, they must begin by following the service exactly, and seeing how each part forms one beautiful and sublime whole, culminating in the Great Sacrifice.

The result of my visit to Rome was that I resolved to halt no longer between two opinions, but to try by every means in my power to arrive at the truth. I felt, in fact, that I could no longer set it aside—that to do so would be resisting grace, and imperilling my very salvation. When I returned to England I found several of my most intimate friends in the same state of mind as myself, and we agreed that all we could do was to go on studying the question, and above all to pray earnestly for light and guidance. One practice we followed, which I would earnestly recommend to all

honest seekers after truth and the Divine will, namely, the daily repetition of the prayer to the Holy Ghost, "Deus, qui corda fidelium," &c., and of the *Veni Sancte Spiritus*. I have known many people helped into the Church by this means. After all, it was not a question for A. or B. It concerned the individual soul of each one, and could not be decided for us. Also, whatever may be the effect of arguments or logic on the human mind, I am more and more convinced that conversions are not brought about by those means. I have seen people entirely convinced intellectually and yet remain outside the Church. "The wind bloweth where it listeth," and it is the gentle wind of God's Spirit which moves a soul to follow its inspirations. That is what people mean when they say, "they believe not with the intellect but with the heart," and that "they have an instinct of what is true or false before they realize the matter as a fact." They do not mean that the Catholic Faith does not approve itself to their intellect or their reasoning powers, but that there is a Spirit stronger than theirs—even the Holy Spirit of God, which touches them to the quick, so that they can find no answer but in the words of Samuel; "Speak, Lord, for Thy servant heareth."

With me (as with so many others at this very moment) all human considerations were perpetually urging me the other way. I had been left sole guardian of my children by my husband's will; but I had already received notice that if I took this step my husband's family would either remove them from me, or, at least, make them wards in Chancery. Of the justice of such a course this is not the place to speak. Enough that it is the law of England that children can thus be forcibly estranged from their mother and natural protector, in spite of the will of the father, if that mother, by following the dictates of her conscience embraces a different faith. I had promised my husband on his death-bed that I would never leave his children; nor entrust them to the guardianship of others. And I

found myself therefore in a great strait, not knowing exactly what the powers of the Court of Chancery might be; and dreading, as all mothers would, that my children would either be taken from me (in which case my promise would be broken) or that they would be exposed to influences which above all others I most dreaded, while I should be powerless to interfere; and that, from my own act. In this great moral difficulty, too, I had no one to advise or help me. I felt strongly also how useless it would be to seek counsel from either side. My Anglican friends would, of course, say one thing, and my Catholic ones the other.

But there were other circumstances which increased my difficulties. With the Catholic yearnings of my whole life, I had induced my husband to begin, and had myself completed, the restoration of all the churches on the property. We had taken away all the pews, put in large altars, restored the patron saint in each church; and, as crucifixes were not possible, had put a representation of the Crucifixion, not in small medallions but in large and separate figures, in all the east-end windows we could find unfilled with stained glass; so that the people might, at any rate, have their thoughts led up to that great Mystery of our Redemption. Moreover, since my husband's death, I had restored and fitted up, in the most Catholic manner possible, the chapel in the house, which formed part of the church of the old Benedictine Monastery which formerly stood on this site. Here I had persuaded the chaplain to use the Compline service on Sunday evenings; and other prayers on Fridays, taken from Catholic manuals. I was organist, and I had carefully selected none but Catholic hymns; while the Bishop had given us leave to have holy communion on all saints' days and festivals, on which occasions the chapel was always beautifully decorated with flowers and lights. All this, if I became a Catholic, I must give up.

But there was one thing which touched me even more nearly. My husband had built a beautiful church in the village at the cost of £30,000. He and I had completed its adornment by bringing the rarest marbles and mosaics from Italy; beautiful lamps from Venice, and carving and painted glass from Germany. Here too he was buried; and my greatest consolation, since his death, had been to pray in this church and in the crypt where his dear coffin lay, and which I had fitted up almost as a private chapel. How great would be the struggle before I could give up the daily service in this church, associated as it was with all the happiest years of my life, and now sanctified by being his last resting-place, no one but myself and God knew. In all my church works, also, the bishop of the diocese had been my constant adviser. He was to me as a very dear brother; how then could I take a step which I knew would not only injure him in the estimation of his flock, but also wound him to the very heart? Besides all these reasons, human pride came in. How was I to give up the position I held in the whole neighbourhood, where I was looked upon as the promoter of every good work, and consequently admired by good people of every class? How exchange this for scorn and obloquy, and the contempt and distrust of all those whose good opinion I most valued?

I dwell upon these temptations (for such they were) because I see them reproduced more or less in almost every case of conversion; and I know that hundreds are kept back at this moment by similar considerations. To me, the suffering was peculiarly great, because all my life long I had leant so much on human sympathy and human approbation. I had been the spoilt child of my father, the spoilt sister of my only brother, the spoilt wife of one of the best and noblest of men. Since his death the same affectionate love and appreciation had surrounded me, both for his sake

and my own. And all this I felt I must relinquish if I became a Catholic, and go out, emphatically alone, in the cold! My whole nature shrank from it to such a degree that I recollect saying to a friend who was talking on the subject of the difference between the two Churches: "Don't enquire, don't try and see if you would not be as utterly miserable as I am!" For all these Anglican services had now become utterly distasteful to me. I felt their unreality: that they were a sham; the imitation of the truth and not the truth itself. But above all, my communions in the Anglican Church had become a perfect misery to me. Ever since I had perfectly entered into the spirit of the Mass and understood the sublime mystery of the Holy Sacrifice, this cold imitation of it, without the Presence and without the Substance, became to me the most horrible mockery and sacrilege. Dr. Manning had advised me to leave off communion: but to do so, would have been at once proclaiming my intention of leaving the Anglican Church. I was not in the position of an unknown person, who could do what she pleased without remark. I was the head of a great house, "as a city set on a hill." I had laboured hard to establish weekly and early communion in the parish and succeeded; and of course, I had always gone to these communions myself, both from inclination and to set an example. Now they were, as I said before, a positive torture to me, from which, however, in the country, there was no escape.

In London I was happier. It had always been my custom to go to daily service early and alone; and so it excited no remark when I went out as usual; only instead of going to the Anglican services, I used to make a great détour and creep into a Catholic Church, where alone I found what I sought. There are several "houses of refuge," as I used to call them, in London, where people in my position could go, as to a private house, and find a window or a gallery looking into a chapel, where, without being

yourself seen, you can have the inexpressible comfort of hearing Mass. At Harley House and Kensington Square also, the perpetual Exposition and daily Benedictions were an untold blessing. These I used regularly to frequent, and also churches in outlying parts of London where there was no fear of my being recognized. That of St. Mary and the Angels, at Bayswater, was my great favourite, as being more Roman than any other in London, both in its decorations and in the arrangement of its side chapels. As I never dared take my own carriage to such places, I used to have all sorts of adventures in going to and fro; and from being unused to walking alone in London or going in cabs, I was very often much frightened. I recollect one night having been insulted on my way back, and not returning till midnight, scared very nearly to death and having run nearly the whole way! Another time I came up from the country by a night train, and sat outside the church door on the steps in pouring rain and in pitch darkness for two hours till the doors were opened, so that I might not lose a Mass on All Souls' Day for my husband.

I do not think I was ever attracted to the Catholic Church by the gorgeousness or beauty of its services. I always prefer a Low to a High Mass; it is to me more devotional, and the singing during the solemn parts of the service disturbs and bothers me; and I do not care for music enough to make that a snare to me. But the Adoration of the Blessed Sacrament; the little light telling of the perpetual Presence in the Tabernacle; the inexpressible relief of Confession; and the intimate union with and nearness to the Sacred Humanity of Our Divine Lord which breathes in every form of Catholic worship, these had from the first the strongest possible hold upon me. People were always talking to me about the "Church of my baptism." What Church is that but the Church of our Baptismal creed—the One Holy Catholic Church? Our baptism binds us to *this*, not to the Church of England, except

so far as the Church of England is one with the Church Catholic; and if you feel convinced that the Anglican Church is at variance with the Catholic Church throughout the world, your very baptism, as it appears to me, binds you to leave it.

Towards the close of that year the health of my children again required a warmer climate, and we went to the Nile. I had obtained letters of introduction to the Franciscan Fathers at Cairo, who gave me a list of all their Missions up the river, where I found frequent services, and was, I believe, looked upon by them all as a Catholic. During those months of leisure, I studied Latin and worked hard. I read works in the original which I had before only gone through in translations, and my faith was strengthened by every line I read. But it was not till we left Egypt and went on to Syria that my doubts and difficulties really began to clear themselves. At Jerusalem I had much time for thought and prayer. I had no teaching or influence of any sort except what the services of the place and season afforded, for it was Lent; but they were all-powerful. I cannot understand anyone going there, and joining heart and soul in those services as I did, and remaining an Anglican. The scales seemed to fall from my eyes; and I saw in a way I never did before the eternal truth of the One Holy Catholic Church. Still, I did not act upon this conviction at once. I asked advice of one or two persons, and they implored me to wait a little, for my children's sake. I recollect, however, the inexpressible misery I felt of being unable to share in the Communion of Holy Thursday at the Holy Sepulchre, which was administered to between seven and eight hundred of the pilgrims kneeling round me; and of the bitter tears which I shed at being the only one left out at that blessed Feast. Once or twice also, the good Franciscan Father who acted as our guide to the holy sites (which are all indulgenced) would mutter, "What a pity! you have come all this way and gone through all this toil and *all for nothing*." "Outside the

fold" I felt myself indeed on such occasions; but human reasons and human prudence were yet too strong for me, and I waited.

I resolved, however, henceforth, that, except in the matter of communion and absolution, I would not be excluded from Catholic services, that I would lead a strictly Catholic life and conform to all the rules of the Church. I had been regularly to confession (though without receiving absolution) ever since I was at Rome. People will think that ridiculous; but it helped me very much as giving me a guide, though without its consolations. I resolved also, on my return to England, to tell those towards whom I felt bound not to act a dishonest part that I was only waiting, on account of the children; but that I was firmly convinced of the truth of the Catholic faith and determined to embrace it sooner or later.

I do not think that any preference for the ritual of the Catholic Church, any charm in its services, any increased help even which these services may give to the working of God's grace in your own soul, can justify one in leaving the Church where God's Providence has placed one, if one can believe in it. But I could no longer believe in the Anglican Establishment. I had tried it by every possible test, and with the most earnest wish and hope to be enabled to remain in it; but on all essential points I found it wanting.

I only waited, as I believe every considerate and responsible person ought, till I had ascertained the truth of the grounds on which my convictions rested. I was bound to do this, lest I should act hastily and then find that I was wrong. Convictions had to be tested and tests demand time. All this I had now passed through. My mind, therefore, was irrevocably made up, but the only thing which kept me back was the thought of my children. I said so that summer, when on one occasion, I again spoke to Dr. Manning. He answered after a pause: "Did you ever read the life of Madame de Chantal?" I replied that I had.

He continued, "Well then, you will have seen that she walked over the body of her son when she made up her mind to follow the inspiration which God had given her."

He did not urge me further, and so those weary months passed by. My intention, however, was no longer a secret to my intimate friends, and of course their opposition increased in proportion. A very eminent and excellent doctor in the English Church entered into a correspondence with me on the subject. But his arguments rested on historical points; all of which I felt I could have disproved if I had had sufficient knowledge; but they did not touch the main things, I mean the unity and sacramental life of the Church, in which the real divergence lies.

One argument was made use of to me (not by him, but by others) which I mention here, as I find it has been a stumbling-block to many. I was told that to leave the Anglican Church for the Catholic, would be to condemn all those (whether living or dead) who had died or lived in that Communion. Now this is a complete misrepresentation of Catholic doctrine.

The Catholic belief is that no penitent soul can perish, and that no one who really loves God can be lost; and there are holy and penitent and loving souls in the most erroneous systems.

"I have no doubt" (writes an eminent Catholic ecclesiastic) "that through imperfect ministries and irregular systems, God shows His mercy on every soul which has the right dispositions. Therefore, no doubt would be cast upon the reality of the work of grace in human souls in the Church of England or any other Church, by being convinced that its position is schismatical and its acts irregular. When convinced of this, however, it is a vital duty to submit to the law of unity and authority in the Church of God."

As to "dishonesty" in the matter, a term which both sides are too fond of using, I believe the mass of English people to be blameless. Henry VIII. robbed

us of our birthright; Queen Elizabeth sanctioned and confirmed the theft. All literature and history fell into Protestant hands. Every child is brought up in these errors, and simply believes what it is told from its cradle; and what is further impressed upon it in every class and school book. It requires a direct operation of the Holy Spirit of God to clear away these mists and and show people the truth "as it is in Jesus Christ."

But the same high ecclesiastical authority continues:—"I believe with all firmness and with my whole heart, that those dear to me and thousands of others, who fell asleep in full faith of the Church of England, having had no other light and no doubts of its truth, rest in Jesus and are safe in His everlasting arms. And of all sincere souls who remain, I believe they receive grace according to the measure in which they act up to their own light and convictions."

Therefore, if any Anglican minister dare affirm, as one did the other day, in writing to a poor lady whom I know, that by following the inspiration of God's Holy Spirit, she was damning the soul of her own child lately dead, he is guilty of a direct contravention of the truth of the Catholic Church, and telling a wicked, cruel, and unfounded lie besides.

The gist of the whole matter is this: "Whatsoever is not of faith is sin." If people are content with Anglicanism, and have no doubts or fears of its truth, they are comparatively safe. But to remain in it, when you are convinced that she is in error, or when you have grave doubts of the validity of her orders, and consequently of her Sacraments and authority, is imperilling your own salvation; to stifle such doubts is immoral; and this was my case at that time. Certainly on coming to a decision on so vital a matter we must use all the faculties God has given us, and in that way incur the reproach of acting on our private judgment. But if people remain in the Church of England, they must live and die in a perpetual exercise of private judgment upon every doctrine in the Thirty-nine

Articles. There are no two Bishops and scarcely two clergymen who think alike or teach alike on the most vital and important doctrines. Anglicanism professes to include within her pale all extremes, from the Calvinist to the highest Ritualist; and the latter utterly contemn all ecclesiastical authority, have made to themselves a sect and a Church of their own within the Establishment, and then call themselves Catholics! On the other hand, by submitting, once for all, to the Church of God, we rest our faith for ever on a rock, and form one of a body which through the continual presence of Our Divine Lord and the teaching of His Holy Spirit, is infallible and unchangeable to the end of the world.

But to return to myself. That winter we spent in Sicily. I took a house in a garden outside the town close to a convent where I could hear Mass every morning at 6 o'clock, before any of the family were stirring. I was more and more unhappy in my mind at being deprived of real Communion, but Dr. Manning had spoken to me very strongly on the sin committed by High Church Anglicans, who, abroad, often receive the Sacraments sacrilegiously, that is, without the priest having an idea that they are not Catholics, and, therefore, giving them unwittingly Absolution and Communion. There was no Protestant Church however, in the place, so that I was at least spared the infliction of services which was so painful to me. On Christmas Eve, I begged to be locked up in the Church of the Oratorians after Vespers till the midnight service, and there, in the stillness and the darkness of the night, I took a review of my whole position before God and felt that it was untenable. Midnight came and with it crowds of worshippers to the crib of the Infant Jesus, which was beautifully lit; and the number of communicants made me feel more than ever my utter misery and thorough isolation from the body of His faithful people. I came home utterly wretched, and spent the following week in a

state which only those can understand who have gone through such mental agony.

Then came the eve of the New Year, and the *Te Deum* at the Jesuits' Church, which was lit up from floor to roof like that of the Gesù at Rome, and where there was likewise Exposition of the Blessed Sacrament, to be followed by Benediction. I had gone with some Protestant friends who wanted to see it as a sight; but I slipped away from them and on to the floor among the poor, and then what happened to me I do not know. It seemed to me as if all the people and the lights had disappeared, and that I was alone before Our Lord in the monstrance, and that He spoke to me directly, and lovingly, asking me "Why I waited?" and "Why I did not come to Him at once?" And that then a sudden light or illumination fell upon me, and I felt such a joy that all human considerations, even my children, were forgotten, and my only answer was in the words of Saul: "Lord, what wouldst Thou have me do?"

I can hardly remember, though I have often tried to do so, all that passed through my soul during that time; all I know is, that at last some one touched me on the shoulder, and I looked up and saw that everybody was gone, and the lights were put out, and I had missed the moment of Benediction (which gave me a pang for a moment, but I was too happy to mind much); and that the sacristan was standing by me, and saying that he was going to shut up the church, and "would not the Signora rise also and go?" I got up mechanically, and walked home as if in a dream. I recollected nothing but that I had somehow made a promise to Our Lord which I must not break, and that I must do what I had to do at *once*. The manner and way of doing it was the difficulty; I knew no one in the place at all intimately; though I had a slight acquaintance with one old priest, in consequence of having enquired on my first arrival for a confessor for my maid. (I had for many years had a Catholic maid, as I had always

a horror of being taken ill and perhaps dying without the Sacraments, or worse still, with an Anglican minister. And I had always charged her, if I was ever suddenly or alarmingly sick, to send for a priest.) This old man was a very holy Canon living near the Cathedral, who did not go into society much, but spent his time among the poor and in writing devotional books. He had once called upon me, and so I resolved to go to him. I did not go to bed that night; but walked up and down my room thinking over the step I was about to take and counting the cost. But, I never hesitated or felt the least inclined to go back; after what had passed so strangely in that Jesuit church, I felt a light and happiness and an inward joy which I cannot express, and in spite of all the misery which I knew the step would entail upon me in every kind of way, it never occurred to me that I could do otherwise than follow the light thus vouchsafed. It was like having found the "pearl of great price," which I had long sought in vain; and my only feeling was an intense anxiety to secure it.

The next morning after going to Mass as usual and hearing the boy's French lessons, I walked down alone to the town, and found out the Canon's house. I do not say that my heart did not beat a little quicker than usual, as I climbed up those steep stairs! But still I felt the die was cast, and that I must go on. I can speak Italian easily; so that I soon explained my business, and asked to be received into the Church. The good old Canon hesitated: "he had only once received an Anglican before;" "he was not sure I was prepared;" "he did not know the form of abjuration exactly;" and "he must first ask the consent of the Archbishop," &c. To these objections I answered that I had for years been preparing myself for this step; that I had no doubts or difficulties of any sort; that I had long been leading the life of a Catholic as far as I could; that I had only delayed my reception on account of my children; and that I would copy out the form of

adjuration for him in Latin that evening, and send it to him, if he would only see the Archbishop about it.

He consented to this, though I do not think he was very encouraging at first. And now, when I see the difficulties and fuss some people make about their reception and the way in which everything has to be done for them, I am inclined to laugh at the recollection of the manner I forced myself into the Church, as it were, in spite of anything and everybody! However, the next morning, the Canon wrote to me very kindly, saying that he had seen the Archbishop, who had given him leave to receive me, and fixing the eve of the Epiphany for that purpose in his own private chapel. I had already explained to him the imperative necessity of secrecy in the matter, at any rate for the present; so that he added that there would be no one there but himself. On the vigil of that Feast, therefore, I again walked to the Canon's house; made my abjuration in Latin and my general confession in Italian; and answered at my first real Mass. There was no one, as he had promised, but himself and me—and God!

Then I returned home to my children as if nothing had happened, and we went that afternoon to see the Cathedral. I never shall forget the exultation of heart with which I entered it and felt: "All this is *mine*, now and for evermore!" Before, I had felt like an impostor in Catholic churches; *now*, mine were the promises, mine the consolations, mine the joys for evermore!

A few weeks later, the Superior of the Sisters of Charity, whom I had let into my secret, dressed me in white threw a white veil over my head, and took me to the Archbishop's, where I was confirmed in his private chapel. No one was present but the superior (who was my godmother) and one of her sisters, the old Canon who had received me into the Church, and a very holy missionary priest whose prayers I had specially begged for on the occasion. It was a solemn and beautiful service, and when the venerable old Archbishop began making me a little

allocution, as I knelt before him, he suddenly broke down and burst out crying, exclaiming: "It is a foretaste of Paradise!" (*È un squarcio di Paradiso!*) and the Canon had to continue the address in his place. Afterwards he gave me Holy Communion, and then we breakfasted with the kind old man, after which I went back to the Sisters, who gave me a beautiful Benediction service in their chapel. I hung up my white wreath on the altar of Our Lady, whom long since I had learned to love.

And so I came home at last!

THE CHURCH AND THE PRINTING PRESS.*

[*Chief Authorities*:—Janssen, *Geschichte des deutschen Volkes*, Bd. I. pp. 9-20, 50-54; Von der Linde, and Falk, several articles in the *Dietsche Warande* (in Dutch), tt. I. and III.]

Printing a Catholic Art.

THERE are many people who are either not aware, or will not admit, that the connection between Catholic Truth and the Printing Press is one of ancient date and closest intimacy. It has become part and parcel of what may be styled the 'Reformation Myth' and the 'Protestant Legend' that, somehow or another, the printing-press was intimately connected with the so-called Reformation, and an English historian is supposed to have neatly summed up this view by styling the printing press "the great hammer of the Reformers, by which they broke to pieces the power of the Papacy." The legend goes further still. According to what I will style the Luther Myth,—based indeed, as will be seen later, on words of Luther himself, and still piously believed in by many an earnest Protestant and repeated in books of history—the beginning of Martin Luther's spiritual awakening was the fact that in 1505, Luther's twenty-second year, "one day he accidentally took from the shelves of the library [of the University of Erfurt, where he had studied for four years and just taken his doctor's degree] a book he had not seen before—an old Latin Bible. Delighted with this treasure—only scraps of which he had as yet heard of—he read it, read it again and again, and committed large portions to memory." This anecdote (which I quote from Dr. Bullock's well-known manual of the modern history of Europe, in use in English schools) I must beg you to bear in

* A paper read at a Meeting of the Manchester Branch of the Catholic Truth Society.

mind, as it will receive much interesting elucidation from the historical facts I am about to present to your notice.

In order to understand what follows, it will be necessary to refer briefly to what is known of the origin and the early history of the Art of Printing.

We may begin by asserting unhesitatingly that whatever be the subsequent history and character of the art of printing, in its origin and early history, it was an essentially Catholic art—Catholic in invention, Catholic in its use, and especially for long exclusively consecrated to the propagation of Catholic truth. The invention of the art of printing with moveable types dates from the year 1441, or forty-two years before the birth of Martin Luther. Its inventor was almost certainly John Guttenberg of Mainz.

It will be interesting to know with what sentiments the new invention was received by the Church and her ministers at the time. The Carthusian monk, Werner Rolewinck, greets it in these terms in 1474: "The art of printing invented at Mainz, is the art of arts, the science of sciences, through whose rapid spread the world has been enriched and enlightened by a splendid treasure, hitherto hidden, of knowledge and wisdom. An endless number of books which hitherto were known to only a few students in Athens or Paris or other Universities, are now disseminated by this art through all races, peoples and nations, and in every language." The Benedictine historian of Westphalia, Bernhard Witte, monk of Liesborn, speaks of the art of printing as one "than which there hath never been in the world any art more worthy, more laudable, more useful, more holy or divine." Another contemporary, Jacob Wimpheling, wrote: "We Germans can pride ourselves on no other discovery or intellectual production so much as upon that of printing, which has raised us up to be new intellectual carriers of the teaching of Christianity, of all Divine and mundane knowledge, and so to be benefactors of all mankind." The old Chronicle of Koelhoff contains the following expressions: "How many prayers, and numberless inward aspirations are drawn from printed books! what

great profit and happiness are derived by those who make or help to prepare printed books!"

The new art was disseminated throughout Europe with astonishing rapidity and inexpressible religious enthusiasm; not, be it observed, as a commercial speculation or for the sake of material advantages, as the telephone or the type-writer in our own days, but rather as a religious work and a means of propagating Catholic truth. From 1462 to 1500 the names of one thousand printers, mostly of German origin, have been preserved. In Mainz itself, during the very infancy of the art, five printing-presses were established, in Ulm six, in Basel sixteen, in Augsburg twenty, in Cologne twenty-one; in Nuremberg up to 1500, five and twenty printers had been admitted to the rights of citizenship. Before the end of the 15th century, over one hundred German printing presses had been established in Italy.* By the same date Spain reckoned thirty printers, whom the Spanish poet, Lope de Vega, elegantly entitled "the armourers of civilization." The art reached Buda-Pesth in 1473, London in 1477, Oxford in 1478, Denmark in 1482, Stockholm in 1483 (the year of Luther's birth), Constantinople in 1490.

Those early printers who went forth from the birthplace of the new art to propagate it in various lands, were looked upon by their contemporaries almost with veneration, as new missionaries and apostles of the truth. "As formerly the missionaries of Christianity," writes the before quoted Wimpheling, "so now the disciples of the *holy art* go forth from Germany into all lands, and these printed books become, as it were, heralds of the gospel, preachers of the truth and of knowledge." "How much all classes of human society," wrote, in 1487, Adolf Occo, physician to the Bishop of Augsburg, "now-a-days owe to the art of printing, which, through the mercy of Almighty God, has been made known in our time, any sensible man can easily judge for himself. But whilst all are under obligations to it, it is in an especial degree the bride of Christ, the Catholic Church, who hath been newly glorified by means of this

* Where Dante's *Divina Commedia* was first printed as early as 1472.

art, and who now, more richly adorned, goeth forth to meet her Bridegroom, for He hath endowed her to overflowing with books of Heavenly wisdom."

The View of the Church.

What, it may be asked, was the view of the Church herself, and what part did she practically take in the art of printing? The materials for an answer to this question are abundant indeed. Bishops, like Rudolf of Scherenberg and Lorenz of Würzburg, granted indulgences for the sale and dissemination of printed books. Berthold, Archbishop of Mainz, speaks of the "divine art of printing." The following letter from Andrea de Bossi, Bishop of Alaria, in Corsica, was written in 1468, to Pope Paul II.:

"In your time, by the grace of God, has this gift been bestowed upon the Christian world, that even the poorest, for a few coins, can obtain for themselves a number of books. Is it not a great glory for your Holiness that volumes, which formerly could scarcely be bought for a hundred ducats, at present may be had for twenty gold pieces, or less, and are no longer full of errors, as they used to be? And that books which the reader formerly bought with difficulty for twenty ducats, can now be got for four, and less? And again, whilst all the most eminent minds of antiquity, on account of the wearisome labours required, and the too great cost of hand-copying, were formerly almost buried under dust and moths, they have now again, under your rule, begun to re-appear, and like a broad stream, are poured forth all over the earth. For so masterly is the art of our printers and type-engravers, that not only among human inventions of modern times, but also among those of antiquity, it would be difficult to find any thing more excellent . . . . This is the reason why the laudable and pious wish of Nicholas Cusanus, Cardinal of St. Peter's ad Vincula, always was that this *holy art*, which then first saw the light in Germany, should be introduced into Rome. Already have the wishes of this man, whom you, Holy Father, loved as the apple of your eye, honoured and admired, been fulfilled in your own time,

as I believe, through his intercession at the throne of our Lord Jesus Christ."

The introduction into Italy of the art of printing, here referred to by Bossi, was the work of the two German printers Konrad Sweynheym and Arnold Pannartz, who, be it noted set up their first printing-press in the great Benedictine Abbey of Subiaco, whence, later on, they proceeded to Rome under the special patronage of the Holy See. Von der Linde, the historian of printing, has recorded that from 1466 to 1472 they published twenty-eight works in forty-seven different editions, so that he calculates that this one press, during a space of seven years, must have issued more than 124 millions of printed pages, and truly remarks, "How many scribes would have been necessary to write out in MS. all these pages!"

The Religious Orders as Printers.

It was not only, however, by their praise and their blessing that the clergy encouraged the art of printing; they themselves, and especially the religious orders, took an active part in the work of the printing-press. The Brothers of the Common Life, well known as the Congregation to which Thomas à Kempis belonged, set up a printing-press in their house at Rostock and issued their first printed book as early as 1476, in which they speak of the art of printing as: "The mistress of all arts for the benefit of the Church," and style themselves: "Preachers not by word, but by writing." One is reminded irresistibly by these words of the maxim of Cardinal Vaughan, the President of the Catholic Truth Society—"This is the age of the Apostolate of the Press;" and of the saying attributed, I think, to an American ecclesiastic, that, if St. Paul were living now, he would be not a preacher, but the editor of a great newspaper.

But to return. It was not only in Rostock that the Brothers of the Common Life practised the art of printing in their convents. Very early on they set up a well-appointed printing-press in their Convent of Nazareth at Brussels, where we find them busily at

work between 1476 and 1484. Seventeen works published at their press are known. Several of these bear the imprint *in famosa civitate Bruxellensi per fratres com. vitæ in Nazareth.* The *Groto solitos sive Speculum Conscientiæ* of Arnold of Gheilhoven was the first book printed in Brussels. In their convent at Hem, near Schoonhoven, they announce in 1495 that they print books in both Latin and German.*

Monastery Presses.

The following are some more examples of these Monastery printing-presses:—

At Augsburg, in the Benedictine Abbey of Saints Ulric and Afra, Abbot Melchior set up a printing-press (1472), in order to supply his monks with constant work in printing, correcting, binding and publishing books. In the Monastery of St. Peter at Erfurt, Abbot Gunther, with the approval and support of many other monasteries, established a press in 1479, the first work issued being a *Lectionarium*, or Book of Epistles and Gospels.

The Benedictine Abbey of Ottobeuren possessed an unusually extensive press, concerning which Maurus Feyerabend says in his chronicles: "At this time, the immortal Abbot Leonhard, assisted by the learned Ellenbog, who was already at that time prior of the community, set up a printing-press in his Monastery, wherein, with the exception of Marc Elend, a monk from Füssen, who cleaned the forms, only monks of the Monastery itself were employed."

The Cluniac monks of St. Alban's in England had a press, wherein, between 1480-86, eight works were printed by the unknown master called the "Schoolmaster." One of these books was the celebrated *Bokys of Hawking and Hunting* of Dame Juliana Berners, Prioress of the neighbouring Convent of Sopewell, 1485.

The Carthusians of Cologne printed a considerable

* The same Brothers set the example of printing in the Rhineland, where they opened the first of all monastery presses at Marienthal as early as 1468.

number of books from 1490 onwards. The same Order had also a press at Strasburg.

In Italy we find a press in the Minorite Monastery at Venice, in 1477, and in the same year the Carthusians are printing at Parma. About the same time at Savona near Milan, in the Augustinian Convent we find one of the brothers, known as "Bonus Joannes," engaged in printing the *Consolations* of Boëthius, whilst the Prior Venturinus corrects the proofs. Still more remarkable is the activity of the Italian Dominicans in this direction. Between 1476 and 1483, in the Dominican Convent of Florence, two Brothers of the Order, Domenico da Pistoja and Pietro da Pisa, as they themselves tell us, are busy producing printed books in great quantity, in so much, that by the year of Luther's birth this Monastery press had issued no less than seventy or eighty printed works, the highest record attained by any of these Monastic printers.

In the far east of Europe the work of these Convent presses was still more important. Duke George of Montenegro, whose father had founded the Monastery of Cettinje in 1485, set up therein, at his own cost, in 1494-5, a press where the monk Macarius printed with finely cut Venetian letters. Duke Bozidar of Servia between 1519 and 1528 had liturgical works printed at Venice, being aided in his undertaking by the monk Pacomius from Montenegro, two other monks, and a priest. Indeed according to Schafarik, all the old Slav printed books, especially those in the Cyrillic character, were produced by the monks.

In addition to the monasteries where the monks themselves worked at the press, quite a long list could be given of other convents, both of men and women, wherein printing-presses were set up and worked by professional printers—some, masters of their art, whose names are still famous, others itinerant printers, who went about from town to town to earn their bread. Following Falk, I will mention the following religious houses which had presses of this kind :—

The great Abbey of Cluny, about 1493; St. Michael's Abbey at Bamberg; the Cucufatis Monastery, Barcelona, about 1489; the Convent of the discalced Fran-

ciscans at Sontheim, near Frankfort, 1511-12; the great Carthusian Monastery at Lyons, 1517; the Premonstratensian Convent of Our Blessed Lady at Magdeburg, about 1504; that of the Holy Trinity at Miramar in Majorca, 1495; that of Sant' Eusebio in Rome, 1470; the Benedictine Monastery of Saint Yrier de la Perche, near Limoges, and also that of Zinna, or Cenna, 1492; the Benedictine Abbey of Lantenai in Brittany, in 1480; the Camaldulensian Monastery at Fonte Buono in Lombardy, 1520; the Monastery of Santa Maria della Grazia in Milan, 1499; and that of St. Ambrogio in the same city, 1486; at the Carthusian Monastery of Namur, 1485; the Premonstratension Monastery at Schussenried in Swabia, 1478; the Hieronymites in Valladolid, and also at Montserrat; the Carthusian Monastery of St. Andreas in littore in Venice, 1508; also the Convent of the Sisters of Penance at the same place; and finally the celebrated Swedish Convent of St. Bridget in Wadstena, about 1491.

Secular "Priest-Printers."

So far we have spoken only of the regular clergy as taking an active part in the work of printing; what is perhaps more remarkable is the large share taken in this practical cultivation of the art of printing by the secular clergy. Falk has compiled a list of priests, in different parts of Europe, who occupied themselves in the management of printing-presses. From this it appears that the names of 31 priest-printers, in 27 different towns, have been preserved. The first of all printers in Venice,—according to some the first in all Italy,—was the priest Clement of Padua, 1471, and he was a self-taught adept of the Art. The names of three other priests, out of the two hundred printers who were at work in Venice before 1500, have been preserved; they are Lorenzo de Aquila, Boneto Locatello, a priest of Bergamo, and Francesco da Lucca, priest and cantor at the Church of San Marco. At Milan a number of ecclesiastics encouraged, at their own expense, the introduction of printing, and one of them, at least, Giam Pietro Casaroto, was himself a printer in 1498. In Florence three priests—Lorenzo de Morgianis, Francesco

de Bonaccursi and one Bartolomeo—printed several books between 1492 and 1500, whilst the Provost of the Duomo, Vespucci, corrected the proofs. It was a German priest from Strasburg, Sixtus Kissinger by name, who first introduced printing into Naples, and who refused many honours, including a bishopric, in favour of his art. He, and also another German priest, Schenkbecker, afterwards a Canon of the Chapter of St. Thomas, both practised the art later on in Rome. At Vicenza and at Trent we find parish priests printing books. Other priest-printers are enumerated at Barcelona, Basel, Breslau, Brixen, Brün, Copenhagen, Leipsic, Lerida, in Catalonia, Metz, Mainz, Lübeck, and even in Iceland, where the first press was erected before 1534 by Bishop John Areson.

I must not weary my hearers with extending this long enumeration. Enough has surely been said to shew with what enthusiasm the clergy of the Catholic Church both welcomed and practically helped in the work of the printing-press in the earliest days of its infancy. The same lesson is taught by the munificent patronage extended by the clergy to printers and their production. Cardinal Turrecremata in 1466 and Cardinal Caraffa in 1469 invited distinguished German printers to Rome, and by 1475 the Eternal City already possessed twenty printing presses, and by the close of the century 925 printed works had been issued from these presses. It was the clergy also who were the chief purchasers of printed books, and to their generous support the success of the art must be largely attributed.

I think I have now said enough to enable us to judge of the correctness of the statement which represents the printing-press as the "hammer for the destruction of Papacy." It would be no exaggeration to say that for full fifty years before the date of Luther's famous visit to Rome, the art of printing was the favourite and most powerful sword in the hands of the Papacy, and that we may not unjustly attribute to the efficacy of this "divine art," as it was called by monks and bishops of the time, the protection of a large part of Catholic Europe from the effects of the so-called Reformation.

The Luther Legend.

Let me now remind you of the famous anecdote of Luther's "discovery" of a Latin bible in the library of the Erfurt University, that familiar commonplace of the Protestant Reformation Myth to which I have referred at the beginning of this address. In order to appreciate aright the worth of this story, a few more historical data must be given,—not forgetting that the famous scene is placed in the year 1505. Now the facts are these. Of all the works printed by the one thousand printers, whose names are still preserved before the year 1500, no book was so often printed, especially in Germany, as the Bible. By the year 1500, no less than one hundred editions of the Vulgate, or Latin Bible had appeared, and Janssen has shewn that at this time the ordinary number of copies per edition of a printed book was about one thousand. More than this: in 1483—the year of Luther's birth,—the first edition of the Bible in the German language appeared in Koburger's press, and was illustrated with 100 wood engravings of Wolgemuth; and between that date and the outbreak of the great religious schism, no less than fourteen different editions of the entire Bible in high German, and five in low German, had already been published, to say nothing of numerous editions of separate parts of Holy Scripture, such as the Psalms or the Gospels.

How warmly the people of Germany were urged to read these editions in the vernacular, may be seen from some of the quaint passages from contemporary Catholic writers quoted by Janssen. "All that Holy Church teaches," says a writer in 1513, "all that thou hearest in sermons and other instructions, what thou readest written in spiritual books, what thou singest to God's honour and glory, what thou prayest for thy soul's welfare, and what thou sufferest in trial and trouble, should encourage thee to read with piety and humility in the Holy Scriptures and Bibles, as they are now-a-days set forth in the German tongue, and scattered far and wide in great numbers, wholly or in part, and as thou mayest now purchase them for but little money." The

editors of the Cologne Bible of 1479-80, declare that they have illustrated their edition with wood cuts in order to attract readers the more to the diligent use of Holy Scripture. Everything shows that the wide diffusion of the Holy Bible, in both Latin and German, at the close of the fifteenth century, had given quite a remarkable impetus to the study of Holy Scripture. Adam Potken, a priest of Xanten, had, as a boy, between 1470-1480, to learn by heart the four Gospels, and later on used to read daily, with his scholars of eleven or twelve years of age, portions both of the Old and the New Testament. In 1480 a Canon of Cassel founded at Erfurt University, a scholarship in favour of a student of his village, for an eight years' course of the study of Holy Scripture.

I think my hearers will now have sufficient material to judge for themselves of the inherent probability of the Luther legend. By the year 1500, five years before the Erfurt episode is alleged to have taken place, the printing-presses of Europe—(all Catholic, be it noted, and many of them monastic)—had issued one hundred different editions of the Vulgate or Latin Bible, equivalent to at least one hundred thousand copies. In addition to this, at least five or six translations of the complete Bible into German had also been printed; and the reading and study of Holy Scripture was widely diffused and warmly encouraged throughout Germany. At such a time and in such surroundings, Martin Luther a talented student of the University of Erfurt, having already taken his bachelor's and doctor's degree, and already in his twenty-second year, is supposed to make an accidental discovery of a Latin Bible in the University Library, a book he had never seen before, and the unexpected discovery and reading of which we are asked to believe, effects a crisis in his intellectual and spiritual life!

The extraordinary thing is, that this incredible tale is directly based on Luther's own words, who says: "When I was twenty years old, I had never seen a Bible; I thought there were no other Gospels or Epistles except those in the *Postilla*" (i.e. Commentaries: see his collected works, edited by Plochmann and Irischer, Erlangen,

1826-68, vol. lx, p. 255). What are we to think of the veracity of this statement? The judgment of Janssen seems but mildly expressed when he introduces the quotation with the phrase "if one may believe his words," and adds: "These words are all the more wonderful, as, when he was twenty years old, he had already been two years at Erfurt University, and cannot have failed to have many opportunities to get to know the Bible. For at Erfurt, biblical studies had flourished since the middle of the 15th century; among the MS. theological works existing in one of the town libraries about one half consist of exegetical works."

I would venture to submit that the only charitable explanation for so fantastic a tale would be to imagine the young Doctor of Erfurt as a kind of intellectual Rip Van Winkle, who had been sound asleep all those years of his student life, whilst the noise of over a thousand printing-presses in monastery, cathedral, and printing works, was filling the intellectual atmosphere of Germany and stirring up a new and warmer intellectual life throughout the ranks of clergy and laity alike, and most of all by the diffusion and diligent study of the Holy Scriptures.

Subsequent abuses of the printing-press, and evils which it may afterwards have given rise to, whether in the intellectual or moral order,—and no one can shut his eyes to the serious extent of such evils,—can therefore never deprive the art of printing of the title it inherited at its birth, of a truly Catholic art and of one of the noblest instruments of the Catholic Church. The existence of the Catholic Truth Society in our midst is a living proof that the printing-press has not yet lost, and never will lose, its efficacy for doing good by the spread of Catholic truth.

L. C. Casartelli.

Catholic Truth Society, 21 Westminster Bridge Road, S.E.
[*Price* 3*s.* 6*d. per* 100.]

St. Edmund of Canterbury.

(1170?—1240.)

By the Rev. William Le Grave.

"Let, then, the Church of Canterbury sing a canticle of Divine praise, because that she has been chosen in these modern times to bring forth two such glorious patrons. The one wears the purple robe of martyrdom, the other, the spotless white of the Christian priesthood. Let the fertile fields of Kent rejoice with great gladness, that from her threshing floor she has sent into God's granary so pure a grain of wheat as Edmund."

The "modern times" here spoken of are now to us the days of the far past, parted by six centuries from the days in which we live; and the words above quoted are those of Pope Innocent the Fourth, written in 1247, in the Bull that proclaimed to the Church the canonization of St. Edmund of Canterbury.

But, though the times have changed, and what we are wont to call the ages of faith have passed by, we shall find as we read the records of St. Edmund's life, that human nature was much the same then as it is to-day. Perhaps we may be struck with some surprise to find that men were struggling then for the same ends that they struggle for now, and that they were perplexed with much the same questions that the nineteenth century still asks, and finds no answer. In the record of this saintly life, lived long ages ago, we may perhaps

find, not only much to admire and venerate, but something for our own guidance and imitation and comfort to-day.

About a century after that great turning-point in English history, the Norman Conquest, there lived, in the quiet town of Abingdon, a married couple named Reginald and Elizabeth Rich.

Their family numbered four—two sons and two daughters—Edmund being the eldest. It is stated that the father, with his wife's consent, retired into a monastery, and in the earliest records of his childhood we find our Saint under his mother's exclusive care.

Mabel was no ordinary mother. She was like the "valiant woman" of Holy Writ, therein declared to be so hard to find, "whose worth is like that of things brought from afar"—who "has girded her loins with strength, and her arm with power, who holds out her hand to the poor and for whose household the snows of winter will bring no terrors."

Her first and foremost care was to fit and endow her children for Heaven. We find her, by example as much as by word, training our young Saint to wage war with evil, to subdue his passions during childhood by acts and habits of self-restraint and practices of asceticism. And well he learned the lesson.

Some few incidents told of his early years stand out like pictures before us, serving to show what manner of child he was, and making us feel that, had he been taken from this world in youth like St. Aloysius or St. Stanislaus Kostka, he would, like them, have left behind him the aromatic odour of heavenly sweetness.

At the scriptural age of twelve years, when the coming life and its responsibilities began to demand his thoughts, we find him, with the approval of his confessor, devoting himself body and soul to the service of God under the patronage of Our Lady. And this is how he did it.

He was at school at Oxford, some four or five miles from his birth place, and at the school which he attended, near to the lecture halls, stood, and stands to-day, the Church of Our Lady. To this church he went

one day to pray, provided with two rings exactly alike, and engraved with the words "Hail Mary." Kneeling before the image of his Queen, he made his vow of consecration to her service.

"To thee, O Virgin of virgins," he began, "most chaste Mother of my Lord, I vow, promise, and devote my virginity. With this ring I pledge thee, I choose thee, and from my heart adopt thee as my Queen and Spouse, so that from this day, I, a virgin, may render to thee, a Virgin, a most seemly and pleasing homage."

While so speaking, he placed one of the rings on the finger of the image, and the other on his own. For some time he continued to pray at the feet of her whom he had chosen for his only love, and, at the close of his prayer, in order to preserve the secret of his sacrifice, he would have withdrawn the ring from the finger of the image. But, try as he would he could not withdraw it, and he was obliged to leave it where he had placed it, taking this as a sign that his offering had been accepted, and his holy espousals ratified in Heaven.

Again we find him, while still a schoolboy, wandering in the fields at Oxford, with his schoolfellows, but retired a little apart from the rest of them; and there he was the beholder of a heavenly vision. Before him stood a child of wonderful beauty, in whose features blended, say the records, the tints of the lily and of the rose, and who hailed the wondering Edmund with the winning salutation "Hail, well-loved one!" Too surprised to utter words, the youthful Saint stood looking at the Child, till the vision spoke again and asked: "Dost thou not know Me?" To the question Edmund answered that he did not remember seeing him before.

"I wonder," the Child went on, "that you do not know Me, seeing that I am your companion at school and wherever you go. Look at My face and read what is written on My forehead." Then, looking, Edmund saw, written in no human hand-writing, "Jesus of Nazareth."

"I am He," the Divine Child continued, "for whose sake you so often afflict yourself, and from whose

generosity alone you expect to be rewarded. Persevere to the end, and all the blessings your mother implores for you shall come to you a hundredfold." Then, signing Edmund on the forehead, the Child told him often to sign himself in the same way with the Sacred Name in memory of Him, and then the vision disappeared.

There are some differences in the manner of relating this vision in the different records, particularly as to the time of its occurrence. It would seem not improbable that though this was the first time such a vision was vouchsafed to him, it was not the last time he was honoured with a vision of the Divine Child. In later life we learn from a certain Bertrand, who was his chamberlain and left a record of his life, that it was Edmund's constant habit to sign himself with the Holy Name on his forehead, and that he taught him, Bertrand, to perform the same pious practice, especially before closing his eyes to sleep, promising a special protection from Heaven if he would do so.

At length the day came for him to quit not only his mother's roof and his mother's care, but his native land as well. The parting scene between mother and sons, for Edmund's brother Robert was to go with him, is carefully recorded for us, and is one of those pictures that vividly portray for us not only that saintly family of the old Berkshire town, but the character of the times in which they lived.

Paris was then the most celebrated school in Europe, —the goal of all scholars who wished to climb the higher branches of the tree of knowledge. From every nation crowds of youths flocked thither, the poor going in as great numbers as the rich, making their way to this centre of the world's culture as best they might, living by the charity of those by whose doors their journey led them.

Edmund and his brother Robert were called to their mother for their parting advice and blessing, and, as they hoped and expected, for the money to defray their journey. For this they held out their hands, and when the sum lay upon Edmund's palm, both brothers looked

at it for a while, and then at each other, in blank dismay, for the sum was wholly inadequate for the purpose. The mother saw their bewilderment for which, probably, she was not unprepared. The words she spoke seem to have reassured them, and that they did so shows the character of mother and sons.

"What good has been all my care of you?" she said; "I am ashamed of your cowardice: where is your trust in God? I look upon every one as a coward who has not banished from his heart all earthly fear. But I will tell you what I will give you over and above this money. I will provide you with two hair shirts, and, if you promise me that you will wear them twice a week, I will promise you, on my part, that God will not leave you in want of the necessaries of life."

So with their hair shirts, a few pence, and their mother's blessing they took their departure for a foreign land. How they fared on the road there is left us no record to tell, but, who that saw Edmund land upon the shores of France, penniless, or nearly so, would have dreamed that the boy was destined one day to hold the highest rank, next to the king's, in his native land? Still less would he have dreamed that, having reached that rank, with the highest honours of Church and State upon him, he would once again land upon those shores of France as homeless and as desolate as even then he landed in his boyhood. Yet, this was the destiny in store for him.

We have already said that the times in which our Saint lived in many ways curiously resembled our own. In spite of its being the age of great faith, the minds of men were filled with a spirit of unrest, and the questions of science, as science was then understood, were debated with a vigour and a zest akin to the keenness with which this century discusses them. There were those who discussed about free-will, the immortality of the soul, and about the existence of God with somewhat perilous freedom and heat. The newly-founded Dominican Order was raised up by God to control, by a happy blending of science and piety, the too rash speculations of independent thinkers. But men were

craving for knowledge in every land, and the title of scholar commanded respect in spite of poverty, or meanness of origin. Then, as now, the Pope was harassed by rebellions and the robbery of his rightful possessions, and bound down by constant dread of the attacks of his enemies, the Emperor Frederick affording a parallel to the King Victor Emmanuel of last century.

A mediæval University was no doubt a very different thing from the modern centres of culture in art and science that we call by the same name. Yet even to-day we may find a sort of survival of the old state of things lingering in what is called the "Quartier Latin" in Paris. It is the students' quarter of the city, where those preparing for professional careers still congregate, and woe to any who interfere with the traditional privileges of their neighbourhood! Any such attempt leads to disturbances of the public peace, not so important as in olden days, but keeping alive the memory of a time when students flocked together to that city from all parts of Europe. They were perilous places both for soul and body, those centres of intellectual activity of St. Edmund's day, where thousands of boys, left almost to their own discretion out of school hours, lived and learned as best they might, unrestrained by the decorum of home or college.

Through this fiery ordeal to will and intellect, to faith and morals, Edmund had to pass: and he went through it unscathed. Prayer and penance were the tonics he used to strengthen himself in the fight with evil, and on the few incidents recorded of his life at this period, none throw a more suggestive light than the gifts sent him by his mother. What was the kind of gift to her absent son that mother's love suggested? A hair shirt. The fact of her sending it would indicate that she at least thought he would use it, and shows more plainly than words the character of mother and son.

In the midst of a career of dazzling success, he was called away home to close that mother's eyes, and do the last sad offices in her behalf. Of the last interview between them a record has been left, telling us how he knelt for her blessing, and how, having received it, he

begged her also to bless in like manner his brother and his sister. But she, with seemingly prophetic instinct, told him that in blessing him she had blessed them, and to his especial care she committed the guardianship of his two sisters. "They have both," she said, "made a vow of their virginity to God, see them safely housed in some haven of peace where the world and its dangers may not come nigh them. In such and such a spot you will find a sum of money wherewith to pay the usual dowry in a monastery, so your task will not be a very hard one."

Then, having thus disposed of all worldly anxieties, if indeed this last anxiety of hers can be called worldly, she looked no more on earth or children, but with eyes uplifted to Heaven prayed to Him who shortly took her to Himself.

But, strangely, the mother's careful provision for her daughters did not lighten the task if her son. To pay money before admission to a convent seemed in his eyes to savour of simony. True, it was that a custom had grown up by degrees, and at last had come to be tolerated, that in view of the poverty of a religious community, it might receive with a new member something wherewith to provide for her maintenance. But the custom did not seem tolerable to Edmund's sensitive conscience. He was bent upon finding some home willing to receive his sisters without any money consideration, and we are told that the search for such a house was long and difficult. A Benedictine monastery at Catesby, in Northamptonshire, had the honour of ending his search, for there he at last found a superioress willing to receive his charges without any stipulation as to dowry. There he accordingly left them, and, having carefully fulfilled a brother's part, he went back once more to Paris to continue his studies.

His degree taken with the highest honours, it was the universal practice in those days that he should make practical use of his title of master, and take upon himself the function of teaching. Of his career in the office of professor at Paris we know but little. This much we know, that it was his custom to go to Matins at midnight

and spend the remainder of the night at prayer in the Church of St. Merri, before the altar of the Mother of God. How long he remained teaching in Paris is also uncertain, but, his fame having reached his native land, he was probably pressed to accept the same office in Oxford, where we next find him lecturing.

His advent to that reverend city of letters was an epoch-marking event. Many no doubt had studied and taught there with success and fame, and great was its renown when he went there. But he went not merely as a ripe scholar to undertake an ordinary office extraordinarily well, nor merely as a master from the then centre of the world of letters to infuse new life and spirit into Oxford. He was destined to make his mark there as the founder of a new curriculum, an altogether new course of studies, by the introduction of Aristotle and the scholastic method. His influence has not passed away completely to the present day. It is said that he was the first at that University who held the title of Master of Arts, and that his contagious enthusiasm for learning changed into a noble thirst for knowledge the previous mercenary desire of knowledge merely for its market value ; so that subjects hitherto neglected because they were not lucrative were now taken up for pure love of wisdom. The arts and sciences, such as law, civil and canonical, had hitherto been cultivated at the expense of other branches, simply because to know them was a ready means to obtain a livelihood. But our Saint, by the enthusiasm of his lectures, and still more by a noble example of disinterestedness, changed this spirit of studying for lucre into a zeal for knowledge itself. We read, for example, how, when his pupils would bring him the customary stipend for tuition, he would carry it to the sill of his window and smilingly sprinkle over it a little dust, saying "ashes to ashes, and dust to dust," and so leave the coins to the mercy of some passer-by. This was a very practical way of showing how little he cared for the emoluments of learning compared with learning itself, and thus he brought about a change in the spirit of the schools which words alone would scarcely have wrought.

It would seem that he remained at this work for some six years, gaining in that time a wide reputation for learning and sanctity, and then God called him to still higher things.

One night he had drawn some mathematical figures and was intent upon solving by their aid some mathematical problem. While so engaged, his mother appeared to him in a vision. "What my son," she asked, "are you doing with those figures on which you look with such absorbing interest?" He replied that it was his work, and explained to her the nature of his studies. Taking his hand; his mother drew thereon three circles in which she wrote the names of the three Divine Persons, saying: "These, my dearest son, are the only figures to which you must from this time forth devote yourself."

Regarding this as an intimation of the Divine Will, Edmund resolved to begin a course of theology, which he had not yet studied, and he soon found in the highest of sciences a pursuit even more fascinating and absorbing than those to which he had hitherto devoted himself.

But, while we must recognize that theology was a higher and holier study than the science of figures and numbers, on which he had up to this been engaged, we cannot help reflecting how well and worthily he must have worked at those secular sciences to deserve from Heaven the light of a vision inviting him to other nobler studies. In his humility he had chosen a low place in the house of his Master, and that Master had sweetly invited him, "Friend, go up higher." Happy are they who so use earthly things as to win thereby eternal!

There are good reasons* for supposing that, after

* These reasons are fully adduced in the admirable life of the Saint by Father Wilfrid Wallace, O S.B., published in 1893. To this learned Father all writers on the life of St. Edmund owe a deep debt. He has not only collected together the chief records on the life of the Saint, but he has published in full the text of many important and interesting documents, not easily accessible, bearing upon it. The *Life* published by the Baroness de Paravicini in 1898 should also be consulted by all interested in St. Edmund.

his mind was made up to go forward to the priesthood, St. Edmund left Oxford and went back once more to Paris to enter on his theological studies, and that he stayed there for this purpose some three or four years. Where and when he was ordained no one has told us; but we are told that his humility still made him fear the final step to the altar, and that he only took that step under compulsion.

After ordination he went to a convent of Augustinians at Merton, where he spent a year in retirement and prayer, going through all the religious exercises of the community as if he had been one of themselves, and edifying all by the earnestness of his devotion. Then he returned to Oxford and began lecturing on theology. If he had previously led his pupils to heavenly thoughts, as we are told he did, by means of the science of numbers and the subtleties of logic, how much more must he have led the minds of his hearers heavenwards when the science of theology was his theme!

The author of the *Following of Christ* says: "I would rather feel contrition than know its definition," for undoubtedly, the technical enquiry into the things even of Heaven may have a tendency sometimes to drain dry the well of devotion. But St. Edmund was quite aware of this lurking danger, and was well upon his guard against it. So from time to time he would withdraw from the circle of his students, and his professor's chair, and go forth to labour in a different part of his Master's vineyard, among the poor and the ignorant. Accepting for the time being some benefice or post in a country district, where he might do his work far removed from the praise of men, and free from all risks of vanity, he would exercise his priestly office to the untold good of those among whom he laboured, as well as to his own sanctification.

But while he filled the master's chair, there was little danger of any of his disciples losing the substance of virtue and devotion in the pursuit of their shadow—their definitions. On one occasion while he was lecturing, we read how a certain abbot came in and listened till the lecture was ended. Then as he was about to go, no less

than seven of the auditors went up to him and begged to be admitted as postulants for his community. During the lecture they had felt themselves called to a religious life by the words the Saint had spoken, and the coming in of the abbot had seemed to them an intimation of the Divine Will in their regard, giving them an opportunity of carrying out their holy impulse. They had evidently learnt from their master not only how to define contrition but also to feel it.

It was not likely that one so famous for piety as well as learning should not be marked out by his superiors for a still higher position than that of theological lecturer. His services were needed in a yet wider sphere of activity. We next find him Canon and treasurer at Salisbury. Somewhat oddly, the name of the Bishop of Salisbury at that time was Poor, while St. Edmund's family name was Rich. In their worldly possessions their names were exactly reversed, for while the Bishop had abundant wealth, his treasurer seems always to have been in money troubles and debts, for to manage money or keep it was utterly beyond him. The needy, and the beauty of God's altars, seem to have emptied his purse as soon as filled, however ample his sources of income might be. We know that, though during his residence at Salisbury his income was large, he managed to get through it each year long before the year's end, and generally to run into considerable debt beside.

As treasurer, it was his place to find all the requisites for Divine service in the Cathedral, and the munificence with which he did this long remained an honourable tradition in the city. He was one who "loved the beauty of God's House and the place where His glory dwelleth," and the tradition lingered long after him that things ought to be carried out as carefully and as generously in the Cathedral as in the days when "Master" Edmund was treasurer. In his time the splendid edifice was hardly complete, and the canons had voted a quarter of their stipends for a certain number of years that it might be finished and paid for; so that with the duties of his office and the unfinished

state of the Cathedral. Edmund had abundant opportunity, in which he delighted, of spending and being spent in the service of his Heavenly Master.

At this time all Europe was filled with consternation at the progress of Mahometanism. The Holy Land was in the hands of the infidel, the abomination of desolation was standing in the Holy Place, and all Christendom was alive to the disgrace of this. Popes and Bishops and kings were eager that something should be done to remove the danger and disgrace, and Gregory took up the cause of Faith and ordered the preaching of a crusade throughout the world. Among those selected for this office in England was our Saint, who received the Papal commission to preach it in a district stretching from Somerset to Oxford. Owing to many causes this Crusade did not prove the success hoped; but it is said that some fifty thousand persons were so moved by Edmund's preaching that they joined the standard of the Cross. The power of his words was reinforced by the power of miracles which he wrought as he went on his errand from place to place. On several occasions we read how the winds and the storms obeyed his voice, sparing his gathered audience in the fields, though flooding the country immediately round them.

Another of the miracles with which his words were confirmed, like those of the Apostles, "by the signs that followed," was one worked in the case of a young woman miraculously struck with paralysis while he was preaching, and then cured by his prayers. The Saint was exhorting his hearers to take the cross. This meant devoting one's self with heart and soul to the cause of faith, to join the battle against unbelief according to one's circumstances and position. The preaching of the crusade was addressed not only to men capable of taking up arms and going to the Holy Land in the cause, it was addressed to all. Those who could not do this, pledged themselves to help according to their power by prayer, fasting, and almsdeeds. For was it not a punishment for the sins of Christians that the holy city of Jerusalem should be thus robbed from them, and

that the victorious Turk should be threatening to overrun Christendom? So the first step to change this sad state of things was clearly to go to the root of the evil, and purify the Christian world by the works of penance. In this work, woman as well as man, young and old, weak and strong, were invited to take their part.

Those who pledged themselves to the holy cause took into their hands, or wore, the sign of our Redemption. While Edmund was preaching, a young man held out his hand to take the cross, and a young woman by his side plucked at his cloak to hinder him from his purpose. Her hand was paralysed in the act. Her cries of alarm attracted the attention of the crowd and of the Saint. Fear was in her case the beginning of wisdom. She bewailed her selfishness in striving to hinder the spiritual good of her neighbour, and to Edmund's question whether she herself would now be willing to take the cross, she answered that she would. The very promise brought back the lost power to her arm, and the event produced a powerful impression on those that witnessed it.

The great variety of St. Edmund's occupations during his priesthood may perhaps surprise us when we think how true is the saying in the *Following of Christ*—"Qui multo peregrinantur raro sanctificantur"—"they who wander much about, seldom arrive at perfection." But, true as the rule generally is, we find a conspicuous exception here. The great majority of saints have won their crown engaged in some special kind of work in their Master's service, and St. Edmund is found sometimes teaching, sometimes in the retirement of cloisters, sometimes working, as we should now say, "on the mission." Yet the exception is more apparent than real. In all this diversity of occupations we may detect the one underlying speciality of his vocation. He was always and everywhere a teacher. He was this from first to last, and his lessons bore rich fruit. He taught not only when multitudes flocked to listen to his words, or when he charmed his hearers by his sermons. It was the example of his life that taught more eloquently than

words. As lecturer in science and art at Oxford, he educated and trained those who would be able worthily to take his place, and then his task at Oxford was finished.

He went to Salisbury, and there, in the spirit of St. Osmund, who had won his crown as bishop of that see, he so contrived the decorous and majestic celebration of the sacred services, that for long afterwards his rules and practice were the standard held up for imitation. When he had taught this lesson, and instilled his spirit into others, his work here was accomplished.

Later on, he was called, like St. John, to preach the baptism of penance for the extirpation of sin, to combat like him the vice of hypocrisy in those who, professing the Christian name, denied it by the manner of their lives. Like St. John, he urged and reinforced his words with the example of his own austerity, wearing like him rough raiment, and living on food little better than locusts and wild honey. We may perhaps find a still closer parallel between St. John and our Saint. Both had their years of silent preparation for their work, and both preached not only to the multitude, but stood up manfully before a king, and spoke when fear kept others silent, and said, "It is unlawful for thee to do this." Sometimes he taught one lesson, sometimes another, but he was always teaching.

Father Wilfrid Wallace has made a beautiful comparison between the course of St. Edmund's life and that of the river Thames, by whose margin he was born, and by whose banks at Westminster so many of his later labours were undergone.

"Past the little town Abingdon," he writes, "flows the placid Thames. Its unimpeded current meanders smoothly between pleasant pastures tenanted by lowing herds, dotted here and there with peaceful homesteads; its banks are fringed at times with poplars and willows and waving rushes. Its clear sparkling waters know of no commotion, save the ripple caused by the passing breeze, or the rising of the finny tribe to catch the

fleeting prey. But let us follow the silver Thames some fifty miles, and what shall we see? It is now a majestic river swollen with scores of tributaries: it pours a mighty flood past populous cities and the vast capital of the empire. Its banks are now lined with colossal structures destined to carry on the trade and commerce of that empire; it bears on its ample breast argosies freighted with the wealth of nations. Its course is no longer smooth and unimpeded, for it has to encounter the still more mighty reflex of the imperious ocean, to which it has to yield as it is borne back upon itself. Its waters are no longer clear and sparkling, for they are charged with the offscourings of millions."

Do we not see in all this an apt representation of the fortunes of our Saint?

"Cradled in the quiet town of Abingdon, his life had been spent in studious retirement, and devout contemplation; and now, after fifty years thus spent, he is all at once plunged into the vortex of tumultuous politics. He is charged with the spiritual destinies of a whole nation; he is placed at the head of those venerable churches, whose prelates, as his suffragans, are, as it were, tributaries to his greatness. But he is no longer able to pursue the calm and serene tenor of his former life; he has to encounter the overbearing power of the crown, the fierce resistance of the barons, bent on the gratification of their ignoble pleasures; he has to bear in his bosom the sins of the people. No wonder, then, if he is borne back upon himself, if he goes to lay his weary head and broken heart in the the peaceful cloisters of Pontigny." (*Life of St. Edmund*, chap. x.)

From the peaceful home at Abingdon we have traced him through a career of growing fame for learning and for holiness, and now we must follow him in the final stage of his earthly pilgrimage as bishop of the Metropolitan See of Canterbury.

The days were wild and stormy in England as elsewhere. Ever since the Norman Conquest, some hundred and fifty years before, gave the land of England to a stranger, she had been harassed and impoverished by war after war. For nearly a century the conquering

race had looked down upon the conquered with scorn. Its language and manners were regarded as barbarian. But, in course of time, it came to pass that the Norman race began to change their notions. The Anglo-Saxon spirit of freedom made itself respected, admired, and at last imitated, till by the end of a century after the Conquest the conquerors made it, as Mr. Freeman tells us, their proudest boast that they were Englishmen. Then they too began to claim that liberty and security for life and property that had been the proud boast of the Anglo-Saxons, and were summed up in the "Laws of good King Edward."

For freedom and justice, both spiritual and temporal, barons and bishops had stood together in the reign of King John. The Great Charter, the charter of our liberties to-day, was the result of their combination. But though the Charter had been signed, its privileges were not yet secure, evasion after evasion on the part of kings long kept the kingdom in a state of distraction. The Norman kings, with a view to gain support against their discontented subjects, were prone to invite foreign nobles to their courts, and foreign ecclesiastics to fill the English bishoprics. Hence jealousy of the foreigner rose to a great height and kindled general dissatisfaction. The English nobles were clamouring for greater power in the councils of the king, the Church for greater freedom in the election of bishops. It was not only that kings wanted to control the election of bishops so as to have the election practically in their own hands, but they wished to delay the election at will, so as to enjoy as long as they dared the revenues of the vacant see. This was the real root of centuries of trouble.

In the time of William Rufus the conflict may be said to have begun. On the death of Archbishop Lanfranc the see of Canterbury lay vacant till a fit of illness frightened the king and made him hastily consent to the election of St. Anselm.* But no sooner did he recover than he found himself face to face with an opponent "whose meek and loving temper rose into firmness

* See *St. Anselm*, by Mrs. Ward. Catholic Truth Society, price 1d.

and grandeur when it confronted the tyranny of the king," as Mr. Green says in his *Short History of the English People.*

As an indication of the state of things against which he fought, we read that at the death of this king, William Rufus, there were vacant one archbishopric, four bishoprics and eleven abbacies.

There were many points of similarity between St. Anselm and St. Edmund. Both were world-famed students and teachers. Both were summoned from their books and retirement all of a sudden to hold the same archiepiscopal see. Both waged the same contest against kings, both retired into voluntary exile, to fight by prayer and penance the battle that it seemed hopeless to wage with other weapons.

The fight for the self-same cause, the liberty of religion, and the freedom of episcopal election, was again fought after St. Anselm's day by St. Thomas. He too fled from the hopeless struggle, and, though he consented to return, it was only to find the martyr's crown awaiting him.

The election to the see of Canterbury was by right a privilege of the Benedictine Chapter of that city, but they were only able to exercise that privilege with the previous consent of the king.

In 1231, the see being vacant, the Chapter elected Ralph Neville, Bishop of Chichester. The election was set aside by the Holy See. Henry the Third, who was then King of England, seems to have taken the Pope's decision in bad part; however, a second election was made, but again the Holy See set the choice aside on account of the age of the bishop-elect. A third election met with the same fate.

The Pope now took the election into his own hands, and, after due enquiries from the bishops of England and others, he nominated St. Edmund. The Chapter expressed themselves perfectly satisfied with the Pope's choice, and elected St. Edmund unanimously as their own candidate.

Great was the Saint's surprise, and deep was his reluctance to accept the dignity. When some monks

came from Canterbury to Salisbury to tell him the honour which had been done him, he simply did not believe it possible; and when his attendant came to his room to announce the visitors and their errand, he called him a simpleton for dreaming of such a thing. But when the monks on their knees implored him not to refuse their prayer, and when his fellow canons added their entreaties, and urged that the peace and religion of the nation would be endangered by his refusal, the responsibility of refusing seemed as great as the responsibility of accepting the dignity, and he accepted the mitre in these words:—"He that knows all things knows that I would never consent to this election unless I thought that I should sin mortally by refusing it."

He had now embarked on a stormy sea. Before his very consecration, as bishop-elect, he was compelled to attend a parliament to present a remonstrance to the King! A stern and sad duty must this have been to one so full of gentle kindness—a gloomy foreboding of what fate had in store for him.

A slight truce followed after this, while the Saint was preparing for consecration. At this ceremony the King himself was present, with nearly all the bishops of England, and some from Ireland.

Henry was a strange mixture of weakness and obstinacy, of piety and covetousness. He is said to have heard three High Masses every day. He seems to have written to St. Louis of France, his contemporary, on spiritual subjects, for St. Louis was of opinion, as he wrote in a letter, that Henry might profit more by hearing more sermons and fewer Masses; to which Henry replied that he preferred seeing his friend to hearing him spoken of. All the same, a little solid instruction on his duties to God and man might not have been superfluous.

In the beginning, it must be admitted, the King seems to have listened to the voice of his new Archbishop with surprising respect and gentleness: surprising, because, as we have seen, the Saint's first official act was to present, in common with the other peers, a strong remonstrance against his conduct of affairs. This was

before Edmund's consecration, and within a week of that solemn function, he was again at the head of the prelates and barons for the same purpose. Nay, on this occasion he felt it his duty even to threaten the King with excommunication unless he did justice to his people. Yet soon afterwards we read of his begging the King's mercy for an outlawed nobleman with such success, that the monarch with a smile said to him: "How well you know how to pray! Pray like that to God for me, and I make no doubt, as God is more merciful than I, that He will graciously hear you. I grant your petition." Nothing could show better the tact and gentleness of the Saint, or the mixed character of the King, than this scene.

Of St. Edmund's private life as a bishop, what need be said? He led the life that every saint has led, a life of humility, penance and prayer. It is recorded of him, as a wonder, that he went about his province personally; never delegating the duty to others; that he dispensed as far as it was possible, with the services of attendants, performing for himself many offices that his rank entitled him to expect from the willing and eager hands of others, and that he would readily alight from his horse, when going a journey, to hear the confessions of such as wished to make them to him. At any hour of the day or night he would put himself at the disposal of the weak, the poor and sorrowful.

By the law of the land he was entitled to what were called "heriots." That means that, on the death of the head of a family living on his episcopal estate, he was allowed to choose the best beast on the farm. This law he looked on as cruel and unjust, but still it was the law, and while it was so, he did not see his way to treat it with contempt. So, when a poor widow would come to beg for relief, from this custom he managed to get over the difficulty in a way of his own. He would select the beast and then return it to her on loan, saying, "I will lend you the animal until I want it, if you will promise to take good care of it for me." As repayment of the loan was seldom demanded, the law was upheld, and the poor were satisfied.

Not long after his consecration, he was called on to solemnize the King's marriage with Eleanor of Provence. The ceremony took place with all splendour and pomp in Westminster Abbey. Instead of cementing the union between King and prelate, this event seems to have been the beginning of an enduring estrangement. The new Queen brought with her a number of foreigners who sought and found advancement at the English Court. Hence the old standing grievance, of the King's partiality for strangers, which he had over and over again promised to redress, came with fresh force between him and his subjects, and from the date of his marriage, it was observed that the monarch looked at the Archbishop in the light of an opponent.

The year of the marriage did not pass away without repeated protests by parliament against the exclusive promotion of foreigners. During his minority, Henry had granted a charter redressing many grievances. Now, he found it inconvenient to keep his word, and resolved to break it. He wrote to the Pope on the subject, and asked his advice in such a way as to secure the answer he desired. He explained to the Pope that at his coronation he had sworn to maintain the rights of the crown, that in his youth he had signed a charter violating those rights, that he felt scrupulous on the point, and what ought he to do? The Pope wrote back as the King had hoped, and naturally told him he ought to keep his coronation oath. So Henry revoked the charter. This naturally raised a storm.

At the same time he began the old conflict with the Church, for whose liberties St. Thomas had died. Appeals from all sides went to Rome, with the result that the puzzled Pope sent a Legate to England.

This was exactly what the King had wished and asked. He knew the Pope to be in dire straits, and hoped he would side with him rather than add another to the list of his foes in the King of England. He resolved to play the Legate against the Archbishop, and his scheme, in great measure succeeded. From the hour of the Legate's arrival, all the Saint's efforts to restore order and peace in his province were frustrated by constant appeals against his decisions.

The Legate saw the evils that existed, but he was in a delicate position; his instructions were to conciliate the King as far as might be; and he probably feared that too violent a rooting out of the cockle might mean the rooting out of much good wheat as well.

St. Edmund fretted at the sight of so many evils he was powerless to attack. All his efforts to procure justice from the King for his flock were vain. The reform of abuses was delayed by interminable law suits and appeals which, even when he gained his cause, left him impoverished; he found himself with the highest ecclesiastical rank in the kingdom, but in all except the title a mere cypher.

Broken down in health, the revenues of his see almost bankrupt, all the reforms of his province, on which he had set his heart, bitterly opposed by powerful obstruction, many of his own children siding with the stronger side, he felt that all hope of stemming the tide was gone. How desperate the state of affairs was, may be gathered from the words of Richard, Earl of Cornwall, the King's brother, spoken at a Synod held at Reading. The Earl had made up his mind to join the Crusade, and had come to take leave of the assembled bishops. They begged him not to leave the country while in such a pitiable state. Richard, addressing the Archbishop, said: "My father and Lord, even if I had not taken the cross, I should still have to leave the country, when I see the desolation to which it is brought; especially as many seem to share your opinion, and think that I might do something, whereas I can do nothing."

In this state of desolation, the Archbishop's thoughts would naturally turn back to those who had preceded him in the See, and who had fought the same battle. Anselm and Thomas, brave as they were, and Saints as they were, had fled. Could he do better than follow their example?

But all doubt and hesitation were ended by a guiding voice from Heaven as he prayed for light. "Trust what is written round the edge of thy seal, and follow the example of him whose likeness is there engraved." The seal bore the words "Ut Edmundum doceat mors mea

ne timeat—Let my death teach Edmund not to fear"—and the engraving was the death of St. Thomas.

It is also related that St. Thomas afterwards appeared to him and exhorted him to be brave. Edmund would have kissed the martyr's feet, but he prevented him, saying: "Nay, but the time approaches when you shall kiss me on the face." Yet another vision is recorded in which St. Thomas showed him the wounds in his head, and made him lay his hand on them. Thus encouraged, Edmund henceforth made his Master's prayer continually his own: "Father, not my will, but Thine be done." He would also often repeat the words of Job: "As it hath pleased the Lord, so be it done to me: blessed be the name of the Lord!"

When he felt that the time had come, he bethought him of the cloisters of Pontigny, which had sheltered St. Thomas in like straits, and once more crossed over to that land, to which he had gone forth as a boy from his mother's roof, scarcely poorer then than now, and trusting now, as then, only to Heaven for strength and help.

The King of France was then a boy, under the guardianship of his mother, Blanche, but he was destined to live in history, sacred and profane, as France's greatest king, as St. Louis of France. Both he and his mother came to welcome the Saint to their shores, and offered him the hospitality of the court. But of courts, Edmund had had enough; the heavenly courts were the only ones for which he longed, and the peace of a cloister was the haven of rest, for to gain which, he had fled from the archiepiscopal throne.

The Cistercian monks received him at Pontigny with all the honour and reverence due to his dignity. Here he went about, exercising among the poor the office of a good shepherd, preaching and hearing confessions, and healing not only their spiritual, but even their bodily ailments.

But the end was not far off. Austerity and anxiety had wrecked his frame, and the physician ordered a change of air. So he set out for Soisy, a town some sixty miles away. The good monks, who had learned

to love him deeply by this time, were heart-broken at his going. "Why, O father, do you leave us?" they cried; "who will take care of us while you are away? Surely some sin of ours has merited this loss!" Almost in these words spoke the disciples of the great St. Martin, in reply to which he turned to God and prayed thus: "Lord, if I am still necessary to this flock, I do not refuse the burden of life." St. Edmund prophetically promised to return to them on the feast of St. Edmund, King and Martyr, which he did, but not as they hoped. His body was brought back to them on that day to be the treasure of their house for centuries. "Precious in the sight of God is the death of His Saints," and precious are the last words and acts of their life to those who reverence them, trifling though they may seem.

We are told that when he found the end was near, he begged that his hair-shirt might be destroyed so as to conceal his penance, but that all efforts to destroy it were vain. During his mortal sickness he never rested on a bed. Once they brought him some delicacy, but he put it by, saying, "Such like things have seldom passed my lips." Before receiving the Holy Viaticum he exclaimed: "Thou, O Lord, art my portion, whom I have loved, whom I have preached and taught. Thou art my witness that I have sought nothing on earth but Thee alone."

After Extreme Unction, he washed the crucifix in wine and water, and drinking the liquid he said: "Thou shalt draw water with joy out of the Saviour's fountains," and after that he never drank again. His last words were spoken at dawn on November 16th, 1240, and were the words of the Psalmist: "Into thy hands, O Lord, I commend my spirit." According to his last request, his body was at once removed to Pontigny for burial. The cortège, we read, was more like a triumphal procession than a funeral. The roadway became blocked by the throngs anxious to touch the body, and as the sick, in many cases recovered their health by doing so, the block became daily greater. A curious incident is told which pictures the state of things during this memorable funeral better than words. The Abbot of Pontigny

came to meet the procession. When he saw the throngs he began to fear that the sacred remains would never be got to his monastery, so he addressed the body of the Saint as if he were still living. "My good Father," he said, "as a brother of my community, you owe me obedience. I speak to you with confidence. I am your abbot, and you are my monk. I beg of you not to work any more miracles till you reach your final resting-place." The record does not say whether the miracles then ceased, but the incident shows the estimation in which the Saint was held.

On the feast of St. Edmund, King and Martyr, the other Edmund's promise was fulfilled. He came back to Pontigny, where his holy body still remains. Thereby another Saint's promise was kept, for St. Thomas, when leaving their house, having no means to repay their generous hospitality, had promised that one of his successors would one day repay his debt. The repayment was amply made when Edmund gave his relics to be the glory and the light of their house.

"His tomb was glorious," and of those who had most bitterly opposed him in life, not a few came to pay homage at his grave, among them the King of England. Prelates of many lands began to petition for his canonization, and on the third Sunday of Advent, 1246, only a few years after his death, his name was placed by the Church on the roll of her canonized Saints.

Calumnies against Convents.

By the Rev. Sydney F. Smith, S.J.

From time to time, though less often now than formerly, readers of the daily papers are regaled with a thrilling story of cruelty in a Catholic convent, happily brought to light through the successful or attempted escape of the victim. Generally the scene of these stories is laid in a distant country—in Spain, or Brazil: most commonly the names and the dates are so far suppressed as to render inquiry hopeless: and if, with a view to inquiry, further information is demanded, the answer is invariably the same. Names and dates cannot be given without exposing the victim to the wrath of her pursuers: but the informant can vouch for the complete accuracy of the facts, which, after all, are in keeping with what has been brought home to hundreds of similar Romish institutions. Occasionally, however, the story ventures within reach of investigation, and then is wont to be followed in the same journal, either by a flat contradiction, or by an explanation, supported by evidence of a convincing character, and putting the facts in a very different and more reasonable light. In that case the assailant's purpose is thwarted for the moment, but he has an ulterior purpose in view which he can still hope to accomplish. He puts carefully away the copy of the paper in which the charge is made, and waits till a new generation has sprung up. Then he reproduces it as a fact, publicly told and recognized at the time as authentic, taking care not to whisper a syllable of the opposing evidence with which its first appearance was met, and which then divested it of public credence.

Few Catholics are aware of the extent to which in this way exploded charges against our convents are treasured up and perpetuated through the agency of the various periodicals and pamphlets which circulate under the auspices of the Protestant Alliance, emanating either directly from their press, or else from publishers who

live on their encouragement. And yet it is by these mainly, that the intense prejudice against the Catholic Church is kept alive amongst large masses of our fellow-countrymen, and these are the instruments mainly employed for the persecution of our young Catholics in their places of business. For these reasons it must not be deemed superfluous if we devote a pamphlet to the exposure of a few of these false charges.

Four typical instances of misrepresentation have been selected for examination in the present tract, each of which when it first came before the world excited a considerable amount of public attention. Three of these refer to well-known convents at home, and one to a convent abroad; and they have lately been revived in certain Protestant publications.

The Charge against the Convent at Colwich.

English Convents, What are they ? is a popular collection of these cock-and-bull stories, issued by Mr. John Kensit;* and in it may be read the following paragraph under the heading "Attempted escape and recapture of a nun from Colwich Nunnery" (p. 18):

Mr. Charles Mander, J.P., of the Mount, Wolverhampton, furnishes, from affidavits in his possession, authentic details of the above case, which caused great excitement some years ago. Mr. Mander writes in the *Times* (April, 1870) [day of month not stated]:—

I can prove the following so that the case is removed from the vague and uncertain: That on the afternoon of the 30th of December 1856, a nun escaped from the Convent of Colwich, on the Trent Valley Railway; that she escaped over the garden wall nine feet high by means of some overhanging branches (the next morning men were engaged to cut down the ivy, and top the overhanging trees) and fell to the field below; that she was seen and conversed with by the station-master and porters at the station adjoining; that she was wretchedly clad for the weather, and evinced great fear and trepidation; that after waiting in the ladies' room she went to Stafford by the 2·13 train (Dr. Ullathorne followed by the 3·12 train); that at Stafford station she was seen by several, especially by Mr. Thomas Taylor, of Rugeley, a retired officer, who

* Mr. Kensit, though perhaps not officially connected with the Protestant Alliance, publishes the majority of the Tracts which they delight to circulate. A reference to *Truth* for Aug. 15, 29, Sept. 5, 12, 26, 1889; Dec. 20, 1893; and Jan. 11th, 1894, will show that his record is not such that one could have expected a respectable society to connect itself with him.

was just leaving by train, but he particularly remarked her appearance and distress; that she afterwards went by the same train to Birmingham as did Dr. Ullathorne; that from there he telegraphed to the convent at Colwich that he would return with her the same night, and that they did so return; that the name was C——— S———; that she was 42 years of age, was born in Middlesex, and was a member of a Roman Catholic family. So far as to the escape. I wish further to state that by the instructions of Mr. Justice Wightman I went, July 20, 1858, accompanied by Mr. and Mrs. Taylor, to the convent at Staplehill *(sic)*, near Wimborne in Dorsetshire, and had a private interview with Miss S——. I informed her that if she desired to leave the convent the law would offer her ample protection, and that she could leave if she wished. I shall never forget the scene; her emotion was great, and she sat for some time with her face buried in her hands; at last she exclaimed; "No, I cannot leave now; I have no wish to leave now; since I came here I have been very kindly treated." Upon being again pressed, she said, "No I cannot, I must not leave now; I embraced the convent life at the early age of 18, with the earnest desire of devoting my best years to God, and serving Him in a way I then considered most for His glory, and I cannot now turn my back upon Him." Her resolution being taken, the conversation changed; she informed us somewhat of her family, and then said "What could I do if I left? All my friends and relations are Roman Catholics, and they would turn their backs upon me: and what do I know of life?"

In another part of the same tract (p. 11), an extract taken from the "*Daily Telegraph* in 1865" (month and day not stated), from a letter by "Anglicanus," gives us the testimony of a "a girl, named C. B. who had been a scholar in the Convent," "intended to become a lay-sister," and "had in consequence liberty of access to many parts of the nunnery." This girl is alleged to have declared on oath that the nuns "often complained of the hardships and penances to which they were compelled to submit;" that "they used to be locked up in their own rooms and in the cellars underneath the said nunnery;" that "on such occasions very small quantities of food were taken to the nun so locked up;" that when thus imprisoned and starved "the nuns often said to me they wished they had never come to the said nunnery;" also that coffins were made on the premises with a view to the secret interment of nuns done to death by the aforesaid cruel penances.

Of course if such were the mode of life in the convent it was no matter of surprise that a nun should attempt

to escape. This is all in reference to the history in question which this tract has thought it necessary to preserve: and nothing further is found in another similar tract, delusively entitled *Parliamentary Evidence.* But let us see if there is nothing further to add.

The subject came before the public principally in 1865, when Mr. Newdegate was speaking in Parliament to his motion (on March 3) for the inspection of convents. On that occasion he brought forward other cases also, but laid the principal stress on this of the Colwich Convent. It was, as he took care several times to impress upon the House of Commons, supported by nine affidavits and twenty-seven witnesses, and had engaged the serious attention of Mr. Justice Wightman. The affidavits were those of the girl above mentioned and of some of the working people in the neighbourhood of the Convent, on whom Mr. Mander and his friends had been practising with great diligence through the agency of a private detective. It turned out, however, that these affidavits and testimonies had never been tested in court. Mr. Justice Wightman inspected them when they were brought before his tribunal, but returned them with the remark that the applicants did not seem to have taken the obvious step of calling at the Convent and asking for an interview with the lady. This, therefore, they had to do,—not 'by the instructions of Mr. Justice Wightman" as the quotation above given states, but as a necessary preliminary before they could induce him to entertain their application for a *habeas corpus.*

Compelled thus at last to adopt the straightforward course, they took it only to discover that the lady had no desire for their interposition. She knew doubtless that if she wished to leave the convent she could leave it by an easier method. The account given by Mr. Mander of his interview with her implies indeed that she was unhappy in her life, but we shall presently hear from Bishop Ullathorne that she wrote in a very different strain to her former superior at Colwich, and even Mr. Newdegate in Parliament, on May 3rd, incautiously admitted that "she expressed herself (to her interviewers) much astonished and amused at the information that so many affidavits had been collected on her behalf." All

this was brought out in Parliament, but Mr. Newdegate's troubles did not end there. The House of Commons refusing to pass his motion, the Bishop of Birmingham (Dr. Ullathorne) wrote him a letter (see *Morning Post*, March 11, 1865) giving the authentic version of the facts, and offering him an opportunity, in company with the Earls of Lichfield and Harrowby, two representative Protestants, and Lord Edward Howard, a representative Catholic, of free entry into the convent, with leave to explore it from top to bottom, and to examine every one of the nuns. Mr. Charles Langdale wrote at the same time (*Times*, March 20) saying that he had a sister in the Convent who must therefore "have been cognisant of, or possibly a victim to, the atrocities" alleged, and challenging Mr. Newdegate to "come out of his privileged position (as a member of Parliament) and make the charges in such a way as would permit the nuns charged and their friends to test the truths of the statements" of his twenty-seven witnesses. To both invitations the honourable member replied with a refusal; he could not consent to transfer the investigation from the tribunal of the House of Commons to a court of private inquiry. It did not seem to occur to him that he had been engaged in a private inquiry during the past eight years, and that he was now invited not to a mere private inquiry, but to a singularly advantageous opportunity of collecting evidence with a view to its investigation in a court of justice. This however, was obviously the pretext, not the cause, of his refusal. The cause was a consciousness that his affidavits were of no value at all, and that his case would not stand the test of an investigation. For, as the Home Secretary (Sir George Grey) observed in the House in reference to his motion:

> If affidavits were made disclosing proceedings as to the illegality or criminality of which there could not be a moment's question, showing that there were in any conventual establishment dungeons into which women were forced, and from which they were not allowed to come out alive—circumstances which would justify a magistrate in ordering the police to enter the establishment and make a thorough examination—the honourable gentleman would be the last man to put such affidavits into his pocket until he had an opportunity of bringing them before the House of Commons. (*Times*, Mar. 4, 1865.)

And, indeed, we can gather the value of these precious affidavits from the contents of the only one they ventured to make public, that of the girl "C.B." Mr. Langdale, in the correspondence mentioned, tells us that the girl was a Protestant, and therefore certainly not a candidate for the religious life, nor at all likely to be admitted, in defiance of the laws of the Church, within the enclosed portions of the house; and the last person in the world to be allowed to see sights, which, supposing them to exist, were, even according to the theory of Protestant Alliance controversialists, sedulously concealed from the outside public. Mr. Charles Langdale also assures us on his honour, since Mr. Newdegate would not give him the chance of proving it by witnesses in court, that "there neither are, nor ever were, any underground cells, that the cells that do exist are filled with wood, oil, coke, roots, and bottles," that "no nun or other inmate of the Convent was ever imprisoned or kept without food, or subjected to any ill-usage whatever," and "no death ever occurred which was not duly registered, and no one was ever buried except in a coffin of the ordinary shape."

But what about the fugitive nun herself? Bishop Ullathorne's letter to Mr. Newdegate tells us that "she had been for many years a voluntary and contented member of the community" (at Colwich), but had in 1856 conceived the desire of passing to the Cistercian Convent of Stapehill, for the sake of the austerer life there. On the Bishop's visit to Colwich on December 30th, 1856, she asked his permission to make the change. On grounds of health and of character he recommended her to remain under the milder observance of her present life, and at the time she seemed to acquiesce. But, after his departure, unknown to the community, she left the Convent (not over the wall but through the front door) and followed the Bishop to Birmingham, there to urge her petition once more. Of course she should not have gone to him in this way; still the fact that she was able to do it proves at least that she stood in no need of the aid of the law. On seeing her insistency the Bishop promised to arrange

for her transfer to Stapehill, but as the obvious course was for her to remain pending the arrangements at Colwich, and, as the hour was late, he escorted her back to the Convent, having first sent a telegram to say they were coming. In due time the lady passed to Stapehill (the place where she was seen by her interviewers,) and Bishop Ullathorne testifies that she wrote thence to her former superior, thanking her for previous kindness and speaking of herself as quite happy in her new abode; and that though she afterwards left Stapehill also, tried several convents abroad, and was at length on her own application dispensed altogether from her vows, she continued on excellent terms with the community at Colwich.

From another letter written by the Bishop five years later in answer to Mr. Mander (*Times*, April 23rd, 1870) we learn that as late as the previous year she had begged earnestly, though in vain, to be re-admitted at Colwich. The Protestant Alliance people will of course claim to put any statement of a Catholic bishop out of court. But Bishop Ullathorne's personal character is far too widely known and appreciated to permit of any attempt thus to discredit him. Among Catholics he was called the friend of the nuns, and when Englishmen hear him charged with inhumanity towards them, they will not forget how powerfully and influentially in his earlier days his voice was raised to stop the inhumanity of our penal system in Australia.

2. The Charge against the Norwood Convent.

In the year 1852 an action was brought by a young girl named Henrietta Griffiths against the Convent of the Faithful Virgin at Norwood. She had been one of the orphans at the Convent for two years, and, having been removed from it as unsatisfactory, she fell apparently into the hands of some society like the Protestant Alliance who thought to make capital out of her. She proved a willing instrument in their hands, and repaid the debt of gratitude she owed her former superiors by charging them with a cruelty towards her so gross that it had resulted in depriving her of the

sight of one eye. The case is a favourite one with the class of literature with which we are concerned, and appears in the same tract, *English Convents*, which contains the false charge against the Colwich Convent. Here we find it in the form of the two following newspaper extracts:

I was kept in the closet for three weeks from four in the morning till nine at night, and I was not allowed to go out for any purpose. My food was brought to me. The closet was only large enough to contain a chair and a table, but neither the one nor the other was in it, and I was obliged to lie on the floor. No light was allowed me. There was a window but it was closed and I was in darkness all the time. Upon one occasion I was kept in the closet all night, and the next morning they told me they had forgotten me. They also forgot to give me any food that day.—*Morning Advertiser*, August 7, 1852.

Then follows a paragraph from the *Daily Telegraph:*

That poor creature shut up in the Norwood Convent, lost one eye, became distorted in body, and brought an action, through her friends, against her superiors. It was then admitted that children were seated with their faces to the wall for days together—from half-past four in the morning until nine at night, meal hours excepted; that the punishment of "prostration" was inflicted: that to kiss the floor was one penalty exacted from the refractory, and that red gowns were put over the scholars' dresses as marks of ignominy. What was this but downright inhumanity, when a poor, sickly, half-blind, and broken-spirited girl was concerned? But the most disgraceful aspects of conventual rigour were concealed from the public eye. We have to tell the reader who may be incredulous concerning these Roman Catholic severities, that Henrietta Griffiths herself made affidavit that nunnery pupils after being prostrated, laid face downwards on the ground, with the arms extended, were flogged. . . . .

The reference for this second quotation is given thus—"*Daily Telegraph*, March, 1859"—the day of the month being suppressed according to the practice of these writers, with the manifest purpose of rendering difficult any attempt to put the story to the test.

What strikes us first of all is that it should have been found necessary to go for a portion of the narrative to a paragraph written seven years after the date of the occurrence. Could it not, we ask, like the other portion, be more conclusively certified from contemporary sources? But the reason for deserting the contem-

porary accounts is obvious: the latter do not contain the narrative so highly seasoned. Whether the girl ever did "make affidavit that nunnery pupils after being prostrated were flogged" it is impossible to say, but at all events she did not venture to suggest such a thing in the witness-box, a plain proof that the charge is untrue. As to the other charges which were made at the trial in 1852, a reference to the *Times* for August 7th and 9th, 1852, where the trial is reported *in extenso*, shows (1) that the nuns in the witness-box contradicted the girl on every material point; (2) that their testimony was confirmed by the testimony of the two Protestant doctors who had attended the girl during her stay in the orphanage; (3) that it was likewise confirmed by the testimony of some of the orphans, past and present; (4) that the jury, with the evident approval of the judge, believed them and disbelieved the girl; and (5) that the *Times* of August 9th, in an article manifesting the strongest antipathy to the nuns and reluctance to admit anything in their favour, could not refrain from acknowledging that the girl's story was quite incredible.

As to the details of the charges, the following facts were demonstrated at the trial, as may be seen by referring to the report. The loss of sight was due to a scrofulous habit of body, of more ancient date than the girl's arrival in the convent, and in no sense to any want of care on the part of the nuns. The latter had called in medical advice as soon as the affection of the eyes began to show itself, and had faithfully followed all that the doctor, or rather doctors, prescribed. The darkening of the room which had been alleged as an act of cruelty was, in fact, one of these prescriptions, and so far as the accommodation of the house permitted, the girl had been moved from room to room with express view to her greater benefit and convenience. She had never been left in a room without a chair, or forgotten for a whole day and night, or left without food at the proper times. She received whatever food the physician ordered, and had only been denied the visits of her companions whilst she had a skin disease. No prostration of any kind had ever been inflicted upon her, and there was no such custom in the

orphanage, although, even if the custom had existed, it would not have been injurious to health. To subdue her persistent disobedience she had been placed for some days in the "trial class," that is, in a room apart, with her face turned in the direction of the wall. But she was not so placed in order that she might stare, or so that she need or did stare, continuously at the white-wash, but to prevent her looking about or talking. She was engaged with her lessons and her work, and would have been mainly looking at them, nor did this last continuously throughout the day, but only during certain hours of it.

It is easy to see why our candid pamphleteer did not think fit to include these facts in the account of the Norwood case; for when they are added it ceases to cast any reproach upon the good nuns which could impair their well-established reputation for devoted charity towards the young. Refractory children must be subdued somehow or other, and if the methods employed in the convent for this purpose, forty years ago, should not be to the taste of some English readers, the nuns at least might claim that long experience had shown them to be not unsuccessful, and not incompatible with the health and happiness of their young charges. Probably Henrietta Griffiths herself would never have felt outraged by them, had not her childish misconceptions and untruthfulness been practised upon by the wickedness of the agents of Ultra-Protestantism.

3. The Charge against Carlisle Place Orphanage.

In a tract entitled *Convents: Accumulative Evidence*, written by Deputy Surgeon-General Partridge, and "published by the Conventual Inquiry Society consisting of General Sir Robert Phayre, Deputy Surgeon-General Partridge, the Rev. Lancelot Holland, M.A., and Benjamin Nicholson Esq.," the following paragraph may be read:—

> Books and pictures by the thousand have been written and painted to prejudice people in favour of Convents: and even on the hoardings of London are to be seen at this moment nuns of the Order of St. Vincent de Paul posing as ministering

angels in the interest of Mason's fluid beef, &c. This is the Order of Nuns which came before the public in 1876 as the guardian angels of little children in the Carlisle Place Orphanage, Westminister, scandal; who through their utter ignorance and cruel neglect caused the death of 98 per cent of the children! (see Report of the Local Government Board, published in the *Times*, January 11th, 1877.)

Let us note well the nature of this charge. Not only is it stated that an extremely large percentage of the children (not infants) died in the Orphanage, but that their deaths were directly attributable to the "utter ignorance and gross neglect" of the Sisters, and that the accuracy of *both* these statements was certified by the report, following on investigation, of no less an authority than the Local Government Board—surely a charge which, if it is not true in both particulars, is perfectly heartless in its cruelty. Now let us see what the true facts are.

In the summer of 1876, an application was made to the Guardians of St. George's, Hanover Square, that a Catholic pauper child might be sent to the Carlisle Place Orphanage. These Guardians were at the time notorious for their anti-Catholic bigotry, and accordingly, led by Mr. Fleming, one of their number, they voted an inquiry into the case. Mr. Barnard Holt was commissioned to make it, and reported that 27 infants had died during the first half of 1876. The Guardians then invited the interposition of the Home Office, and so far there is no occasion to blame them. The Home Office referring the case to the Local Government Board, the latter directed an inquiry to be made on its behalf by its own Inspector, Mr. Edward Ballard Mr. Ballard's report, which is that to which Deputy Surgeon-General Partridge refers us, appeared in the *Times* for January 11th, 1877, and is to the following effect:—

This establishment was opened in June 1859, and is I am given to understand maintained principally at the expense of the ladies who conduct it. Destitute children of all ages, from birth to 12 or 14 years, are received, clothed, boarded, and educated, and finally put to appropriate situations. Arrangements are made for the reception of five or six infants. At the date of my visit, on Nov. 20th, there were in the institution 119 girls of various ages above one year; some of them had been in the institution from their

infancy. They were all clean, healthy looking, and evidently well cared for. There were in addition four infants under 12 months of age. They looked weakly and ill nourished. Since the opening of the establishment 1528 children have been admitted; of these 489 were received at ages varying from one day to twelve months. 503 of these 1528 children have died; 402 of these deaths occurred among infants under 12 months of age. It is this high mortality (402 out of 489 infants received) which is the subject of my inquiry.

Mr. Ballard goes on to tell us he found that during the twenty-three months previous to his visit 53 infants had been received, and out of these 44 had since died. He also gives the causes of their death as follow: two from hooping cough, one from measles, one from bronchitis, one from congenital malformation, two from diarrhœa, one from convulsions, two from struma and debility, while the remaining 33 are certified as having died of marasmus, due in the opinion of the medical attendant, Dr. MacDonald, to deprivation of breast milk.

Already we find a striking discrepancy between the statement of Deputy Surgeon-General Partridge and the document on which he professes to rely. According to the former the percentage of deaths was 98 per cent among the children generally. According to the latter (1) the mortality among the children, as distinguished from the infants, was only 101 out of 1039 in 16½ years, or some 3 per cent per annum, and all were "clean, healthy-looking, and evidently well cared for." (2) the mortality among the infants under one year of age, although extremely high, was not 98 per cent, but 82¼ per cent for the 16½ years of the existence of the Orphanage, and 80 per cent for the 23 months covered by Mr. Ballard's inquiry.

Mr. Ballard next reports on the cause of the high mortality, and traces it to three causes. (1) To the "unfavourable condition in which the children are for the most part received." They are children "on account of the illness or death of their mothers or from some other cause deprived of their natural nourishment and of maternal care for a longer or a shorter period," "are almost invariably brought in debilitated from this cause and more or less emaciated," so that "from the first

the chances of rearing them are few, and would be so, even if the appliances in the establishment were better than they are." (2) To "the almost insuperable difficulty attending the rearing of such infants on the ordinary substitutes for breast milk," Dr. MacDonald, he says, "informs me that the feeding of the infants has been a constant cause of anxiety to him. At the present they are fed upon cows' milk, with the addition of lime water when necessary." (3) To "the inappropriateness of the room used as a nursery. It is so situated and arranged as to be incapable of due ventilation. Dr. MacDonald agrees with me in this opinion, and says that it has more than once occurred to him that it would be better to abstain from receiving any more infants until a more fitting nursery could be provided."

Mr. Ballard, after making these censures, or rather criticisms, hastens to say, "I am bound, however, to add that the infants are kindly and tenderly nursed. Each has a nice cot, everything about the infants is very clean, and an experienced nurse has been engaged to attend them. She receives assistance from the Sisters themselves and from the elder children." He then concludes by "making the following suggestions to the Superioress and to Dr. MacDonald": "(1) A suggestion as to the use of a more appropriate food than cows' milk. (2) That no more infants should be received, until an appropriate room to be used as a nursery can be provided."

Such is the verdict of the Inspector to the Local Government Board, which Deputy Surgeon-General Partridge has deemed himself justified in describing as a verdict of "utter ignorance and cruel neglect" against the sisters.

From a man who can misrepresent to this extent, one ought not perhaps to expect the mention of other points material to a right understanding of this case. For the sake of our readers, however, we will add them. At a meeting of the St. George's Guardians, on Jan. 17th, (*Times*, Jan. 18th), when Mr. Ballard's Report was under consideration, a Dr. Brewer, after exonerating the nuns from blame and laying it on parental neglect,

stated that at the Foundling Hospital "children received as infants scarcely ever lived beyond the first year," and that in consequence, "the practice had been adopted of not taking them in unless there was some one to act as far as possible the part of a mother." He also said that "he had made inquiries in the parish of St. Giles, and found that hardly one of the children received at the workhouse there under one year lived any length of time. But such was the state of things, not only in St. Giles's, but all over Europe where infants were neglected in the same way by their parents, for it was very rarely indeed that above five or six per cent of them survived."

There was also another doctor called in to investigate the facts, Dr. Bartlett, Ph.D., F.C.S., and he, while testifying in almost the same terms as Mr. Ballard to "the cleanliness, kindness and solicitude witnessed there," fully accepts Dr. Brewer's statistics as to the infant mortality and adds others to the same effect (*Times*, Jan. 22);

> In the first place, the statistics of death-rate among infants of the same class at other institutions of the highest reputation enable a tardy justice to be rendered to the sisters of that Home in exonerating them from the stigma rightly or wrongly attaching to exceptional misfortune in rearing such wretched outcasts. . . Dr. Brewer called attention to the failure of day nursing at our own Foundling Hospital, the mortality being 98·58 per cent per annum. Dr. Lewis Smith of New York, states that during the last year nearly 100 per cent of the foundlings hand-tended in that city died before reaching the age of one year. Older statistics of Vienna foundlings give a death-rate of 92 per cent, and at Brussels the annual percentage was 79. At the Children's Clinique, St. Petersburg, the constant mortality induced Dr. Korowin to attempt to ascertain the proximate causes of death in the majority of cases by post-mortem examinations.

From these statistics it appears that the percentage of infant mortality at Carlisle Place was not over but well under the average of "institutions of the highest reputation." But was there anything blamable about the nursing?

If there was, the responsibility must lie at the door, not of the Sisters, but of their medical adviser, Dr. MacDonald. The Sisters had clearly followed his directions in all respects. The food was according to his prescriptions, the nursery had his sanction as a tem-

porary nursery until funds were in hand to provide one more suitable, and his sanction had likewise been given for the number of infants who had been received. Dr. MacDonald did not shrink from the responsibility (*Times*, Jan. 23), nor had he any need to shrink from it. The question of the proper food for infants of this class was clearly one of much obscurity and one on which much difference of medical opinion prevailed. Dr. MacDonald's prescription was cows' milk with an occasional admixture of lime water, and, although Mr. Ballard disapproves of it, he clearly does not find his colleague's use of it unintelligible. Mr. Ballard does not mention what his own recommendation was, but from his second report (*Times*, Mar. 23.) we learn that it had been tried and found not to agree with the infants, so that a return to the cows' milk and lime water had been necessary. Mr. Bartlett's recommendation was (*Times*, Jan. 30.) that the water should be more completely filtered and that the milk should be less heavily diluted with water, but he reveals to us the difficulty of the subject when he informs us that, according to Dr. MacDonald, even an admixture "of two-thirds water had proved too rich for some of the more delicate of those taken in almost dying into the orphanage." Another medical authority, writing under the signature of "F.R.S and F.R.C.S.," to the *Times* (Feb. 2.) instructs us magisterially that "The best food for delicate infants deprived of mother's milk is good cows' milk slightly diluted with pure filtered water, and strengthened with sugar of milk." This is Dr. MacDonald's recipe with an addition which had not occurred to any one of his other advisers.

In the same way there was difference of medical opinion as to the fitness of the room. Mr. Ballard thought the present accommodation insufficient, and Dr. MacDonald inclined to the same view. Dr. Bartlett, on the contrary, thought the cubic contents "more than ample for the six or seven usually sleeping therein," a judgment which must be taken in connexion with Dr. MacDonald's testimony that "the room seldom contains more than four infants, though it has occasionally had as many as six." The dimensions of the room, accord-

ing to Dr. MacDonald, were 23ft. long, by 10ft. 6in. broad, and 12ft. 4in. high.

The one point on which there seems to have been general agreement, was that the sisters should discontinue to take in the infants brought to them until a nursery large enough to satisfy the most exacting could be provided. This counsel was faithfully followed by the Sisters, as we learn from Mr. Ballard. (*Times*, Mar. 23). But perhaps it occurred to their kind hearts, although it does not seem to have occurred to the scientific imaginations of their advisers, to consider the alternative for the unfortunate infants whom they were compelled to refuse. Would their lot be happier in a workhouse like St. Giles's, or in the ample ventilation of an open street, or in a baby farm, or perhaps in the cold waters of the Thames?

It seems superfluous to add anything further; still it is worth notice that Mr. Barnard Holt, the inspector originally appointed by the St. George's Guardians themselves to make an inquiry on their behalf, made a further inquiry in the January following, and reported in favour of the nuns even more completely than any of his colleagues; approving of the size, the cleanliness, and the ventilation of the nursery, and describes himself as unable to "speak too highly of the devotedness" of the Sisters.

The *Morning Post* of Feb. 13th, 1877, whilst printing this report of Mr. Holt's, as "only an act of bare justice" to the sisters who had been so unaccountably "exposed to the attacks of a portion of the public," concludes its paragraph with the following sentence:

> We need only add one significant fact to this statement—that when the small pox epidemic broke out in London a few weeks ago, the workhouse authorities could find none but these very Sisters of Charity to undertake the nursery of their small pox hospital.

Perhaps a fact like this may help Deputy Surgeon-General Partridge to solve the mystery which so much perplexes him, the mystery why a London patentee, desiring to depict on his advertisement the best recognized type of an earthly ministering angel, should have found it in the Sister of Charity. There is, however, a still

more perplexing mystery which remains unsolved. How is it that a member of the medical profession can display such "utter ignorance" of the significance of medical statistics, and how is it that the bearer of Her Majesty's commission can display such "utter ignorance" of the usages of honourable men?

The Charge against the Cracow Convent.

In one of the *Monthly Letters* of the Protestant Alliance entitled *Convents* may be found the following:—

On Tuesday, the 20th instant (*i.e.* July 20th, 1869), an anonymous notice, apparently written by a female hand, reached the Criminal Court at Cracow, to the effect that, in the Convent of the Carmelite barefooted nuns, one of the order, named Barbara Ubryk, had been forcibly kept in close confinement in a dark cell for a long number of years. The Vice-President of the Criminal Court, Ritter von Antoniewicz, immediately laid this information before a judge of inquiry who, in company with the public prosecutor, repaired to the Bishop von Galecki, with the request to permit them to enter the convent. The Bishop declared he would grant the request as Papal Delegate, and subdelegated the Papal prelate Spital, a very intelligent and worthy priest. The convent was first entered by Father Spital, followed by the members of the judicial commission, to whom the portress attempted to refuse admittance, and she allowed their entrance only when Dr. Gebhardt, with the confirmation on the part of Father Spital, referred to the permission he had received from the Bishop. The judge then informed the portress that he had come to see and speak to Nun Barbara Ubryk, which information made a terrible impression upon the portress. The commission thereupon went to the upper corridor, followed by the nuns, one of whom shewed the judge the cell of Sister Barbara. The cell, which was situated at the extreme end of the corridor, between the pantry, close to the dung-hole, had a walled-up window, and a double wooden door, in which there was a moveable grating, through which very probably food was handed in. Through a very small open window niche some rays of light could now and then penetrate into this dismal dungeon. The cell seven paces long by six paces wide, was opened, but it is almost impossible to describe the view this piece of inquisition of the nineteenth century presented. In a dark infected hole adjoining the sewer sat, or rather cowered, on a heap of straw, an entirely naked, totally neglected, half-insane woman, who, at the unaccustomed view of light, the outer world, and human beings, folded her hands, and pitifully implored: "I am hungry, have pity on me; give me meat and I shall be obedient." This hole, for it could hardly be called a chamber, besides containing all kinds of dirt and filth and a dish of rotten potatoes, was deficient of the slightest decent accommodation. There was nothing —no stove, no bed, no table, no chair,—it was neither warmed by

a fire nor by the rays of the sun. This den the inhuman sisters who call themselves women, spiritual wives, the brides of heaven, had selected as a habitation for one of their own sex, and kept her therein in close confinement for twenty-one years—since 1848. For twenty-one years the grey sisters daily passed this cell, and not one of them ever thought of taking compassion on this poor outcast prisoner. The judge instantly ordered the nun to be clothed, and went himself for Bishop Galecki.

Here the narrative (which is an extract through the *Morning Post* from the Vienna *Presse* of July 23rd 1869,) breaks off in the pamphlet before us, but in the *Presse* it goes on to say that the Bishop on arriving was horrified like the rest, and cried out to the nuns, "You are furies, not women."

This ghastly story was repeated by the journals of nearly every country at the time, and was received on every side with a chorus of indignation. Those, however, who understood the methods by which the Masonic Governments on the Continent were in the habit of arousing a popular feeling in favour of the measures they were projecting against the Church, asked themselves what sort of Ministry were at the head of affairs in Austria, and what projects they had in contemplation. Nor were their suspicions allayed when they learnt that Herr Giskra, the masonic Minister for Home Affairs, was bent on the suppression of the religious orders and the confiscation of their goods. A convent scandal like this, was the very thing for him, and many circumstances pointed to the conclusion that it had been got up designedly. The anonymous letter, in a feigned female hand, proved to have been written by a retired Government employé (*Civiltà Cattolica* vii. p. 737). At once on the affair becoming public, a mob gathered in the streets, broke the windows of the convent, and tried to force an entrance into it; from the convent it passed on to the Jesuit College (only just opened in the town, and clearly not responsible for Barbara's twenty years' detention), invaded it, drove out the inmates, and murdered the aged Rector; it attacked also and destroyed several other convents and monasteries, raging in this manner for three days before the authorities found it convenient to stop its course (*Times*, Aug. 2). It was likewise suggestive of pre-arrangement, that where-

as the discovery was made on July 21st, Barbara was removed to the asylum on the 22nd, and the prioress and sub-prioress of the convent were taken to prison on the 25th, Herr Giskra without awaiting the result of the trial, proceeded at once to utilize the opportunity. On the 29th, he wrote to the Governor of Lemburg, asking if there could be any possible reason why he should not at once proceed to withhold the annual pension on which the convent depended for its subsistence, and even suppress the convent altogether (*Morning Post*, Aug. 7th). Also, on the 27th, the municipality of Vienna, a body in full sympathy with the aims of the Minister, met together, and petitioned him for the instant suppression of the enclosed orders and the expulsion of the Jesuits (*Civiltà Cattolica* viii. p. 240). Various other municipalities throughout the country met at once in a similar manner to frame similar petitions. Why this indecent haste, save because all had been arranged beforehand, and they were anxious to use the opportunity before it was destroyed by the detection of the fraud?

After indulging in excited telegrams for a few days the Austrian correspondents of the English papers suddenly lost interest in the subject. It did not seem to occur to them that English readers might wish to hear the result of the trial of the incriminated nuns, and for this reason we must seek elsewhere for this very important information. This is unfortunate, as we have endeavoured wherever possible to refer for our proofs to non-Catholic authorities; still it would be outrageous to refuse credence to respectable Catholic witnesses when they pledge their good faith for facts of a public character, nor do we anticipate that it will be denied them by any save the hopelessly credulous people who gather round the Protestant Alliance. We shall rely therefore on accounts given of the further proceedings by the *Tablet* and the *Civiltà Cattolica*, each of which journals took pains to obtain information from persons living at the time at Cracow, whose trustworthiness they guarantee. Unfortunately we are unable to refer to the *Univers* (of Paris), which took a leading part in ascertaining the details of the history.

When, then, the two nuns had been a month in prison, the preliminary proceedings against them were instituted, the result being that they were declared "guilty of the objective, not the subjective, offence of overtly violating the rights of personal freedom, and are adjudged to stand a special trial accordingly" (*Tablet*, Aug. 21, 1877): that is in English, it was judged that they had *unwittingly* been guilty of a legal offence, in locking the door on a mad woman without having first gone through the legal formalites. Surely a ridiculous mouse out of the labouring mountains! After this comparative acquittal, they could not of course be detained in prison, and on May 28th they were allowed to return home. In its *Cronaca* for February 12th, 1870, the *Civiltà* tells us what the final result was.

Slowly and incompletely but still in some degree justice has been rendered to the innocent Carmelites of Cracow. Ever since August 28th, after more than a month of most cruel imprisonment the Prioress Sister Maria Wenzyk and the Sub-prioress Sister Teresa Kosierkiewicz were reconducted to their monastery, and restored to liberty; but the process against them was by a piece of craft left suspended without a definite sentence being passed; probably because either they desired to avoid the shame of having, by recognising the manifest innocence of these persecuted ladies, to acknowledge at once the iniquity that had been perpetrated; or, which is worse, because they wished to let the fruits of their calumny grow to maturity, and accomplish the projected abolition of the religious orders and confiscation of their goods. But this manœuvred delay could not last for ever, and the conscience of the judicial authorities was opposed to it. Hence Giskra and his fellow-conspirators had to put up with the passing of a verdict in good form to the effect that Barbara Ubryk had in no way been shewn to have undergone any cruelty to which her madness could be imputed, and that throughout its course she had been treated as well as possible according to the only method consistent with her deplorable state, and had received every attention which the most tender Christian charity could inspire.

What then is the true version of the facts which since it extorted this verdict of complete acquittal must have differed widely from the horrible version to which the Vienna *Presse* gave publicity? The answer is given by a Polish correspondent of the *Tablet*, for whose accuracy it vouches, and whose communication appeared in its columns on May 21st, 1869. On account of its length

we will not transcribe this document, but give instead the *Tablet's* shorter summary of its contents.

We undertook to lay before our readers such additional information as we might be able to obtain. We now do so and the details which will be found in another column may be relied upon as accurate. In the first place, the whole accusation respecting the punishment of Barbara Ubryk for an offence against her vows falls to the ground. It is a case of simple madness and the treatment of a lunatic. Secondly, with regard to the accusation of inhumanity, it is proved that she was fed more abundantly than the other inhabitants of the convent, and that her health and appearance confirms the statement. Also that she exhibits no trace of personal ill-usage. Thirdly, that the absence of clothes and of a proper bed and other chamber furniture was owing to the fact that she invariably destroyed all the articles with which she was repeatedly supplied. Since the removal to the hospital it has been equally impossible to prevent her from destroying her clothes without the use of the strait waistcoat which has been accordingly employed. Fourthly, that her cell was kept as clean as was possible consistently with her habits. Fifthly, that about half the window was walled up to prevent her being visible to the passers by, and causing grievous scandal. Sixthly, that the cell itself instead of being a dungeon was in all respects similar to those inhabited by the other Sisters. Seventhly, that her insanity was known to her relatives. The Bishop has therefore very properly retracted the expressions which he used with respect to the religious, who can reasonably be accused of nothing but a certain want of prudence in not getting rid of so terrible a patient by consigning her to a lunatic asylum.

On the authority of another Cracow correspondent, the *Tablet* (*ibid.*) learns that the state of Barbara Ubryk had been well known to many others besides her relations. At the trial of the nuns it was deposed by a witness who had been sacristan to the nuns for thirty years, that, when she first went mad, numerous physicians paid her professional visits, and that the two administrators of the diocese previous to Bishop von Galecki, who had quite recently succeeded, knew well about it, having received frequent applications from the sisters for leave to send her away to an asylum; applications which had been refused on the ground that it was the duty of the nuns to take care of a mad sister, not send her to a lunatic asylum.

Such being the true version of this distressing story we are not surprised to hear that whereas "the Catholic public at first took part with the non-Catholic public against the Cracow nuns, the facts now known

have changed all this" (*Tablet*, Aug. 21); or that "the burgesses of Cracow, married men and fathers of families, have subscribed to replace the funds sequestrated by the government from the Carmelite Convent, and have thus given a triumphant denial to the atheist and Jewish press and its Protestant dupes" (*ibid.* Oct. 16).

The Convent Enquiry Society.

We shall leave our readers to judge for themselves what is to be thought of the people who industriously disseminate calumnies like the four which have been examined, but as these were published in the interest of Convent Inspection, it may be well to call attention to the record for accuracy and candour of the four persons who were responsible for their publication and who invented the Convent Enquiry Society (see p. 10).

What is to be thought of Deputy Surgeon General Partridge can be gathered from our examination into his charge against the Carlisle Place Orphanage.

The Rev. Lancelot Holland, in the first week of September 1891, in the columns of the *Scotsman*, charged categorically some English nuns with having administered "drugs of the most noxious character" to one of their number. He stated that he had the highest authority for this allegation; but what value he himself attached to this "highest authority" was made manifest by his haste to repudiate it the very moment he became aware that legal proceedings were in contemplation. He then wrote forthwith (Sept. 12th) to the same paper explaining that "he had only meant to say that some medicine" given to the person in question "had disagreed with her" and that the high authority "did not even hint that there was an attempt at poisoning nor did I imply it." What the high authority may have hinted we cannot say, but that Mr. Holland had not implied poisoning was a statement in such flagrant contradiction with his previous language that the *Scotsman* felt it necessary to rebuke him editorially in the following words:

> Mr. Holland does not seem to know the meaning of what he writes. More unmanly conduct than that of which he has been guilty it would be difficult to conceive.

Comment of this kind would penetrate any one less pachydermatous than Mr. Holland and men of his stamp, but upon them it has no effect. Mr. Holland continues to spread his slanders broadcast, but he takes care to avoid coming within the range of legal proceedings. No later than October 1896, he read at the meeting of the Protestant Congress at Preston a paper, since published in pamphlet form, entitled, *The Revolting Inhumanity practised in Convents;* in which he repeated, in the most offensive form, many of the old calumnies, and—declared his belief in the fictions of Maria Monk! Moreover, he promulgated a new story, which runs thus:

> Quite lately, I interviewed a nun who escaped marvellously from a convent in Hertfordshire, with the convent gardener and watchman, in one, close at her heels. This lady, though as perfectly sane as you or I, and most intelligent, was treated by the Lady Superior and the community with whom she lived as an insane person. Of this I have irrefragable evidence beyond the mere word of the fugitive.

It is obvious that, if there were the slightest foundation for stories of this kind, the law could be set in motion and the guilty parties could be punished for false imprisonment. Mr. Holland neither suggests nor attempts this settlement of the case; he prefers to indulge in indiscriminate slander and calumny. It is unwise of him, however, to refer so confidently to his own perfect sanity; for the only charitable explanation of his atrocious conduct is to suppose him afflicted with monomania on the subject of convents.*

Mr. Benjamin Nicholson, another member of this Society, is the gentleman in whose immediate interest (as Parliamentary candidate for North Sussex) the lecturing campaign of Miss Golding and her impresario, Mr. Edward Littleton, was undertaken. This is the pair of ultra-Protestant champions whom the "escaped nun" Edith O'Gorman, in the *Surrey Mirror* for Feb. 17th and 27th, 1894, charged with telling "deliberate falsehoods" for pecuniary purposes. Since the complete exposure of their lies was published by the

*See *Mr. S. J. Abbott and the Convent Enquiry Society;* C.T.S.

Catholic Truth Society,* these persons have entirely disappeared from the Protestant platform.

The late General Sir Robert Phayre appended to his name the initials G.C.B.—and it might seem surprising that he should tarnish his military laurels by associating himself with persons whose sense of honour is, to say the least, not conspicuous. But the surprise ceases when we find that this gentleman did not shrink from writing such a pamphlet as *Monasticism Unveiled, Part ii. The Climax*—a pamphlet which is made up of oft-refuted slanders and which tells a "story of a persecuted nun," the acceptance of which is in itself a manifestation of unparalled credulity.

At the present time (1899) the President of the C. E. S. is Colonel T. Miles Sandys, M.P., and its Secretary a Mr. S. J. Abbott. Mr. Abbott's methods and misstatements are exposed in the pamphlet referred to on p. 23, and the fact that he is supported by Mr. Lancelot Holland is sufficient evidence of his claims to belief. But what has Colonel Sandys to say? He must be a gentleman, and a man of intelligence; he is moreover a representative of the people and a maker of laws. Can he possibly consider the evidence adduced sufficient to justify the conclusions based upon it? The Colonel's attention has more than once been called to the investigation which was instituted into Mr. Abbott's accuracy, but he has taken no steps to dissociate himself from so discredited a witness.

And what of the people who find funds for the Society? Have they no Catholic friends who will point out to them kindly but plainly that they are the dupes of their prejudices, and that they are contributing towards the perpetuation and dissemination of the cruellest of calumnies against those who are at least as virtuous as themselves—towards the publication of accusations which, as the Duke of Norfolk said two years since "no decent man would listen to, no generous man believe?"

* See *Ellen Golding the Rescued Nun*, C.T.S. 1d.

New Publications are marked thus *

November 1904.

LIST OF PUBLICATIONS

OF THE

CATHOLIC TRUTH SOCIETY.

PRESIDENT:
HIS GRACE THE ARCHBISHOP OF WESTMINSTER.

HON. SECRETARIES:
JAMES BRITTEN, K.S.G., 41 Boston Road, Brentford.
REV. W. H. COLOGAN, Stock, Ingatestone.

TREASURER:
J. B. EVELYN STANSFELD, Esq., 18 Rossetti Mansions, Cheyne Walk, S.W.

ANNUAL SUBSCRIPTION TEN SHILLINGS,
PAYABLE IN JANUARY.

LIFE SUBSCRIPTION TEN POUNDS.

The Subscription entitles Members to *Catholic Book Notes* monthly, and to a ticket of admission to all the meetings held in connection with the Annual Conference ; they also receive a discount of 25 per cent. on accounts amounting to over 5s. if paid within three months, while orders under that sum are sent to them post free. These privileges do not extend to those whose subscriptions are more than a year in arrear. Subscribers of not less than One Guinea are entitled to receive, if they desire it, every publication of the Society priced at 6d. or under, issued during the year for which the subscription is paid. The existence and increase of the work of the Society is dependent on the number of Members and *punctual* payment of subscriptions. Donations, however small, will be gratefully received. Members wishing to collect such sums are requested to communicate with the Hon. Sec. Associates' Fund, 69 Southwark Bridge Road, S.E.

DEPOTS: 69 SOUTHWARK BRIDGE ROAD, S.E. ;
245 BROMPTON ROAD, S.W. ; 4 PATERNOSTER ROW, E.C.

N.B.—The City Agents for C.T.S. Publications are now Messrs R. & T. Washbourne, 4 Paternoster Row, E.C.

Bound Volumes (cloth),
Suitable for Lending Libraries, Prizes, etc.

The Catholic Magazine. Vols. 2 5 (each complete in itself), 4s. 6d. each, or the set for 16s.

Price Seven Shillings and Sixpence.

Meditations on Christian Dogma. By the Right Rev. Dr. Bellord. With an Introduction by Cardinal Vaughan. 2 vols.

Price Three Shillings and Sixpence.

A Short History of the Catholic Church in England: with Preface by Bishop Brownlow. New edition.

Hymns for the Ecclesiastical Year. With accompanying Tunes. 3s. 6d. net. (Words only, 3d.)

Life of Blessed Sebastian Valfre. By Lady Amabel Kerr.

St. Peter, his Name, his Office, and his See. By T. W. Allies, K.C.S.G.

St. Edmund's College Chapel: with numerous illustrations. By Monsignor Ward.

Price Three Shillings.

Essays on Un-Natural History. By the Rev. John Gerard, S.J.

Price Half-a-Crown each.

The Gospel Story for Catholic Homes. By B. F. C. Costelloe, M.A. Fully illustrated.

A Modern Galahad. By Mrs. Grange. (Boards, 1s 6d.)

A Mixed Marriage. By Lady Amabel Kerr.

The Life and Ministry of Jesus. By the Rev. R. F. Clarke, S.J. Cloth gilt, extra.

Under a Cloud and **Mère Gilette.** In 1 vol.

The Place of Dreams. By the Rev. Dr. Barry.

Ursel and other Stories. By Frances Maitland.

A Handful and other Stories. By the same.

Before Our Lord Came. By Lady Amabel Kerr. (New and fully illustrated edition.)

St. Peter, his Name and his Office. By T. W. Allies, K.C.S.G.

Claudius: a Sketch from the First Century. By C. M. Home.

The Thanes of Kent: a Tale of the Coming of St. Augustine. By the same.

Under the Red King: a Tale of the Times of St. Anselm. By the same.

Wayside Tales. By Lady Herbert. The Six Series in 3 vols., gilt extra, 2s. 6d. each.

Father Cuthbert's Curiosity Case. By the Rev. Langton G. Vere. Two Series in 1 vol.

The Holy Gospel according to St. Luke. With Introduction and Notes by Mgr. Ward.

The Holy Gospel according to St. John. With Introduction and Notes by the Very Rev. Canon M'Intyre.

The Church: or, What do Anglicans mean by the Church? By the Very Rev. Canon Bagshawe.

The Catholics of Ireland under the Penal Laws of the Eighteenth Century. By Cardinal Moran.

The Orange Society. By the Rev. H. W. Cleary.

Price Half-a-Crown each (*continued*).

The Condition of Catholics in England under Charles II. Translated from the French of the Comtesse de Courson by Mrs. F. Raymond Barker.

The Spirit of the Third Order of St. Francis. Translated from the French. With a Preface by Cardinal Vaughan.

The Early History of the Church of God. By Bishop Brownlow.

A Book of Oratorios, with Discourses. Compiled by the Rev. R. Eaton.

***Readings on the Gospels for Sundays and Holy Days.** By M. S. Dalton.

Two Shillings each.

Cobbett's History of the Protestant Reformation. Edited by Abbot Gasquet, O.S.B. Net.

The Value of Life. By Mrs. W. A. Burke.

The End of Religious Controversy. By Bishop Milner. Edited by Dr. Rivington. (Wrapper, 1s. net.)

A Spanish Crucifix. By Ymâl Oswin.

Unravelled Convictions. By the same.

A Hundred Readings intended chiefly for the Sick. By the Rev. R. Eaton. With Preface by the Archbishop of Westminster. (Wrapper, 1s. net.)

The Pope and the People: Select Letters and Addresses on Social Questions by Pope Leo XIII. With Preface by C. S. Devas.

***Poems selected from the Works of Aubrey de Vere.** Edited by Lady Margaret Domvile. 2s. net. (Wrapper, 1s. net.)

***Lectures on the Present Position of Catholics in England.** By Cardinal Newman. With Introduction by the Rev. Dr. Barry, and portrait. 2s. net. (Wrapper, 1s. net.)

Eighteenpence each.

The Price of the Pearl and Revenge.

The See of St. Peter. By T. W. Allies, K.C.S.G.

The Eucharistic Month of Holy Scripture. By the Right Rev. Dr. Bellord. Printed in red and black, bound in leather.

To Calvary through the Mass. By the Rev. Eric W. Leslie, S.J.

Carmen's Secret. By Baroness Pauline von Hügel.

The New Utopia. By Miss Drane (Mother Francis Raphael).

Rosary Meditations. By the Very Rev. Canon Bagshawe.

Stories on the Beatitudes. By L. E. Dobrée.

Breviary Hymns and Missal Sequences. Translated by the Bishop of Nottingham.

The Holy Gospels. Cloth gilt, elegant.

"Forgive us our Trespasses." By Mother M. Loyola.

Some Stories. By Clara Mulholland (for list see p. 33).

Herbert Greville's Christmas Box, and other Tales. By C. M. Home.

"You did it unto Me": Stories on the Corporal Works of Mercy. By L. E. Dobrée.

Where Saints have Trod: Some Studies in Ascetism. By M. D. Petre. With Preface by Rev. G. Tyrrell, S.J. (Wrapper, 1s.)

Chronicles of Semperton. By Joseph Carmichael.

Love and Self-Sacrifice. By Lady Herbert.

COLLECTED PUBLICATIONS OF THE SOCIETY.

One Shilling each.

Fifty-three Volumes are at present issued in this Series.

VOL. I.

Socialism. By the Rev. Joseph Rickaby, S.J.
The Passion of our Lord in the Words of the Gospels.
The Catholic's Library of Poems. No. I.
St. George, Protector of England. By the Rev. J. W. Reeks.
St. Patrick, Apostle of Ireland. By the Very Rev. Canon Ryan.
The Continuity of the English Church. By Very Rev. Canon Croft.
Church Defence—First Series.
Evolution run Wild. By the Rev. Joseph Rickaby, S.J.
The Catholic's Library of Tales. No. I.

VOL. II.

The Blessed Sacrament the Centre of Truth. By Cardinal Manning.
The Church of Old England. By the Rev. J. D. Breen, O.S.B.
The Catholic's Library of Tales. No. II.
The Catholic's Library of Poems. No. II.
A Voice from the Dead. By the Count de Montalembert.
St. Bede, Monk and Mass-Priest. By the late Bishop of Hexham.
Queen Mary. By G. Ambrose Lee.
Don Bosco. By Mrs. Raymond Barker.
"Church Defence." Second Series.

VOL. III.

Ven. Philip Howard, Earl of Arundel. By G. Ambrose Lee.
Blessed Thomas More. By the Hon. Justice O'Hagan.
The Scottish Reformation. By the Archbishop of Glasgow.
Who are the Workers? By Rev. Joseph Rickaby, S.J.
Modern Socialists and the Catholic Church. By A. H. Atteridge.
Ven. Edmund Arrowsmith. By the Rev. F. Goldie, S.J.
The Catholic's Library of Tales. No. III.
The Catholic's Library of Poems. No. III.
The Ceremonies of Holy Week explained.
Questions and Answers.
A Scriptural Life of the Blessed Virgin. By the Rev. W. H. Cologan.

VOL. IV.

The English Martyrs. By the Rev. John Morris, S.J.
A Story Book for St. Patrick's Day.
The Holy Rosary. By the Very Rev. Canon Ryan.
St. Ignatius Loyola. By the Rev. F. Goldie, S.J.
A Book of Irish Poems. Edited by James Britten.
Transubstantiation. By the Rev. J. F. Splaine, S.J.
Purgatory. By the Rev. W. H. Cologan.
What are they doing at the Altar?
St. Columba. By the Rev. John Golden.

VOL. V.

The Bible and the Reformation. By C. F. B. Allnatt.
B. Edmund Campion. By the Rev. F. Goldie, S.J.
A Story Book for Our Lady's Month.
The Old Religion in England. By the Rev. P. Lynch.
Poems for Our Lady's Month. Edited by James Britten.
"Outside the Church there is no Salvation." By Rev. H. I. Ryder.
Ven. John Ogilvie, S.J. By Mrs. Francis Kerr.
Before and after Gunpowder Plot. By E. Healy Thompson.
Does the Catholic Church suppress the Second Commandment?
Faith and Reason. By the Rev. Bernard Vaughan, S.J.

VOL. VI.

Pope Leo XIII. By the Rev. Joseph Rickaby, S.J.
The Catholic's Library of Tales. No. VII.
St. Thomas of Canterbury. By the Rev. F. Goldie, S.J.
Was Barlow a Bishop? By Mr. Serjeant Bellasis.
The Faith of the Ancient English Church concerning the Holy Eucharist. By the Very Rev. J. S. Provost Northcote.
The Catholic's Library of Poems. No. VII.
King Henry VIII. and the Royal Supremacy.
St. Francis of Sales. By the Very Rev. Canon Mackey.
The Present Position of Catholics in England: I.—Protestant View of the Catholic Church. By Cardinal Newman.

VOL. VII.

St. Benedict. By the Right Rev. Abbot Snow, O.S.B.
Positivism. By the Rev. Joseph Rickaby, S.J.
The Catholic's Library of Tales. No. IX.
St. Augustine, Apostle of England. By the Rev. A. J. Hamilton.
St. Mary Magdalen and other Women of the New Testament.
The Catholic's Library of Poems. No. VIII.
The Abuse of Indulgences.
The English and Foreign Reformation.
A Letter to the Working Men of England.
Popery on every Coin of the Realm.
The Present Position of Catholics in England: II.—Tradition the Sustaining Power of the Protestant View. By Card. Newman.

VOL. VIII.

Ven. Margaret Clitheroe. By the Rev. A. B. Gurdon.
Henry VIII. and the English Monasteries. By Cardinal Manning.
St. Francis of Assisi. By the Rev. Jerome Pendergast, O.S.F.
Papal Supremacy and Infallibility. By Rev. Sydney F. Smith, S.J.
The Catholic's Library of Tales. No. X.
B. Clement Hofbauer. By Rev. O. E. Vassall, C.S.S.R. (Cologan.
Tract. A Discourse from a Catholic Point of View. By Rev. W. H.
The Present Position of Catholics in England: III.—Falsehood the Basis of the Protestant View. By Cardinal Newman.

VOL. IX.

Archbishop Ullathorne.
The Church Catholic. By B. F. C. Costelloe, M.A.
Why in Latin? By the Rev. G. Bampfield.
The Little Sisters of the Poor. By the Right Rev. Mgr. Connelly.
The Catholic's Library of Tales. No. XI.
Mary Queen of Scots. By the Hon. Mrs. Maxwell Scott.
Episcopal Jurisdiction in Bristol. By the Bishop of Clifton.
Dame Margery Boyes. By the Archbishop of Glasgow.
The Present Position of Catholics in England: IV.—True Testimony Appeal to the Protestant View. By Cardinal Newman.

VOL. X.

Father Mathew. By the Rev. W. H. Cologan.
How to Help the Sick and Dying.
Father Damien, the Apostle of the Lepers.
The Catholic's Library of Tales. No. XII.
St. Columbanus. By the Rev. John Golden.
The Present Position of Catholics in England: V.—Prejudice the Life of the Protestant View. By Cardinal Newman.

VOL. XI.

Mary Howitt. By James Britten.
The Mass. By B. F. C. Costelloe, M.A.

VOL. XI.—(*continued*).

The Catholic's Library of Tales. No. XIII.
Father Olivaint: a Martyr of the Commune.
Before and after the Reformation.
The Passion Play at Ober-Ammergau.
Ven. Julie Billiart.
The Present Position of Catholics in England: VII.—Assumed Principles the Intellectual Ground of the Protestant View. By Cardinal Newman.

VOL. XII.

St. Brigid. By Mrs. Atkinson.
The Faith of the Ancient English Church about the B. Virgin.
St. Vincent Ferrer. By the Rev. B. Wilberforce, O.P.
Helen Forsyth, or a Shadowed Life. By H. M. Lushington.
Church Defence. Series III.
Ven. Oliver Plunket. By the Rev. O. R. Vassall, C.SS.R.
The Present Position of Catholics in England: VIII.—Ignorance concerning Catholics the protection of the Protestant View. By Cardinal Newman.

VOL. XIII.

Cardinal Newman. By the Rev. Dr. Barry.
Extracts from St. Irenæus on the Church, etc. By C. F. B. Allnatt.
B. Juvenal Ancina. By the Rev. John Morris, S.J.
Our National Vice. By Cardinal Manning.
The Catholic Church and the Bible.
The Catholic's Library of Tales. No. XIV.
St. Vincent de Paul. By the Rev. F. Goldie, S.J.
The Present Position of Catholics in England: IX.—Duty of Catholics towards the Protestant View. By Cardinal Newman.

VOL. XIV.

Blessed Peter and the English People. By Cardinal Vaughan.
The Curé d'Ars. By Lady Herbert.
The Three Claims. By the Very Rev. Canon Moyes.
The Holy Coat of Trèves. By the same.
St. Catherine of Siena.
The Catholic's Library of Tales. No. XV.
Leo XIII. on the Conditions of Labour. By Cardinal Manning.
The Last Retreat of Père Olivaint. By L. C. Skey.
A Poor Man's Notion of the Church. By Rev. J. B. Morrall, O.S.B.

VOL. XV.

The False Decretals. By the Rev. R. F. Clarke, S.J.
St. Cuthbert. By Mrs. Francis Kerr.
Woman's Work in African Missions. By Edith Renouf.
Was St. Aidan an Anglican? By the Rev. Sydney F. Smith, S.J.
The Catholic's Library of Tales. No. XVI.
St. Gregory. By the Rev. A. J. Saxton.
The Drink Traffic. By the Rev. W. H. Cologan.
Twelve Facts proving that the English Church before the Reformation was Roman Catholic. By Very Rev. Canon Moyes.
St. Peter Claver. By the Rev. F. Sola, S.J.

VOL. XVI.

Miracle. By C. Kegan Paul, M.A.
The Immuring of Nuns. By the Rev. H. Thurston, S.J.
St. Margaret of Cortona.
Pilgrimages. By the Rev. G. Bampfield.
The Catholic's Library of Tales. No. XVII.
St. Aloysius. By the Rev. F. Goldie, S.J.

VOL. XVI.—(*continued*).

The Catholic Church. By the Rev. W. Gildea, D.D.
Frederick Ozanam. By B. F. C. Costelloe, M.A.

VOL. XVII.

St. Bartholomew's Day, 1572. By Rev. William Loughnan, S.J
St. Elizabeth of Hungary. By Elizabeth Mathew.
Readings in Catholic Doctrine. [S. F. Smith, S.J.
How "the Church of England washed her Face." By the Rev.
St. Pius V.
The Catholic's Library of Tales. No. XVIII.
Mr. Collette as a Historian. By the Rev. Sydney F. Smith, S.J.
St. Anselm. By Mrs. Ward.

VOL. XVIII.

St. Dominic. By the Rev. W. Lescher, O.P.
The Holy Angels.
A Flag of Truce. By the Rev. T. E. Bridgett, C.SS.R.
St. Helen. By M. E. James.
The Catholic's Library of Tales. No. XIX.
The Gordon Riots. By Lionel Johnson, B.A.
Alexis de Clerc. By Lady Amabel Kerr.

VOL. XIX.

St. Teresa. By David Lewis, M.A.
The True History of Maria Monk.
The Spanish Inquisition. By the Rev. S. F. Smith, S.J.
St. Alphonsus Liguori.
A Workhouse Concert. By L. E. Dobrée.
Readings in Catholic Doctrine, 4–5.
Adolf Kolping. By Ellis Schreiber.
Monks and Nuns. By the Very Rev. Canon Foran.

VOL. XX.

St. Francis Xavier.
The Huguenots. By the Rev. W. Loughnan, S.J.
The Revival of the Catholic Faith in England. By C. T. Gatty.
Théophane Vénard. By Lady Herbert.
Uncle Luke's Legacy. By L. E. Dobrée.
Abstinence and Moderation. By C. Kegan Paul, M.A.
Ellen Golding, the "Rescued Nun." By Rev. S. F. Smith, S.J.

VOL. XXI.

St. Thomas Aquinas.
The Church and the Catacombs. By B. F. C. Costelloe, M.A.
The Myth of the Walled-up Nun. By the Rev. H. Thurston, S.J.
St. Zita. By Lady Herbert.
Comforted. By L. E. Dobrée.
Religious Education in England in the 14th and 15th Centuries. By Abbot Gasquet, O.S.B.
Auguste Marceau. By Lady Amabel Kerr.
Why I left the Church of England. By James Britten.

VOL. XXII.

Augustus Henry Law, Sailor and Jesuit.
Our Lady's Dowry. By the Rev. T. E. Bridgett, C.SS.R.
Dick's Desire. By L. E. Dobrée.
St. Margaret of Scotland. By Mrs. Morgan Morgan.
Points of Anglican Controversy.
Christian Aspects of the Labour Question. By Abbot Snow, O.S.B.
Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament. By the Rev. G. Bampfield.
The Five Dominican Martyrs in China.

VOL. XXIII.

Leo XIII. on the Reunion of Christendom.
A Siberian Priest. By Lady Herbert.
Mixed Marriages. By Archbishop Ullathorne.
Continuity Reconsidered. By J. Hobson Matthews.
Coals of Fire. By L. E. Dobrée.
How I came Home. By Lady Herbert.
The Church and the Printing Press. By the Rev. Dr. Casartelli.
St. Edmund of Canterbury. By the Rev. W. Le Grave.
Calumnies against Convents. By the Rev. Sydney F. Smith, S.J.

VOL. XXIV.

Giovanni Pierluigi da Palestrina. [Wiseman.
The Anglican Claim of Apostolical Succession. By Cardinal
Reapers for the Harvest. By the Rev. T. E. Bridgett, C.SS.R.
A Paragon of Perfection. By L. E. Dobrée.
The Doctrine of Intention. By the Rev. S. F. Smith, S.J.
The Reunion of Christendom. By Cardinal Vaughan.
The Carthusian Martyrs. By Dom Lawrence Hendriks.

VOL. XXV.

The Book of Common Prayer and the Mass. By Rev. R. C. Laing.
Blessed Margaret Mary. By Lady Amabel Kerr.
The Cures at Lourdes. By J. R. Gasquet, M.B.
Thistledown. By L. E. Dobrée.
Our Church Music. By W. Jacobskötter.
Dom Maurice Chauncy. By Dom Lawrence Hendriks.
Faith and Reason. By the Rev. Bernard Vaughan, S.J.
Geographical Catholicism. By the Rev. George Angus.
Sacred Ceremonies. [Paul, M.A.
The Seven Holy Founders of the Servite Order. By C. Kegan

VOL. XXVI.

Apostolic Letter of Pope Leo XIII. to the English People.
St. Frances of Rome. [Rev. S. F. Smith, S.J.
Dr. Littledale and the Disappearance of the Papacy. By the
The One Thing Needful. By the Rev. George Angus.
The Catholic's Library of Tales. No. XX.
The Sacrifices of Masses.
Ven. Edward Oldcorne, S.J. By the Rev. J. G. MacLeod, S.J.
Fair Treatment for Honest Work. By Abbot Snow, O.S.B.
Dean Farrar and Good Friday. By Rev. H. Thurston, S.J.

VOL. XXVII.

The Way to the Reunion of Christendom. By Cardinal Vaughan.
St. Antony of Padua. By C. Kegan Paul.
England and the Blessed Virgin. By Mgr. Connelly.
Worth While. By L. E. Dobrée.
Mr. Collette as a Controversialist. By F. W. Lewis.
The Revival of Liturgical Services. By the Rev. W. H. Kirwan.
Father Hermann. By Mrs. Liebich.
The Teaching of the Twelve. By B. F. C. Costelloe.

VOL. XXVIII.

Cardinal Manning. [Procter, O.P.
Savonarola and the Reformation. By the Very Rev. John
The Rock of Ages: a Story.
Another Mexican Myth. By the Rev. H. Thurston, S.J.
Ven. John Thules. By Mgr. Gradwell.
Dean Farrar on the Pope's Letter. By the Rev. John Gerard, S.J.

VOL. XXIX.

Father Hermann. By Mrs. Franz Liebich.
The Church and Labour. By Abbot Snow, O.S.B.
Christian Priesthood. By the Rev. T. E. Bridgett, C.SS.R.
Thoughts for the Sick-room.
Does the Pope claim to be God? By the Rev. S. F. Smith, S.J.
Nine of our Martyrs. By the Rev. Gilbert Dolan, O.S.B.
The Mission Field of the Nineteenth Century. By Card. Moran.
Mr. Collette on St. Peter. By C. F. B. Allnatt.

VOL. XXX.

The Encyclical 'Satis Cognitum' (on the Unity of the Church).
Robert Grosseteste, Bishop of Lincoln. By Mgr. Robinson.
St. Peter's Primacy and the Royal Supremacy. By T. W. Allies, K.C.S.G.
The Catholic's Library of Tales. No. XXIII. [Rivington.
The Conversion of Cardinal Newman. By the Rev. Luke
Mother Margaret Hallahan. By Lady Amabel Kerr.
How to become a Catholic.
Why do Catholics pray to the Saints?

VOL. XXXI.

Letter Apostolic of Leo XIII. concerning Anglican Orders.
Leo XIII. and the Reunion of Christendom. By Card. Vaughan.
St. Rose of Lima.
Wayside Tales. By Lady Herbert. No. 1.
England and the Holy Eucharist. By Mgr. Connelly.
The Catholic Sick-room. By the Rev. J. F. Splaine, S.J.
St. Stanislaus Kostka.
But They Don't!

VOL. XXXII.

The Bull on Anglican Orders. By the Rev. S. F. Smith, S.J.
Wayside Tales. By Lady Herbert. No. 2.
The Drunkard. By Archbishop Ullathorne.
Modern Science and Ancient Faith. By the Rev. John Gerard, S.J.
St. Wilfrid. By the Rev. W. Dallow.
The Catholic's Library of Tales. No. XXIV.
The Ember Days. By Dom Columba Edmonds, O.S.B.
Ought we to honour Mary? By the Rev. J. F. Splaine, S.J.
Chiniquy.
The Protestant Alliance.

VOL. XXXIII.

The Anglican Archbishops and the Pope. By Cardinal Vaughan.
Church Music. By the Bishop of Newport.
The Catholic's Library of Tales. No. XXV.
The Catholic Church in Japan. By the Rev. Dr. Casartelli.
Bishop Challoner. By the Rev. E. H. Burton.
Rome and the Bible. By the Rev. T. Donnelly, S.J.
Wayside Tales. By Lady Herbert. No. 3.

VOL. XXXIV.

The Coming of St. Augustine. By Venerable Bede.
Why I became a Catholic. By H. E. Chapman, M.A.
Wayside Tales. By Lady Herbert. No. 4. [S.J.
The Alleged "Failures" of Infallibility. By the Rev. Charles Coupe,
The True Story of Barbara Ubryk. By the Rev. S. F. Smith, S.J.
The Catholic's Library of Tales. No. XXVI.

VOL. XXXIV.—(*continued*).

No Sacrifice, No Priest; or, Why Anglican Orders were Condemned. By the Rev. A. S. Barnes. [Bampfield, B.A.
Sergeant Jones and his Talks about Confession. By the Rev. G.

VOL. XXXV.

Confessio Viatoris. By C. Kegan Paul, M.A.
The Mission of St. Augustine. By Abbot Gasquet.
Folk-lore ex Cathedra.
Wayside Tales. By Lady Herbert. No. 5.
St. Edmund, King and Martyr. By J. A. Floyd, B.A. [field.
Cannot, or which Church believes the Bible? By the Rev. G. Bamp-
The Immaculate Conception. By the same.
An Enemy of the Race. By Sir Andrew Clarke.

VOL. XXXVI.

Father Thomas Burke, O.P.
The Landing of St. Augustine. By the Rev. S. F. Smith, S.J.
The Second Spring. By Cardinal Newman.
Wayside Tales. By Lady Herbert. No. 6.
Garcia Moreno, President of Ecuador. By the Rev. T. J. Gerrard.
Persecution. By the Rev. Joseph Rickaby, S.J. [de Zulueta, S.J.
Bessie's Black Puddings; or, the Bible Only. By the Rev. F. M.
The Truth about Convents. By James Britten, K.S.G.

VOL. XXXVII.

Bishop Milner. By the Rev. E. H. Burton.
The Relics of the True Cross. By the Rev. James Bellord.
Christ upon the Waters. By Cardinal Newman.
Wayside Tales. By Lady Herbert. No. 7.
Indifferentism. By the Rev. Charles Coupe, S.J.
St. Peter Fourier. By the Very Rev. A. Allaria, D.D.

VOL. XXXVIII.

The Iron Virgin of Nuremberg. By the Rev. H. Lucas, S.J.
Wayside Tales. By Lady Herbert. No. 8.
The Age of the Sun. By the Rev. A. J. Cortie, S.J.
Mother Mary Teresa Dubouché. By Edith Renouf. [Bowden.
A Simple Dictionary for Catholics. Edited by the Rev. C. H.
The Catholic's Library of Tales. No. XXVII.
The Slatterys. By James Britten, K.S.G.

VOL. XXXIX.

England's Dedication and the Angelus. By the Rev. T. E. Bridgett, C.SS.R.
The Catholic's Library of Tales, No. XXVIII.
Chats with Deacon Douglas. By the Rev. G. Bampfield. [B.A.
The Reformation at St. Martin's, Leicester. By Dudley Baxter.
The Hungarian Confession of Faith. By the Rev. S. F. Smith, S.J.
Wayside Tales. By Lady Herbert. No. 9.
"I go straight to Christ." By the Rev. F. M. de Zulueta, S.J.

VOL. XL. [Cardinal Newman.

The Analogy between the Mysteries of Nature and of Grace. By
Monsieur Olier. By the Right Rev. Dr. Bellord.
Aunt Marcia's Conversion. By Frances Noble. [O.S.B.
Christian Democracy before the Reformation. By Abbot Gasquet.
The Meaning and Aim of Christian Democracy. By C. S. Devas, M.A.
Wayside Tales. By Lady Herbert. No. 10.
Why in Latin? By the Rev. George Bampfield.
The Art of Lying. By the Rev. T. E. Bridgett, C.SS.R.

VOL. XLI.

Cardinal Wiseman.
A Lifelong Battle. By the Rev. G. Bampfield.
Anglican Prejudices against the Catholic Church. By Lady Herbert.
The Public Spirit of the Catholic Laity. By the Bishop of Newport.
Celibacy. By C. Kegan Paul. [Britten, K.S.G.
Mr. S. J. Abbott and the Convent Enquiry Society. By James
Wayside Tales. By Lady Herbert. No. 11.

VOL. XLII.

St. Edward the Confessor. By A. Streeter.
Wayside Tales. By Lady Herbert. No. 12. [Bampfield.
Carpenter Lynes; or, The Mother and the Son. By the Rev. George
What is Benediction? By the Rev. F. M. de Zulueta, S.J. [O.S.B.
The Layman in the Pre-Reformation Parish. By Abbot Gasquet,
The Layman in the Church. By the Rev. Dr. Barry.
Father Cuthbert's Curiosity Case. By the Rev. L. G. Vere. No. 1.

VOL. XLIII.

The Work of the Catholic Laity in England. By Cardinal Vaughan.
St. Sebastian. By the Rev. John Procter, O.P. [ham.
The Catholic Church in the Scriptures. By the Bishop of Notting-
Wayside Tales. By Lady Herbert. No. 13.
Father Dominic and the Conversion of England. By Dom Bede
Camm, O.S.B. [Rev. Mgr. Campbell.
The Dogmatic Teaching of the Roman Catacombs. By the Right
Luther and Tetzel. By the Rev. S. F. Smith, S.J.
Pilgrimages.

VOL. XLIV.

The Religious State of Catholic Countries no Prejudice to the Sanctity of the Church. By Cardinal Newman.
The Social State of Catholic Countries no Prejudice to the Sanctity of the Church. By Cardinal Newman.
Wayside Tales. By Lady Herbert. No. 14.
A North Country Martyr. By Dom Bede Camm, O.S.B.
For Christ's Sake. By Father Cuthbert, O.S.F.C.
The Popular Use of the Scriptures. By Father Anselm, O.S.F.C.
The Church and Bible-reading. By B. F. C. Costelloe, M.A.
A Chat in the Train. By F. B. Lord.
The Child Guest. By the Rev. G. Bampfield.
The Conversion of Miss Drane. By the Rev. B. Wilberforce, O.P.

VOL. XLV.

The Coronation Oath. By the Rev. T. E. Bridgett, C.SS.R.
Nano Nagle.
The Help of the Laity. By the Rev. John Norris.
Wayside Tales. By Lady Herbert. No. 16.
The Renaissance. By the Author of "The Life of a Prig."
Father Cuthbert's Curiosity Case. By the Rev. L. G. Vere. No. 2.
A Martyr of Japan, Father Mastrilli, S.J. By Ymâl Oswin.

VOL. XLVI.

Canon Bathurst. By Fr. Bernard Wilberforce, O.P. [Vaughan.
The Protestant Rule of Faith an Impossible One. By Mgr. John S.
Wilfulness and its Consequences. By Lady Herbert.
The Conservative Genius of the Church. By Wilfrid Ward.
Jesuit Obedience. By the Rev. S. F. Smith, S.J.
The Setting of a Great Hope. By C. M. Home.
St. Simon Stock. By Mrs. Franz Liebich. [Carmont.
The First Experiment in Civil and Religious Liberty. By James

VOL. XLVII.

Catholic Progress under Queen Victoria.
Wayside Tales. By Lady Herbert. No. 18.
The Conversion of Cardinal Manning. By Aimée Sewell.
Cranmer and Anne Boleyn. By the Rev. J. Stevenson, S.J.
The Monastic State. By the Bishop of Newport.
St. Bede. By Abbot Gasquet, O.S.B.
Father Cuthbert's Curiosity Case. By the Rev. L. G. Vere. No. 3.
"The Jesuit Oath." By the Rev. John Gerard, S.J.

VOL. XLVIII.

The Pallium. By the Rev. H. Thurston, S.J.
How to Look for the True Church. By Mgr. J. S. Vaughan.
Wayside Tales. By Lady Herbert. No. 19.
"Convocation" never a Canonical Synod. By W. D. Gainsford.
St. Rita of Cascia. By Lady Herbert.
Ruthven *v.* De Bom (Judge's Summing-up).
Father Cuthbert's Curiosity Case. By the Rev. L. G. Vere. No. 4.
Rescue Work. By Lady Edmund Talbot.

VOL. XLIX.

St. Charles Borromeo. By M. S. B. Malins.
The Prospects of Catholicism. By the Rev. Dr. Barry.
Wayside Tales. No. 20. By Lady Herbert.
The French Associations Bill. By the Rev. John Gerard, S.J.
Christian Civilization and the Perils that threaten it. By Archbishop Ryan.
The Ban of the Harringtons. By C. M. Home.
Bishop Talbot. By the Rev. E. H. Burton.
The Carmelites of Compiègne. By the Comtesse de Courson.

VOL. L.†

Was St. Peter Bishop of Rome? By C. F. B. Allnatt.
The Catholic's Library of Tales. Nos. IV. and VIII.
The Catholic's Library of Poems. No. IV.
Blessed John Fisher. By the Rev. W. H. Cologan.
189: or, the Church of Old England protests. By Rev. J. D. Breen.
Why should we remember the Fifth of November?
The Popes and the English Church. By the Rev. W. Waterworth.
St. Philip Neri. By G. Ambrose Lee.

VOL. LI.

Father Faber (with portrait).
Wayside Tales. By Lady Herbert. No. 22.
The Last Voice of the Old Hierarchy.
St. Hugh of Lincoln.
The Working Man's Apostolate. By F. Cuthbert, O.S.F.C.
A Saint in Algeria. By Lady Herbert.
Bogeys and Scarecrows. By the Rev. John Gerard, S.J.
Into the Way of Peace. By C. M. Home.

VOL. LII.

Bishop Brownlow. By the Rev. Vincent M'Nabb, O.P. (with portrait).
The Society of Jesus. By the Rev. Joseph Rickaby, S.J.
Wayside Tales. By Lady Herbert. No. 22.
King Alfred. By the Hon. Mrs. Maxwell Scott.
"The End justifies the Means." By the Rev. John Gerard, S.J.
The Old Religion. By the Rev. V. Hornyold, S.J.
The Jesuit Libel Case: Vaughan *v.* "The Rock."

† Numbered IXa. in former lists.

VOL. LIII.

Daniel O'Connell. By M. S. B. Malins (with portrait).
The Priest-Hunters. By Lady Amabel Kerr.
What the Catholic Church is, and what she teaches. By the Rev. E. Hull, S.J.
Our Church Music. By R. R. Terry.
The Secret Instructions of the Jesuits. By the Rev. John Gerard, S.J.
Wayside Tales. By Lady Herbert. No. 25.
St. Bernardine of Siena. By the Rev. F. Stanislaus, O.S.F.C.
Is there Salvation outside the Church? By Monsignor John Vaughan.

* VOL. LIV.

Cardinal Vaughan. By Monsignor Canon Ward.
Wayside Tales. By Lady Herbert. No. 26.
A New England Conversion. By Julia M. Robins.
John Foxe and his "Book of Martyrs." By the Rev. J. Gerard, S.J.
The Religious Troubles in France. By Abbot Gasquet.
A Jubilee Alms. By Louisa E. Dobrée.
Mother Thouret. By Lady Herbert.

* VOL. LV.

The Catholic Church and the Bible.
Kingdon Fields. By Louisa E. Dobrée.
By what Authority? By F. B. Lord, M.A.
From Darkness to Light. By Mgr. Croke Robinson.
Leo XIII. By the Rev. C. Coupe, S.J.
Wayside Tales. By Lady Herbert. No. 27.
Ven. Mother Mary of St. Euphrasia. By the Rev. R. Eaton.
Are Indulgences sold in Spain? By the Rev. S. F. Smith, S.J.

* VOL. LVI.

Lady Georgiana Fullerton.
Geronimo. By Lady Herbert.
The Title "Catholic" and the Roman Church. By M. A. R. Tuker.
Settlement Work. By Lady Edmund Talbot.
Ven. Mother Duchesne.
Pope Pius X. on Christian Democracy and Sacred Music.
Wills and Ways. By Louisa E. Dobrée.
The Duties of Parents. By the Bishop of Leeds.

* VOL. LVII.

A Tale of Mexican Horrors. By the Rev. H. Thurston, S.J.
The Blessing of Crowhurst. By Louisa E. Dobrée.
Ven. Mother Barat.
Catholics and Freemasonry.
Joan of Arc. By J. B. Milburn.
Wayside Tales. By Lady Herbert. No. 29.
"Rome's Appalling Record"; or, The French Clergy and its Calumniators. By the Rev. John Gerard, S.J.

SOME PROTESTANT FICTIONS EXPOSED.

First Series: Containing:—

All about Monks and Nuns. By the Very Rev. Canon Foran.
Calumnies against Convents. By the Rev. Sydney F. Smith, S.J.
The Immuring of Nuns. By the Rev. H. Thurston, S.J.
Mr. Rider Haggard and the Myth of the Walled-up Nun.
The True History of Maria Monk.
Ellen Golding, the "Rescued Nun." By the Rev. S. F. Smith, S.J.
Mr. Collette as a Historian. By the same.
Does the End justify the Means? By the same.

Second Series: Containing:—

Does the Pope claim to be God? By the Rev. S. F. Smith, S.J.
Mr. Collette as a Controversialist. By F. W. Lewis.
Another Mexican Myth. By the Rev. Herbert Thurston, S.J.
The True Story of Barbara Ubryk. By the Rev. S. F. Smith, S.J.
Rome and the Bible. By the Rev. T. Donnelly, S.J.
The Truth about Convents. By James Britten, K.S.G.
The Alleged Failures of Infallibility. By the Rev. C. Coupe, S.J.
The Gunpowder Plot. By the Rev. J. Gerard, S.J.

Third Series: Containing:—

The Iron Virgin of Nuremberg. By the Rev. H. Lucas, S.J.
The Slatterys. By James Britten, K.S.G.
The Hungarian Confession of Faith. By the Rev. Sydney F. Smith, S.J.
Are Indulgences sold in Spain? By the same.
John Foxe and his "Book of Martyrs." By the Rev. John Gerard, S.J.
"Rome's Appalling Record"; or, The French Clergy and its Calumniators. By the same.
A Tale of Mexican Horrors. By the Rev. H. Thurston, S.J.
Mr. S. J. Abbott and the Convent Enquiry Society. By James Britten.

CONCERNING JESUITS.

The Jesuits. By the Comtesse de Courson.
The Jesuits. By the Rev. Joseph [Rickaby, S.J.
The Jesuits' Oath. By the Rev. John Gerard, S.J.
The "Monita Secreta." By the same.
Bogeys and Scarecrows. By the same.
"The End justifies the Means." By the same.
Jesuit Obedience. By the Rev. S. F. [Smith, S.J.
The Jesuit Libel Case: Vaughan *v.* "The Rock."
The Jesuit Plot for the Destruction of our Liberties.

THE CHURCH OF OLD ENGLAND.

VOL. I.

The Church of Old England. By the Rev. J. D. Breen, O.S.B.
The Continuity of the English Church. By Very Rev. Canon Croft.
The Popes and the English Church. By the Rev. W. Waterworth.
A Voice from the Dead. By the Count de Montalembert.
Was St. Peter Bishop of Rome? By C. F. B. Allnatt.
"Church Defence": Notes on the History of the Church in England.

VOL. II.

Henry VIII. and the English Monasteries. By Cardinal Manning.
Papal Supremacy and Infallibility. By Rev. Sydney F. Smith, S.J.
The Bible and the Reformation. By C. F. B. Allnatt.
Was Barlow a Bishop? By Serjeant Bellasis.
Before and after Gunpowder Plot. By E. Healy Thompson.
1891: or, the Church of Old England protests. By Rev. J. D. Breen.
The English Church and the Holy Eucharist. By Provost Northcote.
King Henry VIII. and the Royal Supremacy.
Popery on every Coin of the Realm.
A Letter to the Working Men of England.

VOL. III.

The Conversion of England. By H. E. Cardinal Vaughan.
Rome's Witness against Anglican Orders. By Rev. S. F. Smith.
The Revival of the Faith in England. By C. T. Gatty.
Why I left the Church of England. By James Britten.
Before and after the Reformation.
The Foreign and English "Reformation."
Why should we remember the Fifth of November?
The Truth about the Reformation.
England's Title: Our Lady's Dowry. By Rev. T. E. Bridgett, C.SS.R.

VOL. IV.

Blessed Peter and the English People. By Cardinal Vaughan.
How the Church of England washed her Face. By Rev. S. F. Smith.
The English Church and the Blessed Virgin. By Provost Northcote.
Points of Anglican Controversy.
How I came Home. By Lady Herbert.
Continuity Reconsidered. By J. Hobson Matthews.

THE ANTIDOTE.

Edited by the Rev. John Gerard, S.J. Vol. I.

I.—Catholic Doctrine and Practice.
II.—Points of History.
III.—Current Topics.
IV.—Doctrinal.
V.—Anti-Catholic Prejudice and Credulity.
VI.—Jesuits.
VII.—The Pillory.

HISTORICAL PAPERS.

VOL. I.

The Spanish Inquisition. By the Rev. S. F. Smith, S.J.
The False Decretals. By the Rev. R. F. Clarke, S.J.
Cranmer and Anne Boleyn. By the Rev. J. Stevenson, S.J.
The Pallium (illustrated). By the Rev. H. Thurston, S.J.
The Immuring of Nuns. By the same.
The Huguenots. By the Rev. W. Loughnan, S.J.

VOL. II.

How "the Church of England washed her Face." By Rev. S. F. Smith, S.J.
St. Bartholomew's Day, 1572. By Rev. Wm. Loughnan, S.J.
The Rood of Boxley. By Rev. T. E. Bridgett, C.SS.R.
The First Experiment in Civil and Religious Liberty.
Was St. Aidan an Anglican? By Rev. Sydney F. Smith, S.J.
The Gordon Riots. By Lionel Johnson, B.A.

VOL. III.

The Great Schism of the West. By Rev. S. F. Smith, S.J.
Rome's Witness against Anglican Orders. By the same.
The Book of Common Prayer and the Mass. By Rev. R. C. Laing.
Religious Instruction in England during the Fourteenth and Fifteenth Centuries. By Abbot Gasquet, O.S.B.
England's Title: Our Lady's Dowry: its History and Meaning. By the Rev. T. E. Bridgett, C.SS.R.

VOL. IV.

Dr. Littledale's Theory of the Disappearance of the Papacy. By the Rev. Sydney F. Smith, S.J. [Thurston, S.J.
Dean Farrar on the Observance of Good Friday. By the Rev. Herbert
Savonarola and the Reformation. By the Very Rev. J. Procter, O.P.
Robert Grosseteste, Bishop of Lincoln. By Mgr. W. Croke Robinson.

VOL. V.

The English Coronation Oath. By the Rev. T. E. Bridgett, C.SS.R.
Blessed Thomas Percy, Martyr, Earl of Northumberland. By the Rev. G. E. Phillips.
The Landing of St. Augustine. By the Rev. S. F. Smith, S.J.
The Hungarian Confession. By the same.
The Reformation at St. Martin's, Leicester. By Dudley Baxter, B.A.

THE METHOD OF THEOLOGY

AND OTHER ESSAYS.

The Method of Theology. By Mgr. Mignot, Archbishop of Albi.
Church History and the Critical Spirit. By Hartman Grisar, S.J.
The Liberty of the Children of God. By the Abbé Hemmer.
The Temperament of Doubt. By M. D. Petre.
Devotional Essays. By the same:—Prayer: Mass: Communion: Confession.

CATHOLIC BIOGRAPHIES.

VOL. I.

St. Patrick.
St. George.
St. Bede.
B. Thomas More
Queen Mary. [smith.
Ven. Edmund Arrow-
Don Bosco.
St. Columba.

VOL. II.

Ven. Philip Howard.
B. John Fisher.
Legends of St. Francis.
The English Martyrs.
B. Edmund Campion.
Ven. John Ogilvie, S.J.
St. Alphonsus Liguori.
St. Francis of Sales.

VOL. III.

Leo XIII.
St. Peter Claver.
St. Alphonsus Rodriguez.
St. John Berchmans.
St. Thomas of Canterbury.
St. Teresa.
St. Augustine.
St. Benedict.

VOL. IV.

Archbishop Ullathorne.
Dame Marion Boyd.
St. Philip Neri.
B. Clement Hofbauer.
St. Francis of Assisi
Ven. Margaret Clitheroe
Mary Queen of Scots.
St. Columbanus.

VOL. V.

Ven. Julie Billiart.
Father Damien.
Franz Witt.
St. Francis Xavier.
Father Mathew.
Brother Giles and Brother Juniper. [Poor.
The Little Sisters of the
Mary Howitt.

VOL. VI.

Cardinal Newman.
Ven. Oliver Plunket.
St. Brigid.
St. Ignatius Loyola.
Father Olivaint.
St. Vincent Ferrer.
B. Juvenal Ancina.

VOL. VII.

The Curé d'Ars.
St. Catherine of Siena.
St. Vincent de Paul.
Frederick Ozanam.
St. Aloysius.
St. Zita.
Sœur Rosalie.
St. Cuthbert.

VOL. VIII.

St. Dominic.
Théophane Vénard.
St. Margaret, the Penitent of Cortona.
St. Pius V.
St. Anselm.
St. Elizabeth of Hungary.
St. Thomas Aquinas.
St. Rose of Lima.

VOL. IX.

St. Edmund of Canterbury.
Augustus Henry Law.
The Five Dominican Martyrs in China.
Alexis de Clerc.
Auguste Marceau.
St. Helen.
Adolf Kolping.
St. Margaret of Scotland.

VOL. X.

Giovanni Pierluigi da Palestrina.
Blessed Margaret Mary.
Ven. John Thules.
St. Antony of Padua.
The Seven Holy Founders of the Servite Order.
St. Frances of Rome.
A Siberian Priest.
The Carthusian Martyrs.

VOL. XI.

Cardinal Manning.
Ven. Edward Oldcorne, S.J.
Bishop Challoner.
St. Stanislaus Kostka.
St. Wilfrid.
St. Guthlac.
Father Thomas Burke, O.P.

VOL. XII.

Bishop Milner.
St. Antoninus, Archbishop of Florence.
St. Peter Fourier.
St. Edmund, King and Martyr.
Mother Margaret Hallahan.
Dom Maurice Chauncy and Brother Hugh Taylor.
St. Gregory the Great.
Father Henry Garnet.

VOL. XIII.

Cardinal Wiseman.
St. Edward the Confessor.
St. Sebastian.
Mother Mary Teresa Dubouché.
Garcia Moreno.
Nano Nagle.
Monsieur Olier.
Father Dominic and the Conversion of England.

VOL XIV.

St. Charles Borromeo.
St. Bernardine of Siena.
King Alfred.
St. Aelred.
Bishop Talbot.
Father Mastrilli, S.J.
Canon Bathurst.

VOL. XV.

Daniel O'Connell. By M. S. B. Malins.
Blessed Sebastian Valfré. By Lady Amabel Kerr.
St. Simon Stock. By Mrs. Franz Liebich.
St. Hugh of Lincoln.
St. Rita of Cascia. By Lady Herbert.
The Carmelites of Compiègne. By the Comtesse de Courson.
St. Lioba.
St. Bede. By Abbot Gasquet.

✻ VOL. XVI.

Cardinal Vaughan. By Monsignor Canon Ward.
Ven. Mother Mary of St. Euphrasia. By the Rev. R. Eaton.
Leo XIII. By the Rev. C. Coupe, S.J.
Joan of Arc. By J. B. Milburn.
Ven. Mother Barat.
Doña Luisa de Carvajal: a Spanish Heroine in England.
Blessed Juliana de Mont Cornillon. By the Rev. M. Power, S.J.

Jesuit Biographies.

The Catholic's Library of Tales and Poems. Vols. I.–VI.

The English Martyrs. Two Vols.

A Mother's Sacrifice. By A. M. Clarke.

Science or Romance? By Rev. J. Gerard, S.J.

Science and Scientists. By the same.

Evolutionary Philosophy and Common Sense. By the same. (For contents of the three foregoing, see p. 26.)

Fifty Catholic Tracts. (Boards.)

Forty Catholic Tracts. (Boards.)

The Ministry of Jesus. By Rev. R. F. Clarke, S.J.

The Life of Jesus. By the same. [contents see p. 32.)

Stories of the Seven Sacraments. By L. E. Dobrée. (For

A Sevenfold Treasure. By the same.

The Trial of Margaret Brereton. By Pleydell North.

Mère Gilette. By the Author of "An Old Marquise."

Father Perry, the Jesuit Astronomer. By the Rev. A. L

Under a Cloud. By M. F. S. [Cortie, S.J. (Boards 1s.)

The Little Flowers of St. Francis.

The Tug of War. By L. E. Dobrée.

A Runaway Marriage. By Mrs. William Maude. [Boards.

The Temperance Speeches of Cardinal Manning.

Joan of Arc. By Lady Amabel Kerr. Wrapper 1s.; cloth 1s. 6d.

Ethics or Anarchy. By B. F. C. Costelloe, M.A. Wrapper; cloth, 1s. 6d. [S.J. Net.

Manual of Prayers for Youth. Edited by the Rev. J. Morris,

A Protestant Converted by her Bible and Prayer Book. By Mrs. Pittar. [S. F. Smith, S.J. (Wrapper.)

Reasons for Rejecting Anglican Orders. By the Rev.

The End of Religious Controversy. By Bishop Milner. Edited by the Rev. Dr. Rivington. (Wrapper, net.)

Cardinal Manning. By J. R. Gasquet (Portraits).

The Reunion of Christendom. (See p. 26.)
Wayside Tales. Six Series. By Lady Herbert. 1s. each.
Mirli's Ring. By Margaret E. Merriman.
Companion to the Encyclical 'Satis Cognitum.' By the Rev. Sydney F. Smith, S.J. [Vere. Three vols.
Father Cuthbert's Curiosity Case. By the Rev. L. G.
The Value of Life. By Mrs. W. A. Burke. (Wrapper.)
A Spanish Crucifix and other Tales. By Ymâl Oswin.
Garden of the Soul. Printed in red and black.
The Eucharistic Month of Holy Scripture. By the Right Rev. Dr. Bellord. (Paper Boards.) [(Wrapper.)
Mensis Eucharisticus (The above in Latin). By the same.
Cobbett's History of the Protestant Reformation. Edited by Abbot Gasquet. Net. [**Howitt.**
Three Converts: Father Thayer, Miss Trail, and Mrs.
The Second Epistle to the Corinthians. With Introduction and Notes by the Rev. R. D. Byles.
Catholics and Nonconformists; or Dialogues on Conversion. By the Bishop of Clifton.
Arundel Hymns. Edited by the Duke of Norfolk and C. T. Gatty, F.S.A. Parts I. to VII., each 1s. net.
Rosary Meditations. By the Very Rev. Canon Bagshawe.
The Gospel according to St. Luke. With Introduction and Notes by Mgr. Ward (abridged edition).
Protestant Fiction. By James Britten, K.S.G.
Outlines of Meditation. By the Right Rev. Dr. Bellord.
Protestant Belief. By J. Herbert Williams.
Christian Argument. By the same.
The Church of the Revelation. By the same.
The Land of Mist and Mountain. By Katherine Tynan.
The Land I love Best. By the same.
Led by a Dream, and other Tales. By the same.
Sister Chatelain; or Forty Years' Work in Westminster. Edited by Lady Amabel Kerr.
The Catholic Temperance Reader. By the Rev. W. H. Cologan and Sir Francis Cruise, M.D.
Where is the Church? By the Rev. Charles Coupe, S.J.
Poor Dear Ann. By the Prig.
The Holy Gospels. In one volume. Cloth, 1s.; cloth gilt, 1s. net.
Some Converts. Cardinal Newman, Cardinal Manning, Canon Bathurst, C. Kegan Paul, James Britten, Lady Herbert, Augusta Drane, Mary Howitt.
First Confession. By Mother M. Loyola.
The Marigold Stories. By Lady Gilbert.
Before Our Lord Came. By Lady Amabel Kerr. [Bampfield.
Guide-Posts on the Road to Truth. By the Rev. G.
The Faith of Old England. By the Rev. V. Hornyold, S.J.
Hymns and Verses. By Lady Catherine Petre.
Havelok the Dane. An Old English Romance, rendered into later English by Emily M. P. Hickey. [Kerr.
Lives of the Saints for Children. Vol. I. By Lady Amabel
The Pope and the People: Select Letters and Addresses on Social Questions by Pope Leo XIII. (Wrapper.)
By the Merest Chance: a Story. By S. M. Lyne.
A Short History of the Catholic Church in England.
A Simple Cyclopædia for Catholics. [By Abbot Gasquet.
Virgin Saints of the Benedictine Order.
A Bible Picture-Book. Text by Lady Amabel Kerr.

***Poems selected from the Works of Aubrey de Vere.** Edited by Lady Margaret Domvile. (Wrapper, 1s. net.)

***Lectures on the Present Position of Catholics in England.** By Cardinal Newman. With Introduction by Rev. Dr. Barry, and portrait. (Wrapper, 1s. net.)

Tenpence.

Gleanings for Saints and Sinners about St. Mary Magdalen. By Fr. Pius Cavanagh, O.P.

Ninepence, *net.*

The Guide to Heaven. For the use of those at sea.

Eightpence.

Anglican Fallacies: or, Lord Halifax on Reunion. By **Catholica.** By B. F. C. Costelloe. [the Rev. Dr. Rivington.

Sixpence each.

The Catholic's Temperance Library. Vol. I.
The Fourfold Difficulty of Anglicanism.
Stories for Christmas.
Gradus ad fidem: or, the Logic of Faith.
The Catholic's Library of Tales. Vols. I.–VI.
The Catholic's Library of Poems. Vols. I. and II.
Prayer; Confession; Holy Communion. By Mgr. de Segur.
The Pope and the Bible. By Rev. R. F. Clarke, S.J. [6d. net.
The Existence of God. By the same.
Revenge: a Tale. By F. B. Lord.
Per Parcel Post: a Tale. By L. E. Dobrée.
A Few Flowers from St. Francis's Garden.
Life of the Curé d'Ars. By Kathleen O'Meara.
Life of St. Monica. By Lady Herbert.
Ireland's Spiritual Shamrock: being Lives of St. Patrick, St. Brigid, and St. Columba.
The Price of the Pearl. By Baroness P. von Hügel.
Roman Claims. By the Rev. Bernard Vaughan, S.J.
Dean Farrar and the Catholic Church.
The Weekly Communicant. By the Rev. R. F. Clarke, S.J.
Leading Events in Church History. Parts I. and II., 6d. each, net. Part III., 8d. net. Part IV., 1s. net.
A Life's Struggle. By Lady Herbert.
A Simple Vesper Book. By Canon Connelly.
Poems on the Reunion of Christendom. Edited by the Rev. T. E. Bridgett, C.SS.R.
The Religious Rights of the Catholic Poor. A Handbook for Poor-Law Guardians. By William C. Maude, Barrister-at-law. Cloth, 6d. net. [H. Bowden.
Life of James, Earl of Derwentwater. By the Rev. C.
Life of St. Wilfrid. By A. Streeter. With an introductory Essay by the Rev. Dr. Rivington.
A Key to Labour Problems. An adapted translation of Léon Harmel's 'Catéchisme du Patron.' By Virginia M. Crawford.
Report of the Catholic Conference, 1897.
Holy Childhood: a Prayer Book for Children. Net.
Who was the Author of the 'Imitation of Christ'? By Sir Francis Cruise, D.L. [Herbert.
The Priest of the Eucharist (Père Eymard). By Lady
Picture Prayer Book for Children (coloured). 6d. net.
Sacerdotalism. By Bishop Brownlow. (The two series bound together in cloth.)

Garden of the Soul. Pp. 576, cloth, red edges.
Before Our Lord Came. By Lady Amabel Kerr. (Wrapper.)
The Faith of Old England. By the Rev. V. Hornyold, S.J.
Where is the Church? By the Rev. C. Coupe, S.J. (Wrapper.) Net.
Short Verses on Scripture Thoughts.
The Coronation Ceremonial: its True History and Meaning. By the Rev. H. Thurston, S.J. Illustrated.

C.T.S. SIXPENNY SERIES (Net).

Cloth, gilt top, with marker.

A Little Book for Holy Communion: Containing the Lay Folk's Mass Book, the Jesus Psalter, etc.
Catholic Customs: A Guide for Catholics.
The Convert's Guide, with Form for the Reception of a Convert. By E. C. B., author of "Home Truths for Mary's Children."
Prayers from Old English Sources. Selected and translated by Abbot Gasquet, O.S.B.
The Inner Life of St. Francis of Assisi. Adapted from the French of the Abbé Felix Vernet by F. Stanislaus, O.S.F.C.
A Bird's-eye View of Church History.
The Our Father and Hail Mary. By Jerome Savonarola, O.P. Edited by F. Bertrand Wilberforce, of the same Order.
Meditations on the Miserere. By the same.
The Love of Jesus. By the same.
Prayer and Mass Book.
Simple Prayer Book and Life of Our Lord. Red cloth, gilt.
Words on Wings: A Thought for Every Day in the Year. Compiled by Aimée Sewell.
Daily Readings for a Month. Compiled by Mrs. W. A. Burke.
Readings for Lent. By the Rev. Joseph Rickaby, S.J.
St. Augustine's Manual; or, Little Book of the Contemplation of Christ.
St. Francis and You. By F. Cuthbert, O.S.F.C.
Ecclesiastical Precepts in Reference to Church Music. By Provost Mitterer. Translated by W. Jacobskötter.
Some Prerogatives of Peter. By the Rev. W. R. Carson.
Fifty-Two Psalms. Selected and edited by the Rev. Hugh
A Handful of Myrrh. [Pope, O.P.
Night Thoughts for the Sick and Desolate. First and
* Second Series. By the Rev. R. Eaton.
A Christmas Sheaf: Verses for Christmas.
The Mass and its Folklore. By J. Hobson Matthews.
Simple Meditations on the Life of Our Lord. By Abbot Smith, O.S.B. First and Second Series. [By the same.
Meditations on the Passion for Weekly Communicants.
A City set on a Hill. By R. H. Benson, M.A.
A Bible Picture-Book. Text by Lady Amabel Kerr.
Spiritual Counsels from the Letters of Fénelon. Selected by Lady Amabel Kerr.
***The Epistles and Gospels for Sundays.** In Welsh.
***Thoughts in Prose and Verse.** Vol. I.
***The Real St. Francis.** By Fr. Paschal Robinson, O.F.M.
***Life of St. Antony.**

CATHOLIC ARTISTS SERIES.

Grey paper boards, with frontispiece, Sixpence each, net.

Fra Angelico. By V. M. Crawford.
Sandro Botticelli. By A. Streeter.
Fra Bartolommeo. By M. E. James.
Raphael. By V. M. Crawford.
Uniform with above.
Dante. By the Rev. H. S. Bowden.

THE CATHOLIC'S MINIATURE LIBRARY.

Seven Volumes. Sixpence each.

VOL. I.

How to Converse with God. By Père Boutauld, S.J.
Pearls from the Hidden Treasure. By St. Leonard of Port Maurice.
Conformity to the Will of God. By St. Alphonsus Liguori.

VOL. II. [Blessed Margaret Mary.

The Sacred Heart and the Holy Souls; selections from the Writings of the Holy Maxims; from the Writings of Cardinal Manning.
Good Words from the Lips of the Curé d'Ars.
Words from the Worldly; or, Scriptural Jewels. By Percy Fitzgerald.

VOL. III.

To Calvary: a new method of making the Stations. Translated and abridged from the French of Père Abt, S.J. By L. M. Kenny.
A Day's Devotion in aid of the Suffering Souls. [Lercari, S.J.
Jesus in the Blessed Sacrament; or, the Eucharistic Month. By Father

The Jesus Psalter. VOL. IV.

Spiritual Exercises of St. Ignatius arranged in Prayers.
Method of Mental Prayer. By the Rev. B. Wilberforce, O.P.
On Reading. By the Bishop of Newport.
Consummated Perfection. By St. Catherine of Siena.

VOL. V.

The Seven Words of Our Saviour upon the Cross. By F. Sabine Chambers, S.J.
Is Life Worth Living? By Archbishop Ullathorne.
The Holy Rosary in the New Testament.
A Little Manual for hearing Mass Spiritually.
Our Responsibility for Intemperance. By the Bishop of Newport.

VOL. VI.

The Rosary Confraternity. By the Very Rev. John Procter, O.P.
Our Angel Guardian. By the Rev. H. S. Kerr, S.J.
All Day Long. By the Rev. Matthew Russell, S.J.
An Hour with my Crucifix.
Dom Lansperg's Week of the Sacred Heart.

VOL. VII.

Maxims of B. Sebastian Valfré for every day in the Year.
A Short Treatise on the Holy Exercise of Meditation.
The Immaculate Conception. By the Very Rev. Canon Bagshawe.
A Rule of Life. By Bishop Challoner.

A HANDBOOK OF CATHOLIC CHARITIES.

This contains as complete a list as possible of the various homes, refuges, schools, hospitals, and other associations and institutes provided for Catholics, with particulars as to the modes in which help may be obtained. Wrapper, 6d. net.

Fourpence each (cloth).

A Simple Prayer Book. (800th thousand.)
Visits to Jesus in the Tabernacle.
A Little Book of Indulgenced Prayers.
Maria Magnificata. By the Rev. R. F. Clarke, S.J.
The Holy Angels. By the same.
Requiescant in Pace. By the same.
Resurrexit. By the same
The Great Truths. By the same.
Meditations for Advent. By the same.
St. Joseph. By the Rev. R. F. Clarke, S.J.
The Sacred Heart of Jesus. By the same.
The Precious Blood. By the same.
The Sacred Passion. By the same.
The Holy Infancy. By the same.
The Hidden Life. By the same.
Veni Sancte Spiritus. By the same.
Humility: a Book for Lent. By the same.
The Children's Ballad Rosary.
A Little Book for Holy Week.
Little Helpers of the Holy Souls.
How to Converse with God.
The Sacred Heart and the Holy Souls.
Conformity to the Will of God.

Fourpence each (cloth) (*continued*).

A Way of assisting at Holy Mass.
Jesus in the Blessed Sacrament. By F. Lercari.
A Flag of Truce. By Rev. T. E. Bridgett, C.SS.R.
A Book of the Mass.
The Life and Writings of St. Peter. (Wrapper.)
The Catholic Servant. By the Rev. G. E. Howe.
A New England Convert, the Rev. John Thayer. By Rev. T. E. Bridgett. (Wrapper.)
The Conversion of Miss Trail, a Scotch Presbyterian. By herself. (Wrapper.)
The Miraculous Infant Jesus of Prague.
A Life of Our Lord. By Lady Amabel Kerr.
The Four Gospels. With notes by the Very Rev. Canon M'Intyre. (Cloth gilt, 4d. each.) [Bellord. (Wrapper.)
A New Catechism of Doctrine and Practice. By Bishop

Threepence each.

Scenes from the Life of St. Benedict. Dramatized by a Benedictine Nun. [T. E. Bridgett, C.SS.R.
The Rood of Boxley, or How a Lie Grows. By the Rev.
An Explanation of the Prayers and Ceremonies of the Mass. [Cardinal Wiseman.
The Anglican Claim of Apostolical Succession. By
Savonarola and the Reformation. By the Rev. John Procter, O.P. [Bishop Brownlow.
The Reunion of England with Rome. Three Lectures. By
The Jesuits. By the Comtesse R. de Courson.
Instructions for First Communion. By Rev. H. Gibson.
Scripture Readings: Being the Epistles and Gospels for Sundays and Feasts.
Blessed Thomas Percy. By the Rev. G. E. Phillips.
The Kings and **The Shepherds.** By Miss Drane. With illustrations and cover by Paul Woodroffe. [Smith, S.J.
Dr. Horton and Catholic Truthfulness. By the Rev. S. F.
A Bird's-eye View of Church History (Wrapper).
The Inner Life of St. Francis of Assisi (Wrapper).
Catholic Customs: a Guide for Catholics (Wrapper).
The Basilica of San Clemente in Rome, with illustrations. By Bishop Brownlow.
St. Francis and You. By F. Cuthbert, O.S.F.C. (Wrapper).
Ecclesiastical Precepts in Reference to Church Music. Translated by W. Jacobskötter. (Wrapper.)
Meditations on the Infancy. By Henry More, S.J.
Meditations on the Passion. By the same.
Meditations on the Resurrection. By the same.
Meditations on the Blessed Sacrament. By the same.
Some Prerogatives of Peter. By the Rev. W. R. Carson. (Wrapper.) Net. [Pope, O.P.
Fifty-Two Psalms. Selected and edited by the Rev. Hugh
Our Lady of May: Poems by Emily Hickey. (Wrapper.)
A Handful of Myrrh. [Second Series.
***Night Thoughts for the Sick and Desolate.** First and
The Method of Theology. By Mgr. Mignot, Archbp. of Albi.
The World and its Maker. By the Rev. John Gerard, S.J.
A Christmas Sheaf: Verses for Christmas. (Wrapper.)
The Mass and its Folklore. By J. Hobson Matthews. (Wrapper.)
A City set on a Hill. By R. H. Benson, M.A.

Threepence each (*continued*).

Spiritual Counsels from the Letters of Fénelon.
***Thoughts in Prose and Verse.** Vol. I. [(Wrapper.)
***The Real St. Francis.** By Fr. Paschal Robinson, O.F.M.
***Life of St. Antony.**

Twopence each.

Was St. Peter Bishop of Rome? By C. F. B. Allnatt.
The Love of Jesus. By Jerome Savonarola, O.P.
The Bible and the Reformation. By the same.
The Church of Old England. By Rev. J. D. Breen. [S.J.
Papal Supremacy and Infallibility. By the Rev. S. F. Smith,
Rome's Witness against Anglican Orders. By the same.
A Primer of Plain Chant. By Charles Walker.
Cranmer and Anne Boleyn. By Rev. J. Stevenson.
The Pallium. By the Rev. H. Thurston, S.J.
The Great Schism of the West. By the same.
The Revival of the Faith. By C. T. Gatty.
Readings for Lent. By Rev. Joseph Rickaby, S.J.
St. Augustine's Manual, or Little Book of the Contemplation of Christ. (Wrapper.)
Religious Education in England in the 14th and 15th Centuries. By Abbot Gasquet, O.S.B.
Dr. Littledale and the Disappearance of the Papacy. By the Rev. S. F. Smith, S.J.
The Weekly Communicant. By the Rev. R. F. Clarke, S.J.
Poems on the Reunion of England with Christendom. Edited by the Rev. T. E. Bridgett, C.SS.R.
The Church and Labour. Four Lectures by Abbot Snow, O.S.B.
The Mission Field of the Nineteenth Century. By Cardinal Moran. [Mgr. W. Croke Robinson.
Robert Grosseteste, Bishop of Lincoln. By the Very Rev.
The Catholic Church in Japan. By the Bishop of Salford.
Sacerdotalism. By Bishop Brownlow. (Three series.)
Anglican Prejudices against the Catholic Church. By Lady Herbert.
Picture Prayer-Book for Children. (Paper boards.) Net.
A Simple Prayer-Book. (Red cloth, flush.)
A Life of Our Lord. By Lady Amabel Kerr. (Red cloth, flush.)
The Convert's Guide. By E. C. B.
The Four Gospels. With notes by the Very Rev. Canon M'Intyre. (Cloth, flush, 2d. each.)
The Temperament of Doubt. By M. D. Petre. [Grisar, S.J.
Church History and the Critical Spirit. By Hartman
Devotional Essays. By M. D. Petre.
Doubts against the Faith. By J. F. X. Westcott.
What does Science say? By the Rev. John Gerard, S.J.

THE CATHOLIC'S PENNY LIBRARY.
Scriptural Series.

The Passion of Our Lord in the words of the Gospels.
A Scriptural Life of the Blessed Virgin. [ment.
St. Mary Magdalen and other Women of the New Testa-
The Four Gospels. With notes by the Very Rev. Canon M'Intyre, D.D. 1d. each net.
Psalm CXVIII. With notes by the Rev. Hugh Pope, O.P.
The Book of Wisdom. With notes by Canon M'Intyre. Net.
The Acts of the Apostles. With notes by Canon M'Intyre. Net.

Historical Series.

Henry VIII. and the English Monasteries.
The Ancient English Church and the Holy Eucharist.
The Faith of the Ancient English Church concerning the Blessed Virgin.
The Church Catholic. By B. F. C. Costelloe.
The Church and the Catacombs. By the same.
The Mass. By the same.
The Teaching of the Twelve. By the same.
Before and after the Reformation.
Before and after Gunpowder Plot.
Blessed Peter and the English People.
The First Experiment in Civil and Religious Liberty.
St. Bartholomew's Day, 1572.
The Catholic Church. By the Rev. Dr. Gildea.
The False Decretals. By Rev. R. F. Clarke, S.J.
The Huguenots. By the Rev. W. Loughnan, S.J.
The Gordon Riots. By Lionel Johnson, B.A.
Dean Farrar and the Observance of Good Friday.
England's Title: Our Lady's Dowry.
The Spanish Inquisition. By Rev. S. F. Smith, S.J.
The Book of Common Prayer and the Mass.
The Lay Folk's Mass Book.
England and the Holy Eucharist.
England and Devotion to the Blessed Virgin.
The Coming of St. Augustine. By Ven. Bede.
The Mission of St. Augustine. By Abbot Gasquet, O.S.B.
The Landing of St. Augustine. By the Rev. S. F. Smith, S.J.
The Reformation at St. Martin's, Leicester.
England's Dedication and the Angelus.
The Dogmatic Teaching of the Roman Catacombs.
Luther and Tetzel. By the Rev. S. F. Smith, S.J.
The Early History of the Church of God. By Bishop Brownlow. Complete in thirteen numbers.
The Renaissance. By the author of "The Life of a Prig."
The Coronation Oath. By the Rev. T. E. Bridgett, C.SS.R.
A Short History of the Catholic Church in England. By Abbot Gasquet. In three parts, 1d. each.

Anglican Controversy.

A Voice from the Dead: Being a letter to an Anglican Friend, by the Count de Montalembert.
The Continuity of the English Church. By the Very Rev. Canon Croft.
The Popes and the English Church. By the Rev. W. [Waterworth.
The Sacrifices of Masses. By J. H. Mayer. New edition.
Was St. Aidan an Anglican? By the Rev. S. F. Smith, S.J.
How "the Church of England washed her Face." By the same.
Was Barlow a Bishop? By Serjeant Bellasis.
189: or, the Church of Old England protests. By the Rev. J. D. Breen, O.S.B.
The Doctrine of Intention. By Rev. F. Smith, S.J
St. Irenæus on the Church, &c. By C. F. B. Allnatt.
Points of Anglican Controversy.
Continuity Reconsidered. By J. H. Matthews.
How I came Home. By Lady Herbert.
Why I left the Church of England. By James Britten, [K.S.G.

Anglican Controversy (*continued*).

Church Defence—First Series.
Church Defence—Second Series.
Church Defence—Third Series.
St. Peter's Primacy and the Royal Supremacy. By T. W. Allies, K.C.S.G. [Rivington.
The Conversion of Cardinal Newman. By the Rev. Dr.
The Conversion of Cardinal Manning. By Aimée Sewell.
No Sacrifice, no Priest: or why Anglican Orders were Condemned. By the Rev. A. S. Barnes.
Why I became a Catholic. By Horace E. Chapman, M.A.
The Anglican Archbishops and the Pope. By Cardinal Vaughan. [Dr. Rivington.
Tekel: or, the Anglican Archbishops arraigned. By the Rev.
Episcopal Jurisdiction in Bristol. By Bishop Brownlow.
The Conversion of Miss Drane. By the Rev. Bertrand Wilberforce, O.P. [Gainsford.
"Convocation" never a Canonical Synod. By W. D.
The Last Voice of the Old Hierarchy.
From Darkness to Light. By Mgr. Croke Robinson.
By What Authority? By F. B. Lord.
The Title "Catholic" and the Roman Church. By M. A. R. Tuker.

Protestant Controversy.

The Catholic Church in the Scriptures. By Bishop Bagshawe.
What is the Bible? By Rev. W. H. Anderdon, S.J.
Confession to a Priest. By the same.
The True History of Maria Monk.
Monks and Nuns. By the Very Rev. Canon Foran.
Questions and Answers. *Leaflets* 3, 5, 7, 8, 13, 42 (*see p.* 36).
"The Letter of the Three Bishops"; or, Mr. Collette as a Controversialist. By F. W. Lewis.
Mr. Collette as a Historian. By the Rev. S. F. Smith, S.J.
Ellen Golding, the Rescued Nun. By the same.
Calumnies against Convents. By the same.
Does the Pope claim to be God? By the same.
The True Story of Barbara Ubryk. By the same.
The Hungarian Confession of Faith. By the same.
The Immuring of Nuns. By Rev. H. Thurston, S.J.
The Myth of the Walled-up Nun. By the same.
Another Mexican Myth. By the same.
The Gunpowder Plot. By the Rev. J. Gerard, S.J.
The Art of Lying, as practised by some anti-Catholic Tract-writers. By the Rev. T. E. Bridgett, C.SS.R.
The Christian Priesthood. By the same.
Tradition. By the same.
Why in Latin? By the Rev. G. Bampfield.
Carpenter Lynes, or, The Mother and the Son: Talks about Our Lady. By the same. Two parts, 1d. each.
Sergeant Jones's Talks about Confession. By the same.
Cannot. By the same.
Chats with Deacon Douglas. By the same.
Protestant Fiction. By James Britten, K.S.G.
No. 1—Nuns and Convents. No. 2—Jesuits. No. 3—Priests.
No. 4—The Laity. No. 5—Protestant Poets.
The five in one volume, with introduction, price One Shilling.

Protestant Controversy (*continued*).

The Truth about Convents, as told by Ex-nuns and others. By James Britten, K.S.G.
The Slatterys. By the same.
The Methods of a Protestant Controversialist (the Rev. Dr. Horton). By the same.
Ought we to honour Mary? By the Rev. J. F. Splaine, S.J.
The Alleged Failures of Infallibility. By the Rev. C. Coupe, S.J.
Rome and the Bible. By Rev. T. Donnelly, S.J.
Confessio Viatoris. By C. Kegan Paul.
Catholics and Nonconformists. By Bishop Brownlow.

1—Breaking the Ice.
2—To the Law and to the Testimony.
3—One Baptism for the Remission of Sins.
4—Searching the Scriptures.
5—Justification and the New Birth.
6—Catholic Worship.

The above in one volume, with preface, price One Shilling.

Persecution. By the Rev. Joseph Rickaby, S.J. [Bellord.
The Relics of the True Cross. By the Right Rev. Dr.
Bessie's Black Puddings: or, The Bible only. By the Rev. F. M. de Zulueta, S.J.
"I go straight to Christ." By the same.
"What is Benediction?" By the same. [S.J.
The "Iron Virgin" of Nuremberg. By the Rev. H. Lucas,
Reasons for being a Catholic.
Celibacy. By C. Kegan Paul.
Prayers to Saints.
The Christian Sabbath. By the Rev. C. Galton, S.J.
The Religious State of Catholic Countries no Prejudice to the Sanctity of the Church. By Cardinal Newman.
The Social State of Catholic Countries no Prejudice to the Sanctity of the Church. By Cardinal Newman.
The Popular Use of the Scriptures. By F. Anselm, O.S.F.C. With **The Church and Bible-reading.** By B. F. C. Costelloe, M.A.
How to look for the True Church. By Mgr. J. S. Vaughan.
The Protestant Rule of Faith an Impossible One. By the same.
Jesuit Obedience. By the Rev. S. F. Smith, S.J.
Eight Lectures on the Position of Catholics in England. By Cardinal Newman. 1d. each.
Ruthven *v.* De Bom (Judge's Summing-up).
"The Jesuit Oath." By the Rev. John Gerard, S.J.
The "Secret Instructions" of the Jesuits. By the same.
The French Associations Bill: its Authors and Objects. By the same.
"The End justifies the Means." By the same.
Bogeys and Scarecrows. By the same.
Popery on every Coin of the Realm. [John Vaughan.
Is there Salvation outside the Church? By Mgr. Canon
What the Catholic Church is, and what she teaches. By the Rev. E. R. Hull, S.J.
The Old Religion. By the Rev. V. Hornyold, S.J.
The Society of Jesus. By the Rev. Joseph Rickaby, S.J.
The Jesuit Libel Case: Vaughan *v.* "The Rock."
Apostolic Letter of Pope Leo XIII. to the English People.
Leo XIII. and the Reunion of Christendom.
A New England Conversion. By J. M. Robins.

Protestant Controversy (*continued*).

John Foxe and his Book of Martyrs. By the Rev. John Gerard, S.J.

Mr. S. J. Abbott and the Convent Enquiry Society. By James Britten, K.S.G. New edition, with preface by the Rev. J. Gerard, S.J.

The Catholic Church and the Bible (new edition).

***"Rome's Appalling Record"; or, The French Clergy and its Calumniators.** By the Rev. J. Gerard, S.J.

***A Tale of Mexican Horrors.** (Illustrated.) By the Rev. H. Thurston, S.J.

***Are Indulgences Sold in Spain?** By the Rev. S. F. Smith, S.J.

Papers on Social Questions.

Christian Aspects of the Labour Question. By Abbot [Snow, O.S.B.

Leo XIII. on Labour. By Cardinal Manning.

Catholic Temperance Leaflets (8 in wrapper).

Total Abstinence from a Catholic Point of View.

A Temperance Catechism. By a Priest.

The Drunkard. By Archbishop Ullathorne.

Mixed Marriages. By the Bishop of Leeds.

Mixed Marriages. By the Rev. G. Bampfield.

An Enemy of the Race. By Sir Andrew Clark.

Socialism. By the Rev. Joseph Rickaby, S.J. [Gasquet, O.S.B.

Christian Democracy before the Reformation. By Abbot

The Meaning and Aim of Christian Democracy. By C. S. Devas, M.A. [Cardinal Vaughan.

The Work of the Catholic Laity in England. By

For Christ's Sake. By Father Cuthbert, O.S.F.C.

The Layman in the Church. By the Rev. Dr. Barry; and **The Layman in the Pre-Reformation Parish.** By Abbot Gasquet, O.S.B.

The Help of the Laity. By the Rev. John Norris.

Rescue Work. By Lady Edmund Talbot.

Settlement Work. By the same.

Christian Civilization and the Perils that threaten it. By Archbishop Ryan. [O.S.F.C.

The Working Man's Apostolate. By Father Cuthbert,

The Education Bill. By the Rev. M. F. Glancey.

***Pope Pius X. on Christian Democracy and Sacred Music.**

Miscellaneous.

The Duties of Parents. By the Bishop of Leeds.

Catechism of Christian Doctrine (in stiff cover), with Index.

Science and Scientists. By the Rev. J. Gerard, S.J.

1. Mr. Grant Allen's Botanical Fables.
2. Who painted the Flowers?
3. Some Wayside Problems.
4. "Behold the Birds of the Air."
5. How Theories are Manufactured.
6. Instinct and its Lessons.

Science or Romance? By the same.

1. A Tangled Tale.
2. Missing Links.
3. The Game of Speculation.
4. The Empire of Man.
5. The New Genesis.
6. The Voices of Babel.

Evolutionary Philosophy and Common Sense. By the same. (New Edition.)

1. "The Comfortable Word 'Evolution.'"
2. Foundations of Evolution.
3. Mechanics of Evolution.
4. Evolution and Thought.
5. Agnosticism.
6. Evolution and Design.
7. Un-Natural History.

The above also in three vols. price One Shilling each, or in one vol. price Three Shillings.

Miscellaneous (*continued*).

Reapers for the Harvest. By the Rev. T. E. Bridgett, C.SS.R.
Miracle. By C. Kegan Paul, M.A.
Positivism. By the Rev. Joseph Rickaby, S.J.
Faith and Reason. By Rev. Bernard Vaughan, S.J.
The Conservative Genius of the Church.
Guide to Canterbury. By the Rev. J. Morris, S.J.
The Revival of Liturgical Services.
Our Church Music. By W. Jacobskötter.
Christian Art. By C. T. Gatty, F.S.A.
Modern Science and Ancient Faith.
Westminster Decrees on Church Music.
The Catholic Sick-Room. By the Rev. J. F. Splaine, S.J.
The Second Spring. A Sermon. By John Henry Newman.
Indifferentism. By the Rev. Charles Coupe, S.J.
The Age of the Sun: an Argument against Darwinism. By the Rev. Aloysius J. Cortie, S.J.
A Simple Dictionary for Catholics. By the Rev. C. H. Bowden, C.O.
Polyglot Dialogues for Catholic Seamen.
The Analogy between the Mysteries of Nature and of Grace. By Cardinal Newman.
Christ upon the Waters. By the same.
The Public Spirit of the Laity. By the Bishop of Newport.
My Friend the Agnostic.
Form for the Reception of a Convert.
Missa in Festis Solemnibus Gregorian and Tonic Sol-fa Notation. 1d. net.
Easy Benediction Services (Gregorian and Tonic Sol-fa). 1d. net.
The Liberty of the Children of God. By the Abbé Hemmer.
Our Church Music. By R. R. Terry.
The Prospects of Catholicism. By the Rev. Dr. Barry.
Thoughts in Prose and Verse, Nos. 1 and 2.
Catholics and Freemasonry.
The Religious Troubles in France. By Abbot Gasquet.
***Irish University Education: a Plea for Fair Play.** By the Rev. W. Delany, S.J.

Devotional Series.

A Little Book for Holy Week.
A Mission Prayer Book.
A Simple Prayer Book. (690th thousand.)
The Great Truths. By the Rev. R. F. Clarke, S.J.
Meditations for Advent. By the same.
The Holy Infancy. By the same.
The Hidden Life. By the same.
The Sacred Passion. By the same.
Resurrexit. By the same.
Veni Sancte Spiritus. By the same.
St. Joseph. By the same.
Maria Magnificata. By the same.
The Sacred Heart of Jesus. By the same
The Precious Blood. By the same.
The Holy Angels. By the same.
Requiescant in Pace. By the Rev. R. F. Clarke, S.J.
Faith and Hope. By the same.

Devotional Series (*continued*).

Charity. By the same.
Humility. By the same.
Patience. By the same.
Our Father: a Month's Meditations. By the same.
The Ministry of Jesus. In six parts. By the same.
The Weekly Communicant. By the same. In two parts. 1d.
Prayer. By the same.
Advice on Prayer. By Mgr. de Segur. 1d. net.
Counsels on Holy Communion. By Mgr. Segur. 1d. net.
Advice on Confession. By the same. 1d. net.
Visits to Jesus in the Tabernacle.
A Little Book of Verses for the Sick.
The Sayings of Brother Giles.
Mental Prayer. By the Rev. B. Wilberforce, O.P.
To Calvary. Meditations for the Stations.
A Way of Assisting at Holy Mass.
The Ceremonies of Holy Week explained.
The Children's Ballad Rosary.
Little Helpers of the Holy Souls.
A Little Book of Indulgenced Prayers.
How to Converse with God.
Pearls from the Hidden Treasure.
Conformity to the Will of God.
Good Words from the Cure d'Ars.
Words for the Worldly. By Percy Fitzgerald.
The Holy Rosary. By the Very Rev. Canon Ryan.
The Blessed Sacrament the Centre of Immutable Truth. By Cardinal Manning.
The Sacred Heart and the Holy Souls.
Prayers from the Sarum Missal.
Holy Maxims. By Cardinal Manning.
The Heroic Act. By the Rev. J. Morris, S.J.
A Book of the Mass. (15th thousand.)
A Day's Devotions in Aid of the Suffering Souls.
How to Help the Sick and Dying.
The Spiritual Exercises of St. Ignatius, arranged in Prayers.
Order of Burial of Dead, with Mass for the Dead.
The Holy Angels.
Prayers for the Conversion of England.
On Consummated Perfection. By St. Catherine of Siena.
All Day Long: Short Prayers in Verse. By the Rev. Matthew Russell, S.J.
Is Life worth Living?
Little Manual for Hearing Mass Spiritually.
The Seven Words from the Cross.
A Little Book for Exposition.
The Holy Rosary in the New Testament.
Thoughts for the Sick Room.
Maxims and Aspirations from St. Alphonsus.
Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament. By the Rev. G. Bampfield.
Remember Me: Daily Readings.
The Ember Days. By Dom Columba Edmonds.
The Jesus Psalter (printed in red and black).
Our Angel Guardian. By Rev. H. S. Kerr, S.J.
The Kings. By Miss Drane. With illustration by Paul Woodroffe.
The Shepherds. By the same. With illustration.

Devotional Series (*continued*).

Before the Tabernacle.
A Rule of Life. By Bishop Challoner.
The Rosary Confraternity. By the Rev. J. Procter, O.P.
The Immaculate Conception. By Very Rev. Canon Bagshawe.
Maxims of B. Sebastian Valfré for every day in the year.
A Short Treatise on Meditation.
Our Father and Patron St. Joseph. By Cardinal Vaughan.
The Lord's Prayer as a Subject for Reading and Meditation. By F. Jerome Savonarola, O.P.
The Lord's Prayer as a Subject for Prayer and Contemplation. By the same.
The Hail Mary. By the same.
Prayers on the Anima Christi.
The Holy Eucharist. By Bishop Challoner.
The Stations of the Cross in the words of Holy Writ.
Communion of the Weary.
An Hour with my Crucifix.
The Rosary said before the Blessed Sacrament.
A Companion to High Mass for the Use of Non-Catholics.
Dom Lansperg's Week of the Sacred Heart.
A Life of Our Lord. By Lady Amabel Kerr.
Christmas Verses. [XIII).
Jesus Christ Our Redeemer. (Encyclical Letter of Pope Leo
Jesus Christ Our King. By the Rev. R. F. Clarke, S.J.
The Seven Words. By the Rev. B. W. Maturin.
Panis Angelicus: Verses on the Blessed Sacrament.
Ave Maris Stella: Verses on the Blessed Virgin.
A Simple Confession Book. By Mother M. Loyola.
A Confession Book for the Little Ones. By the same.
Religion a Divine Institution. By the Rev. S. E. Jarvis.
The Greatness of God. By Mgr. Gradwell.
Adeste Fideles: Verses for Christmas.
Of the Holy Communion. By Thomas à Kempis.
God in Holy Writ. By the Very Rev. H. I. D. Ryder.
The Mass: an Aid to understand it. By the Rev. W. A. [Bendon.
The Last Sacraments. By the Rev. W. H. Cologan.
St. Patrick's Breastplate.
What is the Mass? By Cardinal Vaughan.
The Love of God. By St. Francis de Sales.
The Ordinary of the Mass.
The Profit of Indulgences. By the Rev. W. R. Carson.
Some Maxims of Blessed Antony Grassi.
A Simple Confirmation Book. By Mother M. Loyola.
Jesu Redemptor: Verses for Christmas.
The Nunc Dimittis. By the Rev. E. English.
Short Devotions for the Stations of the Cross.
A Simple Communion Book. By Mother Loyola.
Good and Bad Confessions. By the Rev. Pius Cavanagh, O.P.
Our Lady's Psalter: A Rosary of Psalms.
A Little Book about St. Joseph.
***A Manual for the Jubilee of the Immaculate Conception.** Compiled by the Rev. G. B. Tatum.
***Encyclical Letter of Pope Pius X on the Immaculate Conception.**

Biographical Series.

St. Aelred. By the Rev. A. J. Saxton.
King Alfred. By the Hon. Mrs. Maxwell Scott.
St. Aloysius. By the Rev. F. Goldie, S.J.

Biographical Series (*continued*).

St. Alphonsus Liguori. By a Redemptorist Father.
B. Juvenal Ancina. By Rev. John Morris, S.J.
St. Anselm. By Mrs. Ward.
St. Antoninus, Archbishop of Florence. By the Rev. B. [Wilberforce, O.P.
St. Antony of Padua. By C. Kegan Paul, M.A.
St. Thomas Aquinas.
Ven. Edmund Arrowsmith. By the Rev. F. Goldie, S.J.
St. Augustine. By the Rev. A. J. Saxton.
Ven. Mother Barat.
Canon Bathurst. By the Rev. Bertrand Wilberforce, O.P.
St. Bede, Monk and Mass-Priest.
St. Bede. By Abbot Gasquet, O.S.B.
St. Benedict. By Abbot Snow, O.S.B.
St. John Berchmans. By the Rev. F. Goldie, S.J.
St. Bernardine of Siena. By Rev. F. Stanislaus, O.S.F.C.
Ven. Julie Billiart.
Don Bosco. By Mrs. Raymond Barker.
Dame Marion Boyd. By the Archbishop of Glasgow.
St. Brigid. By Mrs. Atkinson.
Father Thomas Burke, O.P. By the Rev. R. Eaton.
B. Edmund Campion. By the Rev. F. Goldie, S.J.
The Carmelites of Compiègne. By the Comtesse de Courson.
The Carthusian Martyrs. By Dom Lawrence Hendriks.
St. Catharine of Siena.
Bishop Challoner. By the Rev. E. H. Burton.
St. Charles Borromeo. By M. S. B. Malins.
Bishop Brownlow. By the Rev. V. M'Nabb, O.P.
St. Peter Claver. By the Rev. Fr. Sola, S.J.
Alexis de Clerc. By Lady Amabel Kerr.
Ven. Margaret Clitheroe. By Rev. A. B. Gurdon.
St. Colette.
St. Columba. By the Rev. John Golden.
St. Columbanus. By the same.
The Curé d'Ars. By Lady Herbert.
St. Cuthbert. By Mrs. Francis Kerr.
Father Damien, the Apostle of the Lepers.
St. Dominic. By the Rev. W. Lescher, O.P.
Father Dominic and the Conversion of England. By Dom Bede Camm, O.S.B.
The Five Dominican Martyrs in China.
Mother Mary Teresa Dubouché. By Miss Renouf.
Mother Philippine Duchesne.
Ven. John Ducket. By Dom Bede Camm, O.S.B.
St. Editha of Wilton. By O.S.B.
St. Edmund of Canterbury. By Rev. W. Le Grave.
St. Edmund, King and Martyr. By J. A. Floyd, B.A.
St. Edward the Confessor. By Miss Streeter.
St. Elizabeth of Hungary. By Mrs. John Dillon.
The English Martyrs. By the Rev. J. Morris, S.J.
Father Faber. By M. S. B. Malins.
B. John Fisher. By the Rev. W. H. Cologan.
St. Peter Fourier. By the Very Rev. A. Allaria.
St. Frances of Rome.
St. Francis of Assisi. By the Rev. J. Prendergast, O.F.M.
St. Francis of Sales. By Very Rev. Canon Mackey.
St. Francis Xavier.
Lady Georgiana Fullerton.

Biographical Series (*continued*).

St. Gertrude. By O.S.B.
Brother Giles and Brother Juniper.
St. Gregory the Great. By the Rev. A. J. Saxton.
St. Guthlac.
Mother Margaret Hallahan. By Lady Amabel Kerr.
St. Helen. By M. E. James.
Father Hermann. By Mrs. Liebich.
St. Hilda and her Times. By O.S.B.
B. Clement Hofbauer. By Rev. O. R. Vassall, C.SS.R.
Ven. Philip Howard. By G. A. Lee.
Mary Howitt. By James Britten, K.S.G.
St. Hugh, Bishop of Lincoln.
Joan of Arc. By J. B. Milburn.
Blessed Juliana of Mont-Cornillon. By the Rev. M. [Power, S.J.
Adolf Kolping. By Ellis Schreiber.
Augustus Henry Law, Sailor and Jesuit. By Rev. R. Eaton.
Leo XIII. By the Rev. Joseph Rickaby, S.J.
Pope Leo XIII. By the Rev. Charles Coupe, S.J.
St. Lioba. By O.S.B.
The Little Sisters of the Poor. By the Right Rev. Mgr. Canon [Connelly.
St. Ignatius of Loyola. By Rev. F. Goldie, S.J.
Doña Luisa de Carvajal: a Spanish Heroine in England.
Cardinal Manning.
Mr. Purcell's Life of Cardinal Manning. By J. R. Gasquet.
Auguste Marceau. By Lady Amabel Kerr.
St. Margaret, the Penitent of Cortona.
St. Margaret of Scotland. By Mrs. Morgan Morgan.
Nine of our Martyrs recently Beatified.
A Martyr of Japan (Father Mastrilli, S.J.). By Ymâl Oswin.
Blessed Margaret Mary. By Lady Amabel Kerr.
Queen Mary. By G. Ambrose Lee.
Mary Queen of Scots. By the Hon. Mrs. Maxwell Scott.
Mother Mary of St. Euphrasia. By the Rev. R. Eaton.
Father Mathew. By the Rev. W. H. Cologan.
St. Mechtilde. By O.S.B.
St. Mildred and her Kinsfolk. By O.S.B.
Bishop Milner. By the Rev. E. H. Burton.
B. Thomas More. By John O'Hagan, M.A.
Garcia Moreno, President of Ecuador.
Cardinal Newman. By the Rev. Dr. Barry.
Nano Nagle.
Daniel O'Connell. By M. S. B. Malins.
Ven. John Ogilvie, S.J. By Mrs. Francis Kerr.
Ven. Edward Oldcorne, S.J. By the Rev. J. G. MacLeod, S.J.
M. Olier. By the Right Rev. Dr. Bellord.
Father Olivaint: a Martyr of the Commune.
Frederick Ozanam. By B. F. C. Costelloe, M.A.
Giovanni Pierluigi da Palestrina. By the Rev. R. Eaton.
St. Patrick. By Rev. Canon Ryan. (60th thousand.)
St. Philip Benizi. By Lady Amabel Kerr.
St. Philip Neri. By G. Ambrose Lee.
St. Pius V.
Ven. Oliver Plunket. By the Rev. O. R. Vassall, C.SS.R.
St. Rita of Cascia. By Lady Herbert.
St. Alphonsus Rodriguez. By the Rev. F. Goldie, S.J.
Sœur Rosalie. By Lady Herbert.
St. Rose of Lima.

Biographical Series (*continued*).

St. Simon Stock. By Mrs. Franz Liebich.
St. Stanislaus Kostka.
Bishop Talbot. By the Rev. E. H. Burton.
Brother Hugh Taylor and Dom Maurice Chauncy. By Dom Lawrence Hendriks.
St. Teresa. By David Lewis, M.A.
St. Thomas of Canterbury. By Rev. F. Goldie, S.J.
Mother Thouret. By Lady Herbert.
Ven. John Thules. By Mgr. Gradwell.
Archbishop Ullathorne.
Cardinal Vaughan. By Mgr. Canon Ward.
Théophane Vénard. By Lady Herbert.
St. Vincent de Paul. By the Rev. F. Goldie, S.J.
St. Vincent Ferrer. By Rev. B. Wilberforce, O.P.
St. Walburga. By O.S.B.
St. Werburgh. By O.S.B.
St. Wilfrid. By the Rev. Wilfrid Dallow.
Cardinal Wiseman.
Franz Witt. By H. S. Butterfield.
St. Zita. By Lady Herbert.

Lives of the Saints for Children. By Lady Amabel Kerr. (In one volume, 1s.)

1. St. Martin.
2. St. Antony of Padua.
3. St. Cecilia.
4. St. Margaret of Scotland.
5. St. Philip Neri.
6. St. Stanislaus Kostka.
7. St. Catherine of Siena.

Stories on the Gifts of the Holy Spirit. (In one volume, 1s.)

1. Sophy's Secret.
2. F Flat and F Sharp.
3. Paul's Right Hand.
4. Out in the Cold.
5. Kitty's Campaign.
6. In Duty Bound.
7. Christie's Courage.

Stories on the Beatitudes. (In one volume, 1s. 6d.)

1. A Workhouse Concert.
2. Uncle Luke's Legacy.
3. Comforted.
4. Dick's Desire.
5. Coals of Fire.
6. A Paragon of Perfection.
7. Thistledown.
8. Worth While.

Stories on the Seven Sacraments. (In one volume, 1s.)

1. Blanche's Baptism.
2. The Mark that was never rubbed out.
3. Brian Daly.
4. Ted's Medal.
5. Sylvia's Lesson.
6. The Two Wishes.
7. Regained

Stories on the Corporal Works of Mercy. (In one volume, 1s. 6d.)

1. A Jubilee Alms.
2. Kingdon Fields.
3. Wills and Ways.
4. The Blessing of Crowhurst.
5. The Next Thing.
6. Padre Giovanni.
7. A Work of Mercy.

The Marigold Stories. By Lady Gilbert. (In one volume, 1s.)

1. Marigold.
2. The Mystery of Ora.
3. Mr. Hansard's Ward.
4. A Poor Relation.
5. Molly the Tramp.
6. Maureen Lacy.
7. The Cobblers of Brescia.

Some Stories. By Clara Mulholland.
(In one volume, 1s. 6d.)

1. Her Guiding Star.
2. For Honour's Sake.
   Two Ways.
3. A Winsome Maid.
4. Above Gold.
   Daphne's Decision.
5. Cynthia Lindo's Vow.
   The Last Straw.
6. Both to Blame.
   Kathleen's Glory.
7. How the Unexpected Happened.
   Mrs. Mulligan's Legacy.
8. Sheila's Presentiment. His Victory.

Chronicles of Semperton. By Joseph Carmichael. In six penny numbers, or in fancy cloth, price 1s. 6d.

The Catholic's Library of Tales.

(*Thirty-six Numbers, One Penny each.*)

1. Paul the Mason, or Trust in God. By Lady Herbert.
The Fatal Birthday.
Nellie. By Rosa Mulholland.
Only a Penny. By Elizabeth King.

2. The Last of the Gladiators. By the Rev. W. H. Anderdon, S.J.
Jim Daly's Repentance. By Katherine Tynan.
The Foolish Word and the Wise One. By Mrs. Parsons.
Guardian Angels. By Elizabeth King.

3. Nettie's Baby. By Theo Gift.
The Sea Swallows. By Frederick Breton.
The Church of the Cup of Cold Water.

4. Gertrude, or Christmas Eve. By Lady Herbert.
Christmas Day 1500 Years ago.
Three Christmas Trees.
A Story of Christmas.
A Christmas Tree and its Fruit. By M. M.

5. Penal Days. By Rosa Mulholland.
Lisfarnham Ferry. By A. F. North.
"Drowning the Shamrock." By Mrs. Charles Martin.
A Tale of St. Patrick's Day. By M. M.

6. Our Lady of Philippsdorf. By Lady Herbert.
A Story for Our Lady's Month. By H. M. Lushington.
George's Gentleman. By Stella Austin.
A Tale for the Month of May.

7. Three of them. / Father Charles. } By Lady Clare Feilding.

8. The Christmas Crib. By M. M.
A Sprig of Holly. / Molly's Prayer. } By the Rev. W. H. Cologan.
His Last Penny. By Mrs. Dominic Daly.
"Forgive us our Trespasses." By Lady Clare Feilding.

9. The Children of Mary. By H. M. Lushington.
A Rosary Bead. By L. E. Dobrée.
A Visit and its Consequences. By M. M.

10. One Christmas Night. By Baroness Pauline Von Hügel.
A Legend of Christmas Eve. Failed.

11. Westhorpe Manor. By A. M. C.
The Snow Maiden. By Augusta Marryat.
The Story of a Coin. By Theo Gift.

12. A Death-bed Repentance. By Lady Herbert.
Daddy Mike. By Lindsay Duncan.
The Pious Convict. By Lady Herbert.

12. Only a Little Boy. By Baroness Pauline Von Hügel.
A Miracle of the Blessed Sacrament. By Lady Herbert
13. Bertie's Christmas Eve. By Frances Noble.
Scandal and Feathers. By M. S. F.
14. A Christmas Lesson. By Louisa E. Dobrée.
A Letter and its Consequences. By M. M. [Mulholland.
15. Little Merry Face and his Crown of Content. By Clara
Ella's Sacrifice. By the same.
Little Larry. By the same.
16. Three Christmases. By Mrs. William Maude.
The O'Briens' Christmas. By Clara Mulholland.
17. Only Nell. By Theo Gift.
Winifred's Work. By L. E. Dobrée.
Lily and the Primroses. By F. M. Capes.
18. Lost and Found. By Mrs. Raymond Barker.
Caught and Cured. By the same.
The Queen of the Air. By the same.
Johnny's Letter. Translated from the French of Paul Féval.
"Peter of the Keys."
19. A Guiltless Thief. By Mrs. Raymond Barker.
The Lace Legend of Bruges. By the same.
20. The Fate of a Rosary. By Mrs. Dominic Daly.
The White Cornette. By Mrs. Raymond Barker.
21. Our Lady of the Lilacs. By the same.
Georgie Penroz. By the same.
22. The Rock of Ages. By M. M.
23. A Day that is Dead. By E. M. Quinlan.
Genesius, Comedian and Martyr. By Madder Browne.
Johnnie. By Joseph Carmichael.
24. A Lucky Hamper. By Margaret Merriman.
Unfaithful. By Joseph Carmichael.
25. Jetsam. By Aimée Sewell.
Peter Duffy's Catechism. By Magdalen Rock.
26. Innovations. By Joseph Carmichael.
A Living Picture. By Mrs. Woollaston White.
27. The Choir Boys of Cologne. By a Dominican Sister.
A Mother's Lesson. By the Rev. G. Bampfield.
Even as the Lilies. By Mia Laughton.
28. Spanish Legends. By the Rev. G. Bampfield.
29. Aunt Marcia's Conversion. By Frances Noble.
30. A Lifelong Battle: the Story of a Mixed Marriage. By the Rev. G. Bampfield.
31. Helen Forsyth. By H. M. Lushington.
32. The Child Guest. By the Rev. G. Bampfield.
33. The Setting of a Great Hope. By C. M. Home. [the same.
34. The Ban of the Harringtons, and Through Strange Paths. By
35. Into the Way of Peace. By the same.
36. The Priest-Hunters. By Lady Amabel Kerr.

Wayside Tales. By Lady Herbert.

Thirty Numbers, One Penny Each.

1. The Two Hosts.
Fernando. [Town.
A True Story of Somers
2. Now is the Accepted Time.
Sowing Wild Oats.
The Brigand Chief.
3. What a Child can do.
What will People say?
A Good Confession.
4. The Two Sisters.
The Story of a Confession.
Can both Churches be True?

5. The Martyr's Children.
   Marry in Haste and Repent at Leisure.
6. Moothoosawny.
   The Story of a Snakebite.
7. The Story of Mary.
   A Spoilt Child.
   Beautiful eyes.
8. Emily's Conversion.
   A Malagasy Confessor.
9. A Martyr to Silence.
   The Two Cousins.
   The Efficacy of Prayer.
10. Forgiveness of Injuries.
    A Mother's Prayers.
    The Two School Boys.
11. The Friar's Story.
    Resignation in Suffering.
12. Forgiveness of Injuries.
    A Tale of the Secret Societies.
    The Deserted Child.
13. A Little Sister of Charity.
    The Widow's Child.
    A Singular Conversion.
14. A Polish Peasant.
    Victoria Ratsaraiba.
    The Heroic Sister.
    A Wonderful Escape.
15. Our Lady of Philippsdorf.
    A Tale for the Month of May.
    Paul the Mason.
16. True Stories of Villepinte.
    A Prison Story.
    A Death-bed Repentance.
    The Pious Convict.
17. Wilfulness and its Consequences.
18. The Persecution of Catholics in Russia.
    The White Necktie.
    The Relics of Blessed Julian.
19. A Tale of Corpus Christi.
    The Drowning Girl.
    Alone in London.
20. Our Lady of Refuge.
    The Guardian Angel.
    Gertrude: or Christmas Eve.
    The Story of Ada.
21. A Saint in Algeria.
22. Our Lady of Perpetual Succour.
    The Providence of God.
    Edith and the "Baby Jesus."
    The Two Children.
    The Lost Child.
    A First Communicant's Prayer.
23. A Siberian Priest.
24. How I Received my Sight.
    Confidence in God.
    Pakianathen, the Hindu Confessor.
    Our Lady, Help of Christians.
25. A Miracle of the Blessed Sacrament.
    The Demon of Drink.
    An Australian Convict.
    The Holy Souls.
    A Noble and Devoted Life.
26. A Story of an Indian Boy.
    Stephen's Mistake.
    A Story of Capetown.
27. A Peaceful Victory.
    What a Crucifix Can Do.
    The Providence of God.
    Grace before Meals.
28. Geronimo.
29. A First Communion.
    The White Kitten.
    Mixed Marriages.
    Dog Stories.
    Temptation Resisted.
30. A Story of Newfoundland.
    A Hunter's Adventure.
    The Story of a Conversion.
    A Village Painter.
    The Shepherd and his Flock.

The Catholic's Library of Poems.

Eight Numbers, One Penny Each.

Price One Halfpenny each.

A First Prayer Book for the Little Ones.
The Little Rosary Book. (Illustrated.)
Rosary Verses. By the Rev. Albany J. Christie, S.J.
Verses for the Stations. By the same.
Monitum; or, One Lord, One Faith. By G. Gretton.
Aspirations to the Adorable Sacrament.

One Halfpenny each (*continued*).

Way of the Cross (from the *Coeleste Palmetum*).
Two Ways of Hearing Mass.
What is the Rosary Confraternity?

LEAFLETS FOR DISTRIBUTION.

		Per 100
1	The Foreign and English "Reformation"	2 0
2	The Abuse of Indulgences	2 0
3	What does the Bible say?	1 0
4	Come and See!	1 0
5	Friendly Advice	1 0
6	Catholics in the Workhouse	1 0
7	Why I am a Roman Catholic	1 0
8	How can I find God's one true Church?	1 0
9	"I'll kneel if the others will"	1 0
10	The Confessional	1 0
11	Can both Churches be true?	2 0
12	Why should we remember the Fifth of November? ...	2 0
13	Why are you a Protestant?	1 0
16	The English Church always Roman Catholic ...	2 0
17	Was the British Church Roman Catholic?	1 0
18	How Henry VIII. robbed England of the Faith ...	2 0
19	Plain Truths in answer to Transparent Falsehoods ...	1 0
20	Evolution run wild	2 0
22	Church Endowments—Whose are they?	1 0
23	The Reformation under Queen Elizabeth	1 0
24	Week-day Mass	1 0
25	"Catholic—not Roman Catholic"	1 0
27	"Pray always"	1 0
28	"Take care of the Little Ones"	1 0
30	Popery in the First Century	2 0
31	Devotion to the Blessed Virgin	1 0
32	The Four Doctors	2 0
33	Who are the Workers?	3 6
34	Are they Priests?	3 6
35	The Branch Theory	1 0
36	Who is your Patron Saint?	1 0
37	Work out your Salvation	1 0
38	The Real Presence	3 6
39	Purgatory	2 0
40	Mary the Mother of God	0 6
41	Modern Socialists on the History of the Church ...	3 6
42	What do Catholics believe?	1 0
44	A Leaflet on the English Martyrs	1 0
45	The Disappearance of the Papacy	0 6
46	Questions for one whom it concerns	0 6
47	St. Joseph, Patron of a Happy Death	2 0
49	"I believe in the Holy Catholic Church"	1 0
50	What are they doing at the Altar?	2 0
52	"Out of the Church there is no Salvation"	3 6
53	Does the Catholic Church suppress the Second Commandment?	2 0
54	King Henry VIII. and the Royal Supremacy ...	2 0
55	Fasting	1 0
56	Palm Sunday	1 0
57	Tenebræ	0 6

Leaflets for Distribution (*continued*).

		Per 100
58	Maundy Thursday	0 6
59	Good Friday	1 0
60	Holy Saturday	1 0
61	Popery on every Coin of the Realm	2 0
62	A Letter to the Working Men of England	2 0
63	The Scottish Reformation	3 6
64	Why and how should we hear Mass every Sunday? ...	2 0
66	Does an Anglican "forsake the Church of his Baptism" by becoming a Roman Catholic? ...	0 6
67	The Custody of Catholic Children	1 0
69	Archbishop Benson and "The New Italian Mission"	1 0
70	Are you coming to the Mission?	0 6
71	The Divine Commission of the Church	1 0
72	The Three Claims	2 0
73	The Holy Coat of Trèves	2 0
74	A Poor Man's Notion of the Church	3 6
75	The Drink Traffic	3 6
76	"The Church of England shall be Free"	1 0
77	Twelve Facts proving that the English Church before the Reformation was Roman Catholic	2 0
78	Is it Honest?	0 6
79	Infant Baptism	2 0
80	Ten Thousand Pounds Reward!	1 0
81	The True Way to Salvation	1 0
82	Steps to the Church	1 0
83	An Appeal to Anglicans	2 0
84	A House Divided against itself...	1 0
85	Are Nuns Walled-up Alive?	1 0
86	The Truth about the Reformation	1 0
87	What the Escaped Nun says about the Rescued Nun	1 0
88	"Securus Judicat Orbis Terrarum"	1 0
89	The Reunion of Christendom	1 0
90	"The Bishop in the Church and the Church in the Bishop"	2 0
91	The Unity of the Church	2 0
92	Does the End justify the Means?	1 0
93	The Church and the Printing Press	3 6
94	Mixed Marriages	3 6
95	Sacred Ceremonies	2 0
96	Geographical Catholicism	2 0
97	One Thing Needful	2 0
98	Communion in one kind	1 0
99	How to become a Catholic	1 0
100	Fair Treatment for Honest Work	3 6
101	Why do Catholics pray to the Saints?	1 0
102	Mr. Collette on St. Peter	3 6
103	Abstinence and Moderation	2 0
104	But They Don't!	2 0
105	A Duchess of York's reasons for becoming a Catholic	1 0
106	The Anglican Reply to the Pope's Condemnation of Anglican Orders	1 0
108	The Protestant Alliance	1 0
109	Catholic Progress in England	1 0
110	The New Six Articles	0 6
111	Time Enough	1 0
112	Go at Once	0 6
113	A Sunday Talk	0 6

Leaflets for Distribution (*continued*).

		Per 100
114	The Neglect of Good Friday...	2 0
115	Who are the Successors of St. Augustine?	1 0
116	The Immaculate Conception	3 6
117	Pilgrimages	3 6
118	Why do Catholics go to Confession?	1 0
119	Why Catholics believe in the Pope	1 0
120	F. G. Widdows	1 0
121	Plain Facts	2 0
122	"The Jesuit Plot for the Destruction of our Liberties"	2 0
124	The Bishops and the Bible (free, postage 3d.)	
125	An American Editor on ex-Priest Slattery ...	1 0
126	The Rev. Joseph Slattery	1 0
127	"Sister Mary Elizabeth"	1 0
128	The Duke of Norfolk on Nuns	1 0
129	The Iron Virgin	1 0
131	Are Catholics allowed to lie?	1 0
132	Dr. Horton's "Reply"	1 0
133	'Ex-Monk' Widdows and 'Truth'	0 6
134	Thoughts for the Sickroom, No. 1	1 0
135	,, ,, ,, No. 2	1 0
136	,, ,, ,, No. 3	1 0
137	,, ,, ,, No. 4	1 0
	These four in wrapper, 1d.	
138	Our National Vice	2 0
139	Tell me, Art thou a Catholic?	2 0
140	God	2 0
141	The Use of Holy Images	3 6
143	The Bible written by Catholics for Catholics ...	1 0
144	Continuity and Comprehensiveness	2 0

Catholic Temperance Leaflets.

145	What the Pope says	0 6
146	What the English Bishops say	0 6
147	What the Irish Bishops say	0 6
148	What the American Bishops say	0 6
149	What the Judges say	0 6
150	What the Doctors say	0 6
151	Cardinal Manning's Thirteen Questions	0 6
152	How we spend our Money	0 6
153	Dr. Horton on the Confessional	1 0
154	Strong Drink and Children	0 6
155	Letters to a Protestant	1 0
156	Worship by Machinery	2 0
157	Do Protestants believe in the Bible	2 0
158	Spring Cleaning	1 0
159	Your Garden	1 0
160	Making Sure	1 0

On thick paper, 2s. 6d. per 100; on thin paper for insertion in prayer-books, 1s. per 100.

Short Morning and Night Prayers.
Prayers for Confession for Children.
Short Indulgenced Prayers.
Prayers for the Sick.
Prayers for the use of Catholic Temperance Workers.
Simple Prayers for Holy Communion.

Leaflets for Distribution (*continued*).

Thoughts for the Sick: 4 series. 1s. per 100.
Mental Prayer. 2s. per 100.
Mental Prayer on the Sulpician Method. 1s. per 100.
Dedication of England to the Mother of God and St Peter. Each 6d. per 100.

Leaflets for Letters.

Price 1s. per 100; 2d. per dozen.

A Christmas Carol. By May Probyn.
A Quarter of an Hour before the Blessed Sacrament.
I am Needy and Poor.
A Meditation of Blessed Thomas More.
The Life of Faith.
Metrical Version of the Encyclical 'Satis Cognitum.'
The Ember Days.
A Little Chaplet of the Holy Ghost.

Price 6d. per 100; 1d. per dozen; in pkts. of 100 assorted, 6d.

A Motto for the New Year.
Lead, kindly Light. By Cardinal Newman.
Just for To-day.
A Golden Alphabet. By Thomas à Kempis.
The Secret of the Saints.
Light after Darkness.
My God, I love Thee.
Hymn to the English Martyrs.
The Bridegroom Cometh.
Adoro Te Devote. Translated by the late Judge O'Hagan.
Prayer to the Blessed Virgin for England.
A Night Meditation.
A Christmas Carol. By Lionel Johnson.
League of Prayer for Unity.
The Great Antiphons.

Temperance Resolutions. (6d. per 100 on thin paper; 1s. 6d. on thick, with red lines.)
Prayers for the Conversion of England. 6d. per 100.
The Cardinal Duke of York on the Sins of the Drunkard. 1s. per 100.

READINGS FOR SUNDAYS AND HOLYDAYS BASED ON THE GOSPEL FOR THE DAY.

This is a series of leaflets, prepared for distribution in churches on the lines of a practice which has recently been adopted in Rome with excellent results. The Gospel for the Day is given in full, followed by a Reading, couched in bright and telling language. The people are invited to take the leaflets home, and to distribute them to their friends or to read them during the week. In this way the Gospel lesson will reach many who are not at the Mass at which the sermon is preached, as well as others who, it may be, have not been present at Mass.

The leaflets will be provided at 1s. per hundred (9d. to members). Specimens will be sent on receipt of a stamp for postage.

Act of Consecration and Prayer to the Holy Family. (6d. per 100 on thin paper; 1s. 6d. on thick, with red lines.)
The Drink Traffic. By the Rev. W. H. Cologan. 3s. 6d. per 100.
How we Spend our Money: Coloured Diagram ½d. each; 2d. per dozen; 1s. per 100.
The Marriage Service } on card, for use in Church, 1d. each.
The Baptismal Service }

DESCRIPTIVE LECTURES

for use with Magic Lantern, price Fourpence each.

The English Martyrs.
Rome (in two parts).
Shrines of Our Lady.
Catholic Foreign Missions.
The Passion Play at Ober-Ammergau.
The Holy Places of Palestine (two lectures).
Canterbury Cathedral.

Descriptive Lectures (*continued*).

English Church History. (Five lectures.)
1. The Ancient British Church. 2. The Conversion of the English.—Part I. 3. The Anglo-Saxon Church.—Part II. 4. The Anglo-Saxon Church.—Part III. 5. Anglo-Saxon Pilgrims and Missionaries.

The English Martyrs. (Three lectures; two to follow.)
1. BB. John Fisher and Thomas More. 2. Benedictine, Franciscan, and other Martyrs under Henry VIII. 3. The London Charterhouse and its Martyr Monks.

Westminster Abbey.
The Church in the Catacombs.
St. Edmund's College.
Joan of Arc.
Paris.
St. Francis of Assisi.
St. Ignatius of Loyola.
St. Dominic.
St. Philip Neri.
St. Thomas of Aquino.
St. John Baptist de la Salle.

LECTURES ON CATHOLIC ART.

By Mrs. V. M. Crawford.

I. The Birth of Religious Art and the Days of Giotto.
II. Fra Angelico.
III. The Renaissance and the Great Florentine Masters.
IV. The Umbrian School.
V. Raphael.

Each lecture (price 4d.) is accompanied by from 25 to 30 slides; the price for hiring for one evening is 3s., or 15s. for the whole series.

Slides and terms for their use may be obtained from the C. T. S. Depot, 69 Southwark Bridge Road, S.E.

Price One Penny Monthly, or 1s. 6d. per annum, post free.

CATHOLIC BOOK NOTES.

CATHOLIC BOOK NOTES is a monthly record of Current Literature either written by or of special interest to Catholics. The reviews, although necessarily brief, are sufficient to indicate the nature and value (or the reverse) of the books noticed, and are undertaken by competent authorities in various branches of Literature. Special attention is given to Church Music and to Art: the Monthly List of New Publications written by Catholics, or dealing with subjects in which Catholics are specially interested, is a feature of the magazine. CATHOLIC BOOK NOTES is the organ of the Catholic Truth Society, and chronicles its proceedings, new publications, etc. Members of the Society receive it post free as issued.

The Publications of the Catholic Truth Society are supplied on the following terms:—

1. TO MEMBERS AND LOCAL BRANCHES:—25 per cent. allowed on orders over 5s.; orders under 5s. sent carriage free. The carriage of orders on which discount is allowed to be paid by Members.

Discount is only allowed to Members whose Subscriptions are not more than one year in arrear and when payment is made within three months of date of invoice.

2. TO NON-MEMBERS:—Orders over 5s. carriage free, when cost is remitted with order or on receipt of invoice.

3. TO THE TRADE:—25 per cent. allowed, calculated on the retail prices, and 13 as 12.

Letters relating to the Society should be addressed to THE HON. SECRETARIES, 41 Boston Road, Brentford, Middlesex. **Orders** for books and **Cash** in payment of bills to THE MANAGER, 69 Southwark Bridge Road, S.E. **Telegrams** ordering books should be addressed to THE MANAGER, as above. TELEGRAPHIC ADDRESS—"TRUISMATIC, LONDON." **Subscriptions** should be sent to the Treasurer, J. B. EVELYN STANSFELD, Esq., 18 Rossetti Mansions, Cheyne Walk, S.W.

Short Indulgenced Prayers

208
C 287

31984

CATHOLIC TRUTH SOCIETY
AUTHOR

Publications 23
TITLE

DATE LOANED	BORROWER'S NAME
	STORAGE - CBPL

31984